

No. 408.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

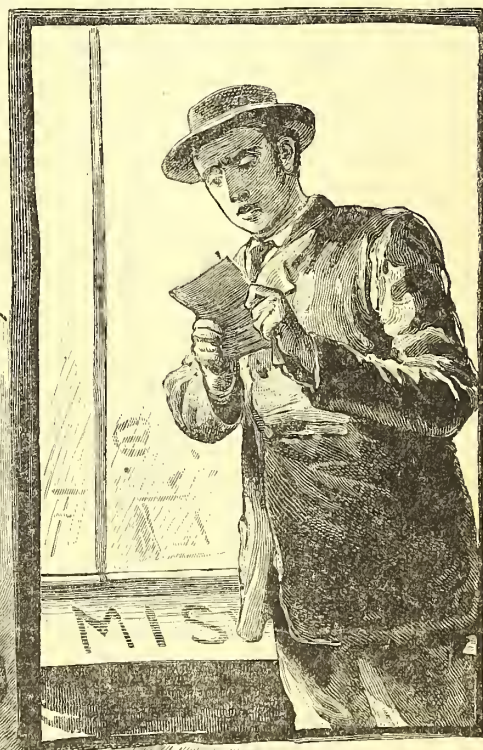
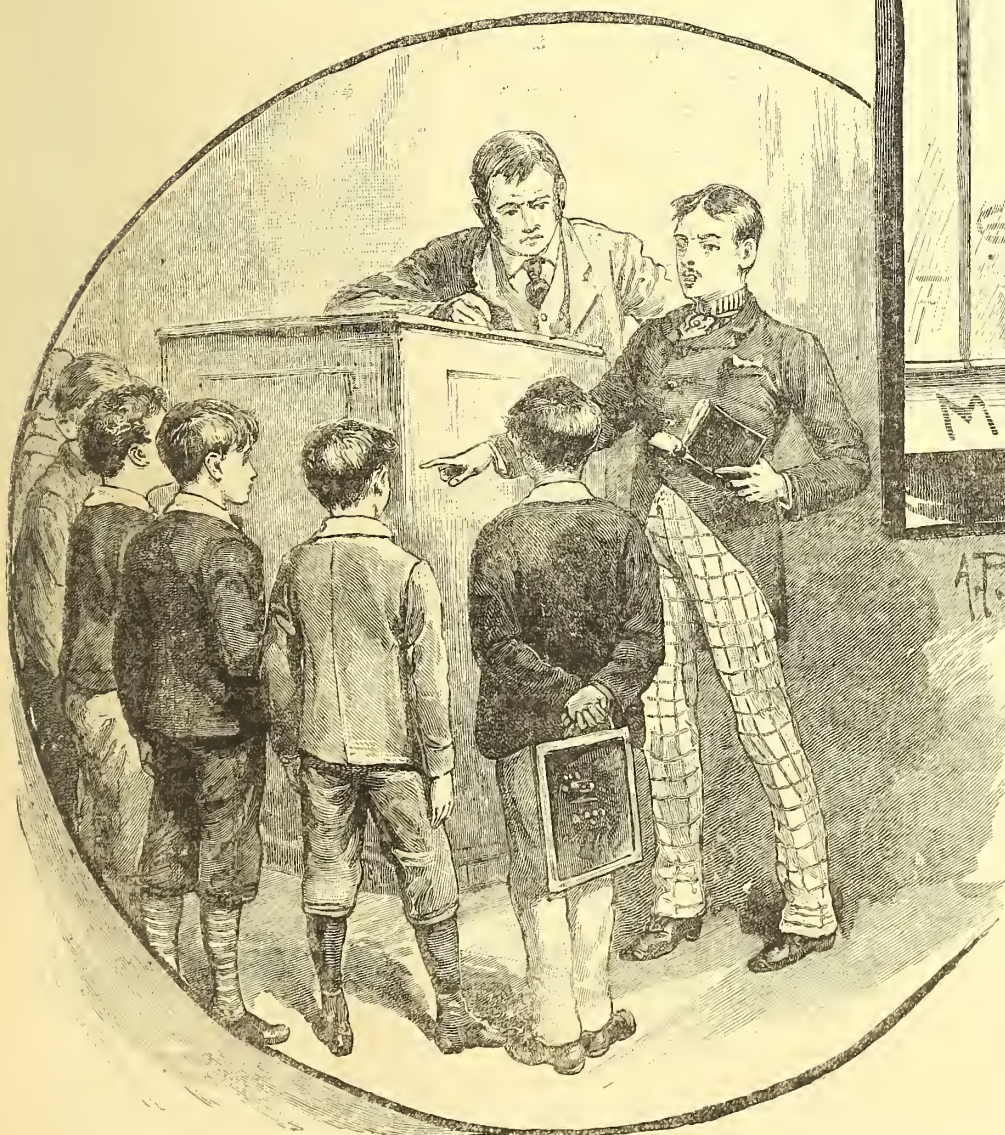
Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A DOG WITH A BAD NAME.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "Reginald Cruden," "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.—GALLOWAY HOUSE.



MY business-like readers have, I dare say, found fault with me for representing a business conference on which so much depended, as having taken place on the front doorstep of Galloway House and without occupying much more than five minutes in the transaction. How did Jeffreys know what sort of person Mrs. Trimble was? She might have been a Fury or

"Trimble, pointing to a boy, said, 'Now, what happened after Monmouth's death?'"

a Harpy. Her house might have been badly drained. Mr. Fison might have left her because he couldn't get his wages. And what did Mrs. Trimble know about the Bolsover Cad? She never even asked for a testimonial. He might be a burglar in disguise, or a murderer, or a child-eater. And yet these two foolish people struck a bargain with one another five minutes after their first introduction, and before even the potatoes, which Mrs. Trimble had left on her plate when she went to the door, had had time to get cold.

I am just as surprised as the reader at their rashness, which I can only account for by supposing that they were both what the reader would call "hard up." Jeffreys, as we know, was very hard up; and as for Mrs. Trimble, the amount of worry she had endured since Mr. Fison had left was beyond all words. She had had to teach as well as manage, a thing she never liked. And her son and assistant, without a second usher to keep him steady, had been turning her hair grey. For three weeks she had waited in vain. Several promising-looking young men had come and looked at the place and then gone away. She had not been able to enjoy an afternoon's nap for a month. In short, she was getting worn out.

When, therefore, Jeffreys came and asked for the post, she had to put a check on herself to prevent herself from "jumping down his throat." Hence the rapid conference at the hall door, and the ease with which Jeffreys got his footing in Galloway House.

"Come and have a bite of mutton," said Mrs. Trimble, leading the way into the parlour. "Jonah and I are just having dinner."

Jonah, who, if truth must be told, had been neglecting his inner man during the last five minutes in order to peep through the crack of the door and overhear the conference in the hall between his mother and the stranger, was a vulgar-looking youth of about Jeffreys' age, with a slight cast in his eye, but otherwise not bad-looking. He eyed the new usher as he entered with a mingled expression of suspicion and contempt; and Jeffreys, slow of apprehension though he usually was, knew at a glance that he had not fallen on a bed of roses at Galloway House.

"Jonah, this is Mr. Jeffreys; I've taken him on in Fison's place. My son, Mr. Jeffreys."

Jonah made a face at his mother as much as to say, "I don't admire your choice," and then, with a half nod at Jeffreys, said,

"Ah, how are you?"

"Jonah and I always dine at twelve, Mr. Jeffreys," said Mrs. Trimble, over whom the prospect of the afternoon's nap was beginning to cast a balmy sense of ease. "You two young men will be good friends I hope, and look well after the boys."

"More than you do," said the undutiful Jonah; "they've been doing just as they please the last month."

"It's a pity, Jonah, you never found fault with that before."

"What's the use of finding fault? No end to it when you once begin."

"Well," observed the easy-going matron, "you two will have to see I don't have occasion to find fault with you."

Jonah laughed, and asked Jeffreys to cut him a slice of bread.

Presently Mrs. Trimble quitted the

festive board, and the two ushers were left together.

"Lucky for you," said young Trimble, "you got hold of ma, and pinned her down to taking you on on the spot. What's she going to pay you?"

The question did not altogether please the new assistant, but he was anxious not to come across his colleague too early in their acquaintanceship.

"She pays me nothing the first month. After that, if I suit, I'm to have a pound a month."

"If you suit? I suppose you know that depends on whether I like you or not?"

"I hope not," blurted out Jeffreys—"that is," added he, seeing his mistake, "I hope we shall get on well together."

"Depends," said Trimble. "I may as well tell you at once I hate stuck-upness [this was a compound word worthy of a young schoolmaster]. If you're that sort you'd better cry off at once. If you can do your work without giving yourself airs I shall let you alone."

Jeffreys was strongly tempted after this candid avowal to take the youthful snob's advice and cry off. But the memory of yesterday's miserable experiences restrained him. He therefore replied, with as little contempt as he was able to put into the words,

"Thanks."

Trimble's quick ear detected the ill-disguised scorn of the reply. "You needn't try on that sort of talk," said he; "I can tell you plump, it won't do. You needn't think because ma took you on for the asking you're going to turn up your nose at the place!"

"I don't think so," said Jeffreys, struggling hard with himself. "How many boys are there here?"

"Forty-four. Are you anything of a teacher? Can you keep order?"

"I don't know; I haven't tried yet."

"Well, just mind what you're about. Keep your hands off the boys; we don't want manslaughter or anything of that sort here."

Jeffreys started. Was it possible that this was a random shot, or did young Trimble know about Bolsover and young Forrester? The next remark somewhat reassured him.

"They're looking sharp after private schools now; so mind, hands off. There's one o'clock striking. All in! Come along. You'd better take the second class and see what you can make of them. Precious little ma will put her nose in now you're here to do the work."

He led the way down the passage and across a yard into an outhouse which formed the schoolroom. Here were assembled, as the two ushers entered, some forty boys, ranging in age from seven to twelve, mostly, to judge from their dress and manners, of the small shopkeeper and farmer class.

The sound of Trimble's voice produced a dead silence in the room, followed immediately by a movement of wonder as the big, ungainly form of the new assistant appeared. Jeffreys' looks, as he himself knew, were not prepossessing, and the juvenile population of Galloway House took no pains to conceal the fact that they agreed with him.

"Gordon," said Trimble, addressing a small boy who had been standing up when they entered, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You've no business to be doing nothing! Stand upon that form for an hour!"

The boy obeyed, and Trimble looked round at Jeffreys with a glance of patronising complacency.

"That's the proper way with them," said he. "Plenty of ways of taking it out of them without knocking them about."

Jeffreys made no reply; he felt rather sorry for the weak-kneed little youngster perched up on that form, and wondered if Mr. Trimble would expect him (Jeffreys) to adopt his method of "taking it out" of his new pupils.

Just then he caught sight of the familiar face of Master Freddy, one of his friends of the morning, who was standing devouring him with his eyes as if he had been a ghost. Jeffreys walked across the room and shook hands with him.

"Well, Freddy, how are you? How's Teddy?"

"I say," said Trimble, in by no means an amiable voice, as he returned from this little excursion, "what on earth are you up to? What did you go and do that for?"

"I know Freddy."

"Oh, do you? Freddy Rosher, you're talking. What do you mean by it?"

"Please, sir, I didn't mean—"

"Then stay in an hour after school and write four pages of your copy-book."

It took all Jeffreys' resolution to stand by and listen to this vindictive sentence without a protest. But he restrained himself, and resolved that Freddy should find before long that all his masters were not against him.

"That's your fault," said Trimble, noticing the dissatisfied look of his colleague. "How are we to keep order if you go and make the boys break rules? Now you'd better get to work. Take the second class over there and give them their English history. James II. they're at. Now, you boys, first class, come up to me with your sums. Second class, take your history up to Mr. Jeffreys. Come along; look alive!"

Jeffreys thereupon found himself mobbed by a troop of twenty of the youngest of the boys, and haled away to a desk at the far end of the room, round which they congregated book in hand, and waited for him to commence operations.

It was an embarrassing situation for the new usher. He had never been so fixed before. He had often had a crowd of small boys round him, tormenting him and provoking him to anger; but to be perched up here at a desk, with twenty tender youths hanging on the first word which should fall from his lips, was, to say the least, a novel experience. He glanced up towards the far end of the room, in the hopes of being able to catch a hint from the practised Jonah as to how to proceed. But he found Jonah was looking at him suspiciously over the top of his book, and that was no assistance whatever.

The boys evidently enjoyed his perplexity; and, emboldened by his recent act of friendliness to the unlucky Freddy, regarded him benevolently.

"Will some one lend me a book?" at last said Jeffreys, half desperate.

A friendly titter followed this request.

"Don't you know it without the book?" asked one innocent, handing up a book.

"I hope you do," said Jeffreys, blushing very much as he took it. "Now," added

he, turning to the reign of James II., "can anyone tell me what year King James II. came to the throne?"

"Please, sir, that's not the way," interposed another irreverent youngster, with a giggle. "You've got to read it first, and then ask us."

Jeffreys blushed again.

"Is that the way?" said he. "Very well. James II. succeeded his brother Charles in 1685. One of his first acts on coming—"

"Oh, we're long past that," said two or three of his delighted audience at a breath; "we've done to where Monmouth's head was cut off."

This was very uncomfortable for the new master. He coloured up as if he had been guilty of a scandalous misdemeanour, and fumbled nervously with the book, positively dreading to make a fresh attempt. At last, however, he summoned up courage.

"The death of this ill-fated nobleman was followed by a still more terrible measure of retribution against those who had—"

"Please, sir, we can't do such long words; we don't know what that means. You've got to say it in easy words, not what's put in the book."

Jeffreys felt that all the sins of his youth were rising up against him that moment. Nothing that he had ever done seemed just then as bad as this latest delinquency.

"After Monmouth's death they made it very—(hot, he was going to say, but he pulled himself up in time) they made it very—(whatever was the word?) very awkward for those who had helped him. A cruel judge named Jeffreys—"

That was a finishing stroke! The reader could have sunk through the floor as he saw the sensation which this denunciation of himself caused among his audience. There was not a shadow of doubt in the face of any one of them as to his identity with the ferocious judge in question. What followed he felt was being listened to as a chapter of autobiography, and nothing he could say could now clear his character of the awful stain that rested on it.

"A cruel judge condemned more than three hundred persons—"

"You forgot to say his name, please sir," they put in.

"Never mind his name; that is, I told you once, you should remember," stammered the hapless usher.

"I remember it. Jeffreys, wasn't it, Mr. Jeffreys?" said one boy, triumphantly.

"He condemned more than—"

"Who, Jeffreys?"

What was the use of keeping it up?

"Yes; this wicked judge, Jeffreys, condemned more than three hundred people to death, just because they had helped Monmouth."

There was a low whistle of horror, as every eye transfixed the speaker.

"Did he repent?" asked one.

"It doesn't say so," said the wretched Jeffreys, turning over to the next page in a miserable attempt to appear as if he was not involved in the inquiry.

"How dreadful!" said another.

"Besides this, 849 people were transported."

"By Jeffreys, sir?"

"Yes," replied the owner of the name, finally throwing off all disguise and giving himself up to his fate, "by this wicked Jeffreys."

"Yes, sir; and what else did he do?"

Trimble, as he looked every now and then down the room, was astonished to notice the quiet which prevailed in the lower class, and the interest with which every boy was listening to the new master.

He did not like it. He couldn't manage to interest his class, and it didn't please him at all that this casual new comer should come and cut him out before his face.

After a little while he walked down the room and approached the assistant's desk.

He was convinced this unwonted order could not result from any legitimate cause.

"You don't seem to be doing much work here, I must say," said he. "Give me the book, Mr. Jeffreys, I want to see what they know of the lesson. Where's the place?"

Jeffreys handed the book, placing his finger on the place.

Trimble glanced through a paragraph or two, and then, pointing to a boy, one of the least sharp in the class, said,

"Now, Walker, what happened after Monmouth's death?"

"Oh, if you please, sir, a cruel judge, called Jeffreys, condemned—"

"That will do. You, Rosher, how many people did he condemn to death?"

"More than three hundred, sir," answered Freddy, promptly.

"What for, Bacon?"

"Because they had helped Monmouth."

Trimble felt perplexed. He never had a class that answered like this. He tried once more.

"Pridger, what else did he do?"

"He had 849 transported, sir."

Trimble shut the book. It was beyond him. If Pridger had said 848 or 850, he could have made something of it. But it floored him completely to find the second class knowing the exact number of convicts in one given year of English history.

"Don't let me catch any of you wasting your time," he said. "Farrar, what do you mean by looking about you, sir? Stand on the form for half an hour."

"Farrar has been very quiet and attentive all the afternoon," said Jeffreys.

"Stand on the form an hour, Farrar," said Trimble, with a scowl.

Jeffreys' brow darkened as he watched the little tyrant strut off to his class. How long would he be able to keep hands off him?

The rest of the afternoon passed uneventfully. An unconscious bond of sympathy had arisen between the new master and his pupils. His historical importance invested him with a glamour which was nearly heroic; and his kind word on Farrar's behalf had won him an amount of confidence which was quick in showing itself.

"We like you better than Fison, though he was nice," said Bacon, as the class was about to separate.

"I hope Trimble won't send you away," said another.

"I wish you'd condemn young Trimble to death, or transport him, Mr. Jeffreys," said a third, confidentially.

"Good-bye, Mr. Jeffreys," said Freddy, with all the confidence of an old friend.

"Did you like that parliament cake?"

"Awfully," said Jeffreys. "Good-bye."

Everyone insisted on shaking hands with him, greatly to his embarrassment;

and a few minutes later the school was scattered, and Jeffreys was left to go over in his mind his first day's experience.

On the whole he was cheerful. His heart warmed to these simple little fellows, who thought none the worse of him for being ugly and clumsy. With Mrs. Trimble, too, he anticipated not much difficulty. Young Trimble was a rock ahead undoubtedly, but Jeffreys would stand him as long as he could, and not anticipate the day, which he felt to be inevitable, when he would be able to stand him no longer.

"Well, Mr. Jeffreys," said Mrs. Trimble, as the dame and her two assistants sat down to tea, "how do you manage?"

"Pretty well, thank you, ma'am," replied Jeffreys; "they are a nice lot of little boys, and I found them very good and quiet."

"Of course you would, if you let them do as they like," said Jonah. "You'll have to keep them in, I can tell you, if you expect to keep order."

It did occur to Jeffreys that if they were good without being kept in, Jonah ought to be satisfied; but he was too wise to embark on a discussion with his colleague, and confined his attentions to Mrs. Trimble.

The meal being ended, he said,

"Will you excuse me, ma'am, if I go into the city for about an hour? I have to call at the post-office for letters."

"Look here," said Jonah, "we don't let our assistants out any time they like. It's not usual. They ought to stay here. There's plenty of work to do here."

"It's very important for me to get the letters, Mrs. Trimble," said Jeffreys.

"Well, of course, this once," said the matron, glancing uneasily at her son; "but, as Jonah says, we like our young men to stay in, especially at night. We parted with Mr. Fison because he was not steady."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Jeffreys; "if the letters have come to-day I shall not have to trouble you again. Can I do anything for you in the town?"

"That chap won't do," said Jonah to his mother when at last Jeffreys started on his expedition.

"I think he will; he means well. It wouldn't do, Jonah," said the good lady, "to have all the trouble again of finding a young man. I think Mr. Jeffreys will do."

"I don't," said Jonah, sulkily, taking up a newspaper.

Jeffreys meanwhile, in a strange frame of mind, hurried down to the post-office. The day's adventures seemed like a dream to him as he walked along, and poor Forrester seemed the only reality of his life.

Would there be a letter? And what news would it bring him? During the last twelve hours a new hope and object in life had opened before him. But what was it worth if, after all, at this very moment Forrester should be lying lifeless at Bolsover?

"Have you any letter for John Jeffreys?" he asked; but his heart beat so loud that he scarcely heard his own voice.

The man, humming cheerily to himself, took a batch of letters out of a pigeon-hole and began to turn them over. Jeffreys watched him feverishly, and marvelled at his indifference.

"What name did you say—Jones?"

"No Jeffreys—John Jeffreys."

Again he turned over the bundle, almost carelessly. At length he extracted a letter, which he tossed on to the counter.

"There you are, my beauty," said he.

Jeffreys, heeding nothing except that it was addressed in Mr. Frampton's hand, seized the missive and hastened from the office.

At the first shop window he stood and tore it open.

"My dear Jeffreys,—I was glad to hear from you, although your letter gave me great pain. It would have been wiser in you to return here whatever your circumstances might be; wiser still would it have been had you never run away. But

I do not write now to reproach you. You have suffered enough, I know. I write to tell you of Forrester—"

Jeffreys gave a gasp for breath before he dare read on.

"The poor fellow has made a temporary rally, but the doctors by no means consider him out of danger. Should he recover, which I fear is hardly probable, I grieve to say the injuries he has received would leave him a cripple for life. There is an injury to the spine and partial paralysis, which, at the best, would necessitate his lying constantly on his back, and thus being dependent entirely on others. If he can bear it he is to be removed to his home in a day or two. He has asked about you, and on my telling

him that I was writing to you, said, 'Tell him I know it was only an accident.' I am sure that this letter will grieve you; I wish I could say anything which will help you. May God in His mercy bring good to us all out of this sorrow. As for yourself, I hope that your guardian's resentment will be short-lived, and that you will let me hear of your welfare. Count on me as a friend, in spite of all.

"Yours always,

"T. FRAMPTON."

"In spite of all!" groaned poor Jeffreys, as he crushed the letter into his pocket. "Will no one have pity on me?"

(To be continued.)

THE CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "Godfrey Morgan," "The Boy Captain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.—AGREEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.

"AND the first who says the contrary—" "Indeed! But we will say the contrary so long as there is a place to say it in!"

"And in spite of your threats—"

"Mind what you are saying, Bat Fynn!"

"Mind what you are saying, Uncle Prudent!"

"I maintain that the screw ought to be behind!"

"And so do we! And so do we!" replied half a hundred voices confounded in one.

"No! It ought to be in front!" shouted Phil Evans.

"In front!" roared fifty other voices, with a vigour in no whit less remarkable.

"We shall never agree!"

"Never! Never!"

"Then what is the use of a dispute?"

"It is not a dispute! It is a discussion!"

One would not have thought so to listen to the taunts, objurgations, and vociferations which filled the lecture-room for a good quarter of an hour.

The room was one of the largest in the Weldon Institute, the well-known club in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

The evening before there had been an election of a lamplighter, occasioning many public manifestations, noisy meetings, and even interchanges of blows, resulting in an effervescence which had not yet subsided, and which would account for some of the excitement just exhibited by the members of the Weldon Institute. For this was merely a meeting of balloonists, discussing the burning question of the direction of balloons.

It took place in a town of the United States whose development has been more rapid than that of New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, or San Francisco, a city which is neither a port nor a mining centre for coal or petroleum, nor an agglomeration of manufactories, nor a terminus of radiating railways; a town larger than Manchester, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Vienna, Petersburg, or Dublin; a town possessing a park in which the seven parks of the

English capital could all be packed together; a town containing over a million people; the fourth or fifth town of the world after London, Paris, and New York.

Philadelphia is almost a city of marble, with its palatial houses and its unrivalled public establishments. The most important of the colleges of the New World is the Girard College, and it is at Philadelphia. The largest iron bridge on the globe is that across the Schuylkill, and that is at Philadelphia. The finest temple of the Freemasons is the Masonic Temple at Philadelphia. And the largest club of experts in aerial navigation is at Philadelphia, and if we had visited it on this evening of the 12th of June we might have found something to interest us.

In this great saloon there were struggling, pushing, gesticulating, shouting, arguing, disputing, a hundred balloonists, all with their hats on, under the authority of a president, assisted by a secretary and treasurer. These were not engineers by profession, but simply amateurs of all that appertained to aerostatics, but amateurs in a fury, and particular foes of those who would oppose to aerostats "apparatuses heavier than the air," flying machines, aerial ships, or what not. That these people might one day discover the method of guiding balloons is possible. But there could be no doubt their president had considerable difficulty in guiding them.

This president, well known in Philadelphia, was the famous Uncle Prudent, Prudent being his family name. There is nothing surprising in America in the qualificative uncle, for you can there be uncle without having either nephew or niece. There they speak of uncle as in other places they speak of father, though the father may have had no children.

Uncle Prudent was a personage of consideration, and in spite of his name was well known for his audacity. He was very rich, and that is no drawback even in the United States; and how could it be otherwise when he owned the greater part of the shares in Niagara Falls? A society of engineers had just been

founded at Buffalo for working the cataract. It seemed to be an excellent speculation. The seven thousand five hundred cubic metres that Niagara passes over in a second would produce seven millions of horse-power. This enormous power, distributed amongst all the workshops within a radius of three hundred miles, would return an annual income of three hundred million dollars, of which the greater part would find its way into the pocket of Uncle Prudent. He was a bachelor, he lived quietly, and for his only servant had his valet Frycollin, who was hardly worthy of being the servant of so audacious a master.

Uncle Prudent was rich, and therefore he had friends, as was natural; but he also had enemies, although he was president of the club—among others all those who envied his position. Amongst his bitterest foes we may mention the secretary of the Weldon Institute.

This was Phil Evans, who was also very rich, being the manager of the Wheelm Watch Company, an important manufactory, which makes every day five hundred movements equal in every respect to the best Swiss workmanship. Phil Evans would have passed for one of the happiest men in the world, and even in the United States, if it had not been for Uncle Prudent. Like him he was in his forty-sixth year; like him of invincible health; like him of undoubted boldness. They were two men made to thoroughly understand each other, but they did not, for both were of extreme violence of character. Uncle Prudent was furiously hot; Phil Evans was abnormally cool.

And why had not Phil Evans been elected president of the club? The votes were exactly divided between Uncle Prudent and him. Twenty times there had been a scrutiny, and twenty times the majority had not declared for either one or the other. The position was embarrassing, and it might have lasted for the lifetime of the candidates.

One of the members of the club then proposed a way out of the difficulty. This was Jem Chip, the treasurer of the Weldon Institute. Chip was a confirmed

vegetarian, a proscriber of all animal nourishment, of all fermented liquors, half a Mussulman, half a Brahman. On this occasion Jem Chip was supported by another member of the club, William T. Forbes, the manager of a large factory where they made glucose by treating rags with sulphuric acid. A man of good standing was this William T. Forbes, the father of two charming girls—Miss Dorothy, called Doll, and Miss Martha, called Mat, who gave the tone to the best society in Philadelphia.

It followed, then, on the proposition of Jem Chip, supported by William T. Forbes and others, that it was decided to elect the president "on the centre point."

This mode of election can be applied in all cases when it is desired to elect the most worthy; and a number of Americans of high intelligence are already thinking of employing it in the nomination of the President of the Republic of the United States.

On two boards of perfect whiteness a black line is traced. The length of each of these lines is mathematically the same, for they have been determined with as much accuracy as the base of the first triangle in a trigonometrical survey. That done, the two boards were erected on the same day in the centre of the conference room, and the two candidates, each armed with a fine needle, marched towards the board that had fallen to his lot. The man who planted his needle nearest the centre of the line would be proclaimed President of the Weldon Institute.

The operation must be done at once—no guide marks or trial shots allowed; nothing but sureness of eye. The man must have a compass in his eye, as the saying goes; that was all.

Uncle Prudent stuck in his needle at the same moment as Phil Evans did his. Then there began the measurement to discover which of the two competitors had most nearly approached the centre.

Wonderful! Such had been the precision of the shots that the measures gave no appreciable difference. If they were not exactly in the mathematical centre of the line, the distance between the needles was so small as to be invisible to the naked eye.

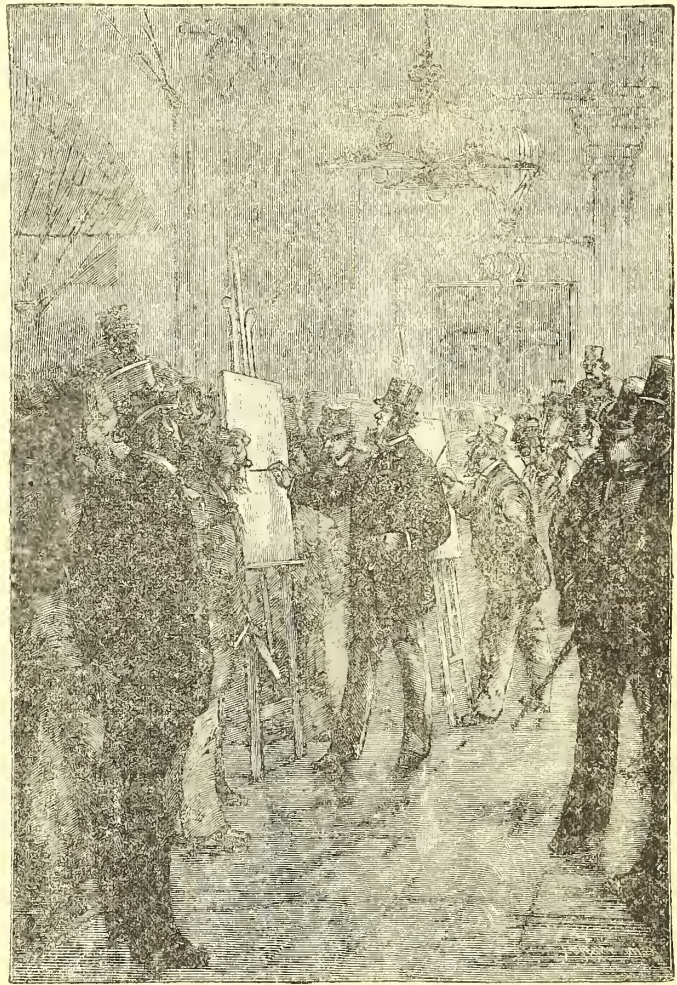
The meeting was much embarrassed.

Fortunately one of the members, Truck Milnor, insisted that the measurements should be remade by means of a rule

graduated by the micrometrical machine of M. Perreaux, which can divide a millimetre into fifteen hundred parts. This

dredths of a millimetre. Phil Evans was within nine fifteen-hundredths.

And that is why Phil Evans was



"The meeting was much embarrassed."

rule, dividing the fifteen-hundredths of a millimetre with a diamond splinter, was brought to bear on the lines, and on reading the divisions through a microscope the following were the results:—

Uncle Prudent had approached the centre within less than six fifteen-hun-

only secretary of the Weldon Institute, whereas Uncle Prudent was president. A difference of three fifteen-hundredths of a millimetre! And on account of it Phil Evans vowed against Uncle Prudent one of those hatreds which are none the less fierce for being latent.

(To be continued.)

A BOYS' CARNIVAL.

TO-DAY—November 3rd—is election day throughout the State of New York, known as "the Empire State" of the Union. It is larger than England, and the population of New York city is about 1,250,000 souls. The election to-day will decide who will occupy the principal posts of honour in the government of the State—the "Governor" and "Lieutenant-Governor" holding the same relations to the people of their State that the President and Vice-President of the nation bear to the United States of America.

Election night, however, has another and altogether different interest to New York boys, in comparison with which Guy Fawkes night in London fades almost into insignificance in the manner of its observance. They have, however, one thing in common, and that is the inevitable "bonfire" which ac-

companies both. To properly comprehend the scenes that are taking place as I write it is necessary to simply describe the general plan on which this city is laid out. The streets are built at right angles, each square of houses being termed a "block," twenty "blocks" to the mile. Each street is numbered and named consecutively from First Street to One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street. Thus the city is a sequence of squares and parallels. In estimating distance it is done by "blocks" and not by "turnings" as in London.

I would like to see the English boy whose interest could not be excited by witnessing hundreds of these bonfires stretching away for miles, and if such a boy exists I want to know him. In fact, if it were not for the New York boy there would, in all probability, be no bonfires, and election night be shorn of

its most attractive feature. Patriotism, as understood by young America at a time like this, does not consist so much in the person who will be elected as in the fact whether his own particular "block" will not have a better bonfire than the boys who live a "block" away. So emulation in this form of burning patriotism commences early and develops into practical illustration at dusk. Bands of boys form themselves into expeditions, which, under the command of the biggest boy in the block, make levies upon their neighbours in search of barrels, hoops, staves, packing-cases, pieces of rope, and whatever else will serve the purpose. They are the terror of many a thrifty and anxious housewife for days preceding the election. Hide it as she may, her ash barrel will be discovered. But the boys do not draw the line at barrels. Owing to the dearth of house

rents, and to the want of space in the more populous neighbourhoods, hundreds of vehicles are "stabled" in the open streets, and such is the recklessness with which the boys avail themselves of this opportunity, that waggons and carts often share the same fate as barrels and packing-cases. The owners must have them watched if they do not want to have them burned.

Often one hunting expedition will meet another in its search after munitions of war, and then Greek meets Greek in open combat, in which might constitutes right, and the strongest win. Then, holding aloft their trophies of victory, they suddenly meet a still larger party bent on the same errand, and not being strong enough to contest possession, take to ignominious flight. I have seen a dozen instances of this kind to-day, but at night the boys gather around the election fire and recount with graphic details the history of their battles for barrels which they fought out during the day. The police are too busy to meddle with them, or if any of the boys are caught they are usually let go under the pressure of public opinion, which, to use a local phrase, "is bound to give the boys a chance."

The fine effect of these hundreds of bon-

fires, which continue from dusk until midnight, is intensely interesting. The glare lights up the tall houses and makes the streets almost as bright as day. Thousands of boys arrayed in "campaign uniform"—which consists mostly of painted posters bearing the names of the candidates for election, worn as aprons and sashes, cocked hats and strange insignia of various kinds—dance and sing, rekindling the fire whenever necessary and dragging forth the reserve of barrels to feed the flames of conquest. I doubt whether the beacon lights on the historic old English hills ever cast a stronger flame than now shoots up from the myriad of fires in honour of a bloodless victory. The windows of the houses opposite are open, and from them faces innumerable of wives, mothers, and sisters look with interest upon the scene below. May be there are many who have a firm belief that in the course of time *their* boy may yet be a judge, senator, or governor whose "baptism of fire" took place on election night in the year 1886. And only think of the extent of this illumination! At a reasonable estimate not less than 30,000 barrels will be burnt up by New York boys to-night. Many a grocery store-keeper will have to replace his

stock of barrels to-morrow, and it will not take long for the trader, the fruiterer, and pork butcher to shrewdly figure up the cost of his missing property, for which he will probably make his customers pay in one form or another.

Yet, strange to say, there are very few serious accidents arising from what you would suppose this dangerous form of amusement. Destructive fires are very rare owing to the vigilance, not only of the police, but of the public generally, which also includes the boys mostly interested. Fireworks, however, are *not* permitted, save in very retired localities where danger is remote.

The New York boys pride themselves on their "freedom," and although their ingenuity in search of "spoils" may well be open to question, yet it is a fact that the very small number of casualties reported is creditable to their prudence and discrimination in the art of bonfiring successfully. The price of a barrel is about a shilling, so my English readers can figure out for themselves how much it costs the original owners for this display of juvenile American patriotism.

FRED J. HAMILTON.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

By C. M. ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER III.—IN THE TOILS.

ALL that day, and for many days after, I was very unsettled; but my mind was made up; I would enlist, and chance a bullet or a commission. I informed my mother of my decision, but she was so much distressed that I began to think I was foolish and selfish, and my resolution wavered. Then my relative became conciliatory, apparently anxious to atone for his former severity. My mother, I afterwards learned, had informed him of my resolution, and she begged him to save me from what she considered to be ruin and certain death. Then the probabilities of war diminished, and though our troops were being sent to the East, it was not expected they would take the field. New prospects seemed to open for me, and "the scarlet fever" subsided.

I was greatly delighted when, one day, I was invited to dine at my relative's, but I was cut to the heart when I learned that his daughter, who was so much to me, had been sent to a school in Prussia. Still, I worked on, resolved that one day I would win her.

Three months later the prospects of war were revived, and our troops, which, with the French, had been lying inactive at Gallipoli, were moved to Varna. The national enthusiasm again broke out, and the people clamoured loudly for war. I could not remain passive; I was destined, I thought, to be a soldier. I could never overcome my antipathy to the drudgery of office work, and why, I reasoned, should I spoil the happiness of life by labouring like a slave for my daily bread? So, resolved that no one would this time interfere with my determination, I asked for a week's holiday, and packing up nearly all my earthly goods, I sent them to my mother, telling her I could not restrain my natural impulse, and that I was resolved to win the commission I was unable to purchase.

Next afternoon I went to the principal

recruiting rendezvous, and, after a few words with one of the sergeants, I pocketed the Queen's shilling. The sergeant was a garrulous fellow, but as keen as a razor, and I soon felt as if I were in the hands of a detective. I was not the class of recruit to which he was accustomed, and he seemed to fear that I would change my mind, or that someone would come to buy me off. He was resolved, therefore, to make it as difficult as possible for me, and as profitable as he could for himself. He gave me a glowing description of a soldier's life, and guaranteed me a commission in a few months. He was recruiting for the 20th (East Devonshire) Regiment, then lying in Colchester, and, he said, I might depend on being off to the East in a fortnight.

Then began my experiences of the glories of a soldier's life. He took me down a narrow passage, and, climbing a dirty and well-worn circular staircase, he unlocked a door, and ushered me into a long, dismal room, in which were eight or nine men, all more or less drunk and noisy. These, I found, were my future comrades, gallant recruits like myself.

"Now then, wake up," said the sergeant, "fall in."

"I'm going to have the squad 'tested and examined," he explained to me.

We were marched a short distance through the streets to a large drapery warehouse, and, after being kept waiting for some time, we were brought before a vulgar, pompous little man, who asked some formal questions; we took the oath of allegiance; he gave us what he considered sound practical advice, and then, signing some papers, he handed them to the sergeant.

"Now then, quick march," said the sergeant, and we were hurried away. This time we were marched to a doctor's, but, as he was from home, we were taken to another practitioner's, some distance off.

I was exceedingly annoyed at being thus paraded for the gratification, as it seemed to me, of idlers, who followed us about, and patiently waited for us in the streets. Our little party attracted considerable attention, and I was vexed to find that I was the chief object of attraction. When I looked at my fellow-recruits I did not wonder. They were not, to say the least, men with whom I would naturally have associated, and I was humiliated to think they were now my equals.

When we got back to the miserable den, the sergeant called for more drink, and then he left us, after locking us in. Later on he returned with two disreputable-looking characters, and told us he had ordered our suppers. While we were taking supper (such as it was), two detectives came in and scanned us all narrowly. They were, apparently, on intimate terms with the two latest additions to Her Majesty's army, but they spoke kindly, and gave them good advice. One of them was "wanted," but as it was a petty affair, and he gave some desired information, they said they would let him go, and "give him a chance of rising in the army."

I passed a miserable night. My companions were disposed to be hilarious, and were offended that I would not join their noisy bacchanals, but I purchased exemption by giving them half-a-crown, and I was allowed to lie down on a form. Sleep was impossible. The conviction that I had made a serious mistake was forcing itself upon me, but I resolved not to turn back.

CHAPTER IV.—REGRETS AND RESOLUTIONS.

I SPENT the following day a prisoner in this miserable den, bitterly regretting I had been so hasty; but I found solace in condoling with two of my fellow-recruits,

thoughtless, but good-hearted lads, who, while slightly under the influence of drink, had been led into the meshes by the wily sergeant.

The sergeant had assured me we would start for Colchester early in the morning, but it was late in the evening when he told us to get ready. We were each provided with an old military great-coat, and, along with some others who had been enlisted that day, we were marched to the railway station. Here we were handed over to a sergeant of the Enrolled Pensioners, a thorough old bulldog, who lost no opportunity of showing us he was on the alert, and that to us his will was law.

We had a tedious, uncomfortable journey. On the way we were joined by some more drafts for the regiment, and when we got to Colchester, late in the afternoon, about fifty of us marched into barracks.

It happened that we were halted opposite the Band-room, and one of the cornet-players was playing "Home, sweet home." He played with much feeling, and I confess that I shed tears when my thoughts reverted to my home, and to what my poor mother and sisters would at that moment be suffering on my account. My visions were rudely disturbed by the angry shouting of the old sergeant.

"Can't you keep your ears open there, and do as you're told!" followed by a considerable amount of abuse.

I found I was the individual addressed, and that the adjutant had come to inspect the drafts. We were then ordered off to be bathed, and to have our hair cropped.

Next morning we were medically examined, and those of us who passed were soon installed in undress uniforms, and set to learn the elements of drill and discipline. I made up my mind to do my best, and to learn everything thoroughly, and this was soon noticed and commended by the drill corporal in whose squad I was placed.

The soldiers were all active and bustling, and the cheerfulness with which they did their work, and their jubilation at going on active service, soon had its influence on me. My spirits revived,

and when, three weeks after my enlistment, orders came to hold ourselves in readiness for immediate embarkation, I was as jubilant as any. I had written my mother, and I got her reply two days before we left. Poor soul! she had suffered much in body and in mind, but she was trying to make the best of it. Her cheerfulness, her hopefulness, and her prayerfulness impressed me very deeply.

The townspeople gave us a hearty demonstration as we marched off. It

recalled to me the scene I had witnessed in Glasgow five months before, but my emotions were very different. In the interval I seemed to have become a man, with sober responsibilities to face. I had proposed to myself an ambitious and a difficult task. Who could tell whether I should ever achieve it? I was a private soldier in a Line regiment, and it remained to be seen whether I should ever be anything else.

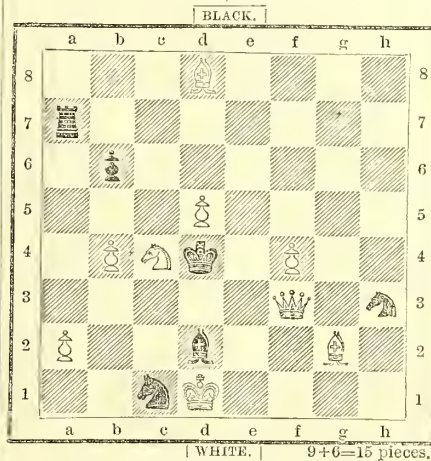
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

(Continued from page 63.)

Problem No. 148.

By F. HOFMANN.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.
This is a rectified position of No. 10 in the author's book.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 141, page 768.—1, Kt from Kt 7 to R 5, K x P (or a, b, c). 2, Kt from R 5 takes P (ch.), K—Q 3. 3, Kt—R 6, any move. 4, R—Kt 6 mate.—(a) K—Q 5. 2, Kt from Kt 4 takes P (ch.), K—B 4 (or d).

3, R—Kt 3, P—R 4. 4, R—Kt 5 mate. (d) K—K 4. 3, R—K B 3, P—R 4. 4, B—B 5 mate.—(b) P—R 4 or K—B 5. 2, Kt (R 5) x P, P—R 5. 3, Kt—Q 5 (ch.) or R—K B 3 accordingly, and 4, R—K 3 or B—B 5 mate acc.—(c) P—B 4. 2, Kt (R 5)—B 6, P x Kt. 3, R—K B 3, etc.

PROBLEM No. 142.—1, Kt—K 2, R—B 5 (or a, b). 2, R—K 6 (ch.), K x R (or c). 3, Kt—B 4 mate. (c) K—Q 4. 3, R—K 5 mate.—(a) P—Kt 8 (Q or Kt). 2, Kt—B 4, K x Kt. 3, R x P mate.—(b) R—Q 5. 2, Kt x R, P—K 7. 3, R x P mate.

PROBLEM No. 143.—1, Q—Q R 4, K—B 3 (or a, b). 2, Q—Q 7, any move. 3, Q—K 6 mate.—(a) P—K 5. 2, Q—Q 7 (ch.), K—K 4. 3, Q—K 6 mate.—(b) P—Kt 5. 2, Q—R 6, any move. 3, Q—Q 3, K 6 or K Kt 6 mate accordingly.

To Chess Correspondents.

W. A. R. (Paris).—The two problems are indeed too easy, and moreover admit of second solutions.

G. HOLER.—Solution of 135 correct, but in No. 134 you have not regarded the move of K to B 8.

H. C. HAYCRAFT.—About 134 and 135. See the answer above.

F. H. (Munich).—Your corrected No. 10, and your new problem, will appear soon.

THE SILK-ROBED COW.

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

By W. H. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONCE more the mellow golden sunshine of a hazy September afternoon filled the lovely valley at Blackfoot Crossing to overflowing, and once more the thin blue smoke from the smouldering camp fires curled upward and lost itself in the regular stratum that hung motionless only a little above the peaks of the lodges.

Again Marie was talking to her grandfather at the door of the lodge, but she was more in earnest now. She was not praying for the execution of swift and dire vengeance upon the representative of the hated white race who had that morning been brought into camp a prisoner, as might have been inferred from the manner in which she closed the con-

versation with her grandfather only two days earlier, but she was praying for his life. The question of his fate was to be settled that afternoon, but Marie would of course have nothing to say in the council over which the chief of the Blackfoot nation was to preside. Spotted Horse had but little hope of saving the young trader's life, but even before Marie had addressed him on the subject, he was half inclined to do what he could for him. Now, however, he rose from the door of his lodge to go to the council, resolved to press his view of the case with all the earnestness and force he could command.

The council was a very brief and stormy one. Spotted Horse was alone in

taking the side of mercy in the case of Harry Leigh, while no one had a word to say for Ermine Skin, who was at once sentenced to be executed next morning at daybreak. Running Wolf was fierce in his denunciation of Leigh, and of Spotted Horse for daring to speak of mercy for one who had fought them so savagely only a few hours before.

"You would spare the rattle-snake that he may sting us again," he said, sullenly, as Spotted Horse had finished his plea for mercy.

"He was in the lodges of our enemies, and he fought for them against us like a brave man."

"Had it been your part to fight instead of talk, which is much easier, you would

not now feel like cringing to the white men as the Crees do."

"I never cringed to white man, Cree, or Blackfoot, nor will I now to one who was brave enough to throw himself into a camp of sleeping men, but who tried to run away with his loaded gun when he found they were awake."

Spotted Horse, for even as he raised his now glittering steel, his brain reeled, and he rolled over on the blood-drenched grass, and his fast-glazing eye-balls turned to the bright sky, for the long thin blade of Running Wolf had pierced his heart.

"The white man dies with the Cree,"

been out of the question had he been left without guards. Two sentries were detailed to watch him, however, and as if to make their task a still more easy one, he was picketed with a long raw hide line to a large cotton wood. His prospects for escape were now anything but brilliant, but for all that the young trader



"Like lightning the two grappled."

This bitter taunt was too much for Running Wolf, who struck the old man with his open hand across the face. Like lightning the two grappled each other, and in a second the old blind chief had the younger man pinned to the ground, and while his left hand grasped his throat, his right groped about for his knife, the sheath of which was slightly misplaced in their short, sharp scuffle. The delay caused by this misadventure, though only a fraction of a second, was fatal to

said the chief of the Blackfeet, as Running Wolf rose gasping and trembling from what came so nearly being the last affray of his bloody career.

Leigh, still bound firmly, was led away to a spot not far from camp and at the edge of the river. The heavy raw hide thongs were fastened tightly to his wrists and ankles, and though he had the use of both feet and hands enough to admit of his walking slowly, anything like escape in that condition would have

was not the man to give himself up for lost as long as he had six or eight good hours of darkness between his sentence and his execution. Spotted Horse, who was now dead, had been his friend, but though he was dead Leigh thought it not improbable that he might still have some well-wishers in a camp where he had thus enlisted the sympathies of this most powerful of the minor chiefs.

(To be continued.)

BASIL WOOLLCOMBE, MIDSHIPMAN.

BY ARTHUR LEE KNIGHT,

Author of "The Cruise of the *Thesus*," "The Gunroom Heroes," etc.

CHAPTER I.—A NEWLY-FLEDGED MIDSHIPMAN.

"Oh, Robert, there's the train coming in, and we shall be late. You ought to have let me ride faster!" and so saying a handsome boy, mounted on an equally handsome pony, pointed his whip with an impatient gesture towards the Axminster railway station, where a puffing and panting engine had just brought its heavy freight to a standstill.

"There's plenty of time, Master Fred," answered the steady, respectable-looking groom who rode behind him on a strong cob, and had charge of another saddled pony, which was secured with a leading-rein; "the train has only just drawn up, and Master Basil will be busy looking after his luggage."

Fred Woolcombe did not answer, but speaking a word of encouragement to his pony, and touching it lightly with his whip, the faithful little beast broke into such a fast canter that Robert and his convoy were quickly left far behind, and the station—from which the passengers were already beginning to emerge—was reached in a few minutes, when Fred Woolcombe sprang to the ground, hitched his bridle over a paling, and ran impatiently to the platform, where his quick eye soon detected his brother Basil,

attired in a midshipman's uniform, and vigorously hauling out his luggage from the heterogeneous pile of trunks and portmanteaus that had just been unceremoniously pitched out from the van by the merciless porters.

"I'm so sorry I was late, Basil!" exclaimed Fred, rushing up to his brother; "Robert was such an old slow-coach, and made me walk all down that hill by the 'Old Park.' Of course you've passed all right, old man?"

For answer Basil Woolcombe smiled significantly, turned up his jacket collar, and pointed to a square white patch which adorned it.

"What's that?" asked Fred, wonderingly.

"A midshipman's patch," returned his brother. "It means that I've passed out of the *Britannia* with a first-class, and am no longer a naval cadet."

"Oh, how awfully jolly, Basil! How delighted father and Marjorie will be! Let's get home as fast as we can."

"The spring cart has come for the luggage, I suppose?" said the young middy, inquiringly; "and you've brought Krooman for me to ride?"

"Yes, Robert has got him outside; he

looks so nice now he is clipped. Scamp started with us, but he bolted away over Raymond's Heath after a rabbit, and I haven't seen him since."

"Here he is, the young rascal!" exclaimed Basil, as a red Irish terrier, very much out of breath, rushed upon the platform with such impetus that he nearly upset the porter who was carrying the middy's luggage, and then jumped and frisked about with mad delight at seeing his young owners together.

"Down, Scamp, down!" said Basil, patting the dog's head; "you haven't the least regard for my brand-new uniform, and I'm afraid you've turned poacher since I've been away."

Robert now came up, leading the ponies, and, touching his hat, hoped Master Basil was quite well.

"As fit as possible, thank you, Robert. How stunning Krooman looks! You've taken good care of him;" and so saying Basil swung himself into the saddle, and, accompanied by his brother, trotted away in the direction of the town, Scamp rushing on in exuberance of spirits, and Robert following behind on his sober cob.

"Let's go home by Furzebrook and



"The Ponies slackened into a walk."

Chattan," observed Fred; "it's cattle-market day, and the town is like a regular menagerie. I nearly rode over two pigs as I came through."

"All right; I think I like that road better, and, it's such a jolly evening, I vote we make the ride as long as possible;" and, turning off sharp to the right, the young equestrians followed a road which led away towards the steep slopes of Trinity Hill—a lofty ridge separating Axminster and Lyme Regis—leaving the town and its ancient square-towered church on the left hand.

Basil and Fred Woolcombe were wonderfully alike, and there was no mistaking them for anything but brothers. Both had the same regular features, soft brown eyes, and wavy brown hair, and both had the same slight but well-knit figure, though Basil, being the elder by two years, was considerably taller than his brother, and in his uniform perhaps looked to more advantage. They were the only sons of Admiral Woolcombe, who had retired from the service several years before on inheriting the old family property named Wyld Court, situated very romantically in the parish of Monkton Wyld, which, though only four miles distant from Axminster, was yet within the boundaries of Dorsetshire. Only a year after the admiral had taken possession of his patrimony, his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, unfortunately died, leaving him with the two boys whose acquaintance we have already made and a little girl about eight years old, named Marjorie, who, though a pretty child, was not so handsome as her brothers, whom she looked up to with intense admiration, and loved with an enthusiastic devotion which was heartily reciprocated by them both. The admiral, who idolised his children, was wont laughingly to declare that they would all end in spoiling each other, but fortunately their training had been a very happy combination of firmness and indulgence, which had not been thrown away, and a word or a look from their father was sufficient to enforce obedience when necessary. At the time our story opens Basil was just fifteen and Fred nearly thirteen. The former had just succeeded in passing the examination out of the Britannia, being destined for the naval profession, and the latter was at school at Clevedon.

"Was the exam. awfully stiff, Basil?" queried his young brother, as, appalled by the look of the hill in front of them, the ponies slackened into a walk.

"Frightfully stiff, some of it," rejoined the middy; "I was pretty well at the bottom of the firsts in 'study,' but I was second on the list of firsts in 'seamanship,' and got a prize."

"Hurrah!" shouted Fred, "I thought you would; you know father always said you were very well up in seamanship."

"Thanks to the dear old man himself," answered Basil, with an affectionate gleam in his eye. "Don't you remember, Freddy, what trouble he took last summer in teaching me how to handle a boat at Lyme, and what a jolly model of a full-rigged ship he gave me for my birthday? By-the-by, when did you come home for the holidays?"

"Only the day before yesterday. We had some splendid football matches last half; the head was playing on our side in one, and got *such* a cropper; he said when he got up again that his teeth felt

quite loose, and his collar-bone had got hitched round one of his ribs, but I believe he was only trying to green us."

"I should rather think he was," laughed Basil. "Do you think, Freddy, if one of your legs was longer than the other, that you could take a sheepshank in it?"

"A *sheepshank*! what do you mean?" exclaimed the younger boy, with an intensely puzzled expression on his handsome face. "Do you mean change legs with a sheep? I'd rather not, thank you."

"Not exactly that," laughed the newly-fledged midshipman; "a 'sheepshank' is a knot used by sailors for shortening a rope; I'll show you how to make it when we get home. Now I'll ask you a riddle I made up the other day. Why is a ship always called *she*, Freddy?"

"Oh, that's not fair, Basil; you know I am not well up in seamanship, and it's sure to be some humbug of that sort!"

"Humbug, indeed!" exclaimed the middy, aiming a playful blow at his brother with his whip; "I like your cheek! Well, I'll tell you, as you'd never guess it. Because a ship goes in *stays*, has a *waist*, and any amount of *earrings*. When a vessel tacks it is often called *going in stays*; the *waist* is the part of the upper-deck between the quarter-deck and fore-castle; and *earrings* are the ropes in the cringle of a sail."

The boys had now emerged upon the high road between Axminster and Bridport, and trotting on sharply soon arrived at one of the highest points on Trinity Hill, where are four cross-roads, and an inn called Hunter's Lodge. The view from this point was magnificent. It was a clear spring day towards the end of April, and the country was beginning to assume the rich and varied tints of that period of the year. The horse-chestnuts were beginning to spread their foliage to the invigorating rays of the sun; the larches had donned their delicate garb of green relieved by their carmine embryo cones; and the meadows were assuming a deep emerald tint in the well-watered Devonshire valleys which lay beneath. The rivers Axe and Yarty were glancing in the sunlight as they meandered gently in the direction of Axmouth, and from their silvery, shimmering waters the eye was carried on to various groups of hills, one of which terminated in the high table-land of the Beacon, which overshadows the village of Stockland. Close to this was the remarkable hill crowned with Scotch firs, and known as Membury Camp, being indeed an ancient British fortification.

To the eastward from Hunter's Lodge stretched away the great waste moorland known as Raymond's Heath, the sombre tints of which were relieved by the gorgeous golden colouring of great patches of gorse, and the deep purple bloom of the early heather, which here grows luxuriantly, involuntarily conjuring up visions of the Highlands of Bonnie Scotland.

The boys now turned sharp to the left, and cantered along a level road which ran just below the ridge of the hill and intersected the wild expanse of Raymond's Heath, where the rabbits were running about in all directions in search of their evening meal, a diversion quickly interrupted by Master Scamp, who excitedly gave tongue and started in pursuit of the nimble bunnies who, as

if by magic, disappeared into various burrows and hiding-places, much to the little Irishman's chagrin and annoyance.

"I say, Basil," said Fred, lowering his voice, "do you know that all the people about here say that this road is haunted?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," answered the middy; "father told me the reason once; he said the people about here were very superstitious, and believed that the ghosts of suicides who used in olden times to be buried at four cross-roads were accustomed to wander about in the neighbourhood. Of course it's all bosh! You don't mean to say you believe in it, Freddy?"

"No, I don't believe *that*, but I *do* think it's true the Court is haunted; I've heard such funny noises since I came back from school; they quite frightened me, and father lets me sleep in his room now; he says that it's only the rats having races up and down the walls, but it doesn't sound like that a bit; it's more like some one walking about the house dragging a chain after him."

"It sounds rather appalling," replied his brother, laughing; "I should think you were frightened, and imagined a good deal of that; but we'll make father tell us all about the ghost."

The boys had now arrived at the great entrance gates of Wyld Court, and the lodge-keeper's wife having thrown them open with a deep curtesy of welcome to Basil, they cantered up a magnificent lime avenue—the resort of thousands of bees in the blossoming season—which led through the small oak-studded park to the fine old Elizabethan house, which had a beautiful view of the sea in the direction of Charmouth, and of the lofty promontory known as Golden Cap, now resplendent with the brilliant coloured gorse from which it derives its name. Behind the house stretched a gently undulating hill, crowned with picturesque Scotch firs, larches, and beech-trees—the much-loved haunt of squirrels and wood-pigeons.

However, I must cut short my description of Wyld Court and its surroundings, or my boy readers will grow impatient. As Basil and his brother cantered through the park with Scamp at their heels, they spied the admiral's figure through a vista of trees beneath them, and drew rein to allow of his joining them; but on Robert coming up they jumped off their ponies, consigned them to his care to be taken to the stable, and set off as hard as they could run over the springy turf to meet their father, who had evidently been shooting, for a gun was thrown over his shoulder and a keeper followed close behind with several dead rabbits, at which a couple of spaniels—who were of the party—occasionally and contentedly sniffed with an approving wag of the tail.

There was no mistaking the admiral for anything but an old sailor, in spite of his velveteen coat and tanned leggings. His weather-beaten and clean-shaven face, quick intelligent eye, and rather short, well-knit figure, bespoke the seaman; and the firm resolute mouth and chin marked one who had been accustomed to command, and what is more, to be obeyed implicitly; but a remarkably benign expression, and a full dark eye warm with sympathy and love, proved clearly enough that whatever the gallant admiral might be "on duty," he was not

deficient in the warmer feelings of the heart.

"Well, my boy," he exclaimed to Basil, as the youngsters rushed tumultuously up to him; "I hope you've good news for your old dad. No need to ask, I should say, judging from your face!"

"I've got a first-class all right," responded the middy, as he grasped his father's hand and looked proudly and affectionately in his face; "I told you I would do my best, but the exam. was one of the stiffest we've had for a long time."

The admiral gazed admiringly at his handsome son, and then patting him on the shoulder, said,

"I'm more than satisfied, Basil; I know how hard they make the examinations now, and that you must have worked bravely to have got a first-class. Gunning—to the keeper—"you can take the rabbits on to the house, and we'll follow; you may as well take my gun too, and give it a good cleaning to-night."

The keeper strode away with the spaniels at his heels, and the admiral, with a boy on each arm, sauntered slowly up towards the house, listening with an amused smile to their never ceasing flow of chatter. In the distance little Marjorie appeared coming to meet them in charge of her nurse, and Scamp bounded off to offer them an escort.

"Isn't the Court said to be haunted,

father?" inquired Basil; "I think you once promised to tell us the story, but we have never heard it."

"Ha, ha!" said the admiral, knowingly. "I see Master Freddy here has been giving you his experience of nocturnal disturbances. Silly little fellow! he heard some rats skylarking about in the wainscoting and won't sleep in his room now, so I've slung a cot for him in mine."

"But really, father, I don't think it can have been rats," expostulated Fred, who did not like to have any doubts thrown on his courage, for he was naturally a high-spirited boy; "what I heard was like the clank of a heavy chain, and I thought I made out a footstep too."

The admiral looked a little uneasy. "Well, well, my boy," he said, "you must have been dreaming very vividly, but I hope you said nothing to the servants, or they will all be giving warning."

"Oh, no, I didn't say a word," protested Fred, "but do tell us the real ghost story, father."

"You can't get out of it now, dad," laughed Basil. "Go ahead, let's have the tragical tale from beginning to end."

But the admiral seemed strangely unwilling to gratify his boys' eager curiosity. Perhaps the story would unfold a dark page in the family history that he preferred should remain in obscurity; or maybe he dreaded that the recital of a

ghost story so closely connected with their ancestors and hereditary possessions might tend to make Freddy still more nervous and unwilling to sleep by himself.

The real reason was that Admiral Woolcombe was a good deal staggered by hearing from Freddy—now for the first time—that he had fancied he heard the clank of a chain upon the staircase, for as it happened, the uneasy ghost that haunted Wyld Court was supposed to wander about the house in a restless manner hampered by a heavy chain, of which it appeared he had not the power to divest himself; and, like most sailors, the gallant old officer was not without a tinge of superstition. However, little Marjorie ran up at this moment, and so the gruesome subject was involuntarily dropped.

Before going indoors a round of the stables and kennels was made, and a visit paid to the pet rabbits and pigeons, which were the boys' especial favourites. "Rajah," the great St. Bernard dog, who easily carried Fred on his back, was especially enthusiastic in greeting the return of the young master of the house, for he knew that he should now get some early morning runs in the park when the dew was on the grass and the air was fragrant, crisp, and fresh. Rajah's dreams were happy, contented ones that night.

(To be continued.)

A Greeting.

YES: there's his old face,
full of wrinkles and
twists,

It has lain puckered up
through the midsummer
heat,

But now comes the season of fogs and of mists,
And then once again he'll make friends
with our feet.

Don't think, dear old chap, that forgotten
you've been

While your smaller relation has hopped
o'er the field;

We often have thought of those serimmages
keen

In front of the goal, that have victory
sealed.

But now it's your turn, so come down from
the shelf,

And we'll soften your skin with a little
sweet oil,

And polish you up till you won't know your-
self,

Your features the wet won't be able to spoil.

Ah! as I expected, your wind is all gone,

You will want reinflating, in fact a fresh
stock;

That's easily managed, the pump is fixed on,

A stroke or two—so, now you're firm as a
rock.

Your spirits are brighter, you're now full of
life,

And you bounce and you jump in your
light-hearted glee,

You're ready to
join in the
good-tem-
pered strife,
And care not
an atom how
hard the
kicks be;

And whether they come from a
friend or a foe

It is all one to you, it is part of the
game,

So long as they "lift you," and cause
you to go,—

The duffers who *can't* kick are
those whom you blame.

Your swifter relation with dark
crimson skin

By the cold has been frightened
and driven indoors,

And now comes the season for you
to step in,

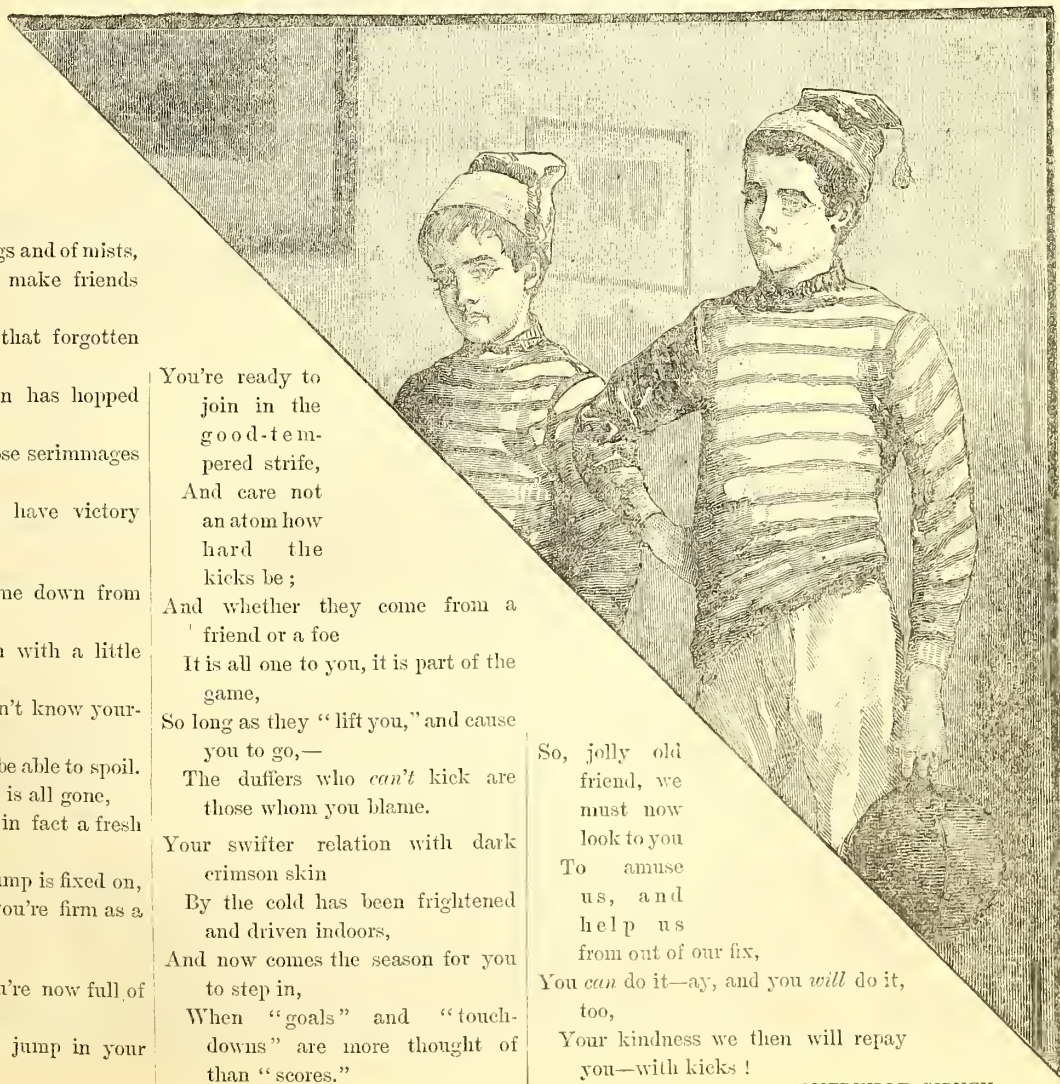
When "goals" and "touch-
downs" are more thought of
than "scores."

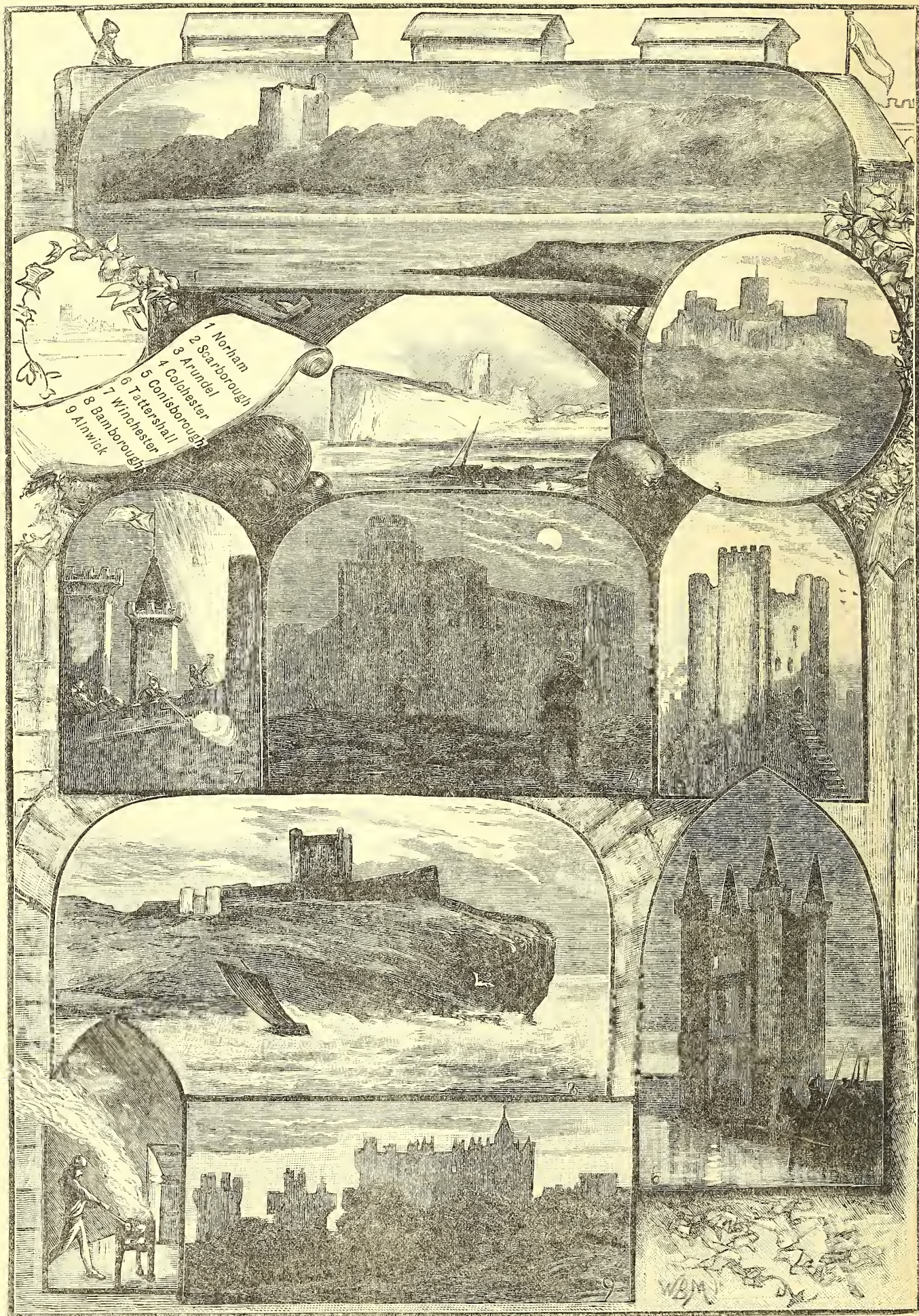
So, jolly old
friend, we
must now
look to you
To amuse
us, and
help us
from out of our fix,

You *can* do it—ay, and you *will* do it,
too,

Your kindness we then will repay
you—with kicks!

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.





Castles of England.—Drawn for the E.O.P. by W. B. Murray.

THE CASTLES OF ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASTLES OF SCOTLAND," ETC., ETC.

PART II.

WINDSOR is the finest palace in Europe, and one of the great show-places of this country. Elsewhere we must find room for a more extended notice of its numerous attractions; here we must keep within our limits, although we can hardly pass St. George's Chapel without some notice of King Edward's famous order and the patron saint he found for us.

According to Froissart—whom nobody believes—it was at Windsor that King Arthur instituted his Knights of the Round Table; and it is a singular fact that in the Windsor accounts there is an entry for £26 13s. 4d. for fifty-two oaks from which came the timber used in constructing "a round table" two hundred feet in diameter, between 1344 and 1356; and from this it would seem that Edward in founding the Garter had intended to follow as closely as possible the example of the British king. What became of the oak round table we know not, though we know what became of the order of the Garter, now the most distinguished of all orders to which rank and not merit procures admission.

The legend of the founding of the Garter is given by all school histories; but as to the origin of its patron saint they are silent. According to some authorities, "St. George for Merry England" was a pork-butcher, but there seems now to be no doubt that the St. George chosen by Edward was the Roman tribune martyred under Diocletian. He was born at Lydda in Palestine, but how he became credited with all the marvellous adventures none—save perhaps the author of the "Seven Champions"—could tell. One thing is certain, and that is that before the Crusades he had become the great saint of the sea in the Eastern Mediterranean.

"Though little known in England," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "George of Lydda was greatly revered in the East, especially by the Cypriotes, the Syrians, and the Greeks. His birthplace bore his name, the city of Lydda having sunk into St. George. By Cypriote, Greek, and Syrian he was worshipped as a sovereign of the sea; by Frank and Saracen as a protector of fighting men on shore. To Richard's eyes he was presented as a champion of the Cross. Yet his connection with the sea was earlier known, his worship in that character wider spread than his repute as leader of the Christian host. In truth the primary conception of St. George was that of master of the deep."

"More than St. Vincent is to a modern Spaniard and St. Nicolas to a modern Russ, St. George was to a Byzantine and to the Frank who sailed in Greek and Syrian waters. He was worshipped as the power from whom all demons of the deep—all ministers of storm and flood—sank back in dread. He, and none else, was master of the winds and waves. At every rising gale, at every lowering cloud, the dusky mariners sent up cries to heaven from shroud and deck—'St. George! O help, St. George!'"

Many are the capes and headlands that bear his name. Early in the Crusades "St. George" became the war-cry of the Hospitallers; and at the battle of Arsuf, won by our King Richard, the Hospitallers bore the brunt of the fighting, as under the circumstances was only appropriate, for the battle gave the king possession of Lydda, the saint's birthplace; and the result of the victory was that Lydda was renamed St. George, and St. George became for a time the English cry in recognition of the miraculous assistance it was then believed he had rendered to the Christian arms. Under John and his suc-

cessor St. George became only one of many cries, and under the first Edward it slipped much into the background owing to Longshanks in the Scotch and Welsh wars always adopting St. Edward. St. Edward, though quite English, was not a very warlike saint; and, after the battle of Sluys in 1340—the first great battle of the English navy—it was thought advisable to replace the Confessor by some more active patron, and, after much thought, St. George was chosen, as being equally efficient on land and sea. Four years afterwards his appointment was officially recognised in the founding of the order of the Garter, "in honour of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. George, and St. Edward the Confessor." The two first dedications were merely formal, the last was merely complimentary; and St. George, as the active tutelary saint of her great order of knighthood, became the patron saint of England.

And now let us take leave of Windsor.

"The wynde is sore, in highe wyndsor, whereof it may take name,
And wynde, for wyndyng, may import assendyng to ye same;
As eke the hawke is sayde to sore that lyeth on high above
Of whiche etymologies, one the trewth I guesse dothe prove,"

which is not the case—but no matter!

Away, then, to the north, to Norham, the strongest of the border fortresses between Carlisle and Berwick, founded on the Roman earthworks by Flambard in the twelfth century, and owing much to Pudsey's architect, Richard Ingeniator of the wonderful pocket-book.

The legend of the Ingeniator is one of the good old sort. Good fortune waited on him wherever he went, and in all his buildings and plans no trouble did he have with his clerk of the works, or dispute as to quantities and extras. For an architect he was too lucky; why was he always right? Nothing could be simpler. He was the happy possessor of the winding-sheet of St. Cuthbert, and carried it in a pocket-book worn round his neck attached to a piece of string.

Great was the veneration attached to the relic, but at last there came to the north "an envious French clerk," who resolved to become its possessor, with the advantages it conferred. After much scheming and waiting the Frenchman stole the pocket-book, but no sooner had he touched it than it became to him as a curse. He dared not carry it; he dared not return it. What was he to do? He resolved to destroy it, and, making a furious fire, he threw in the book. But though the fire burnt, the book would not. He stoked and poked in vain; the book would not burn. In despair he let the fire out, and, taking the still warm volume in his hand, he fled to a distant hill and made another fire. The book was like asbestos—it would not burn. Many a fire did he make, and much fuel did he use, on the hill and in the valley, by the well and by the stream, but the book refused to burn. At last it took to jumping out of the fire at him! This was too much for "the envious French clerk," and so with great terror he returned, and on his knees confessed his crime, and handed over the wondrous volume to Richard Ingeniator. It has been suggested that this book was the Bijou Calculator of the period—a suggestion that explains its value to Richard, but does not explain its aversion to flame. Let it continue a mystery to us!

The struggles of Pudsey and Longchamp

for the regency of England during King Richard's absence belong to history. Pudsey seems to have been very badly treated. The Lion-Hearted King was not a pleasant character by any means. He would—the truth must out—do anything for money. For 10,000 marks he freed William of Scotland and his heirs of all claims on Scotland, and gave up Berwick-on-Tweed; and for £11,000 he coolly sold a half share in the regency of England to the northern bishop, and left him to fight out his claim, well knowing what the result would be. On the ups and downs of that terrible time and Prince John's extraordinary performances we need not dwell.

In 1209 John was at Norham preparing to invade Scotland. He was great at "preparing." In 1215 there came another king to Norham—Alexander of Scotland, who besieged it for forty days in vain. In May, 1291, Edward was at Norham considering the Bruce and Baliol claims. The Scots were at Upsetlington, now Lady Kirk, the English were in the castle, and the court was held on the little island in the river. Soon there came the adjournment to Berwick, and then the doing homage at Newcastle. The castle was taken by the Scots in 1322, and it was taken again by James IV. before Flodden, to be retaken by the English after the battle and change hands no more. Now its old keep stands boldly up above the thick curtain of trees, and forms one of the noblest landmarks of the Tweed. To nearly all these castles it is the trees that give the picturesqueness. We are so accustomed to find them embosomed in the woods that we are apt to forget that they were fortifications when in use, and that, as in modern fortifications, they had to stand out in the open with a wide glacis, in which no shelter could be found by the attacking foe. Bare and cruel they stood, like rocky islands in a sea of grass, with not a trace of cover within a bowshot.

One other fact regarding castles may fitly here be mentioned, and that is that they were not built haphazard to suit particular whims. They formed part of a general scheme of defence for the country, and hence no castle could be built without the permission of the State. They were planted in strategic points so as to help one another against the foreign invader. Under the Plantagenets England was a scientifically fortified country, much stronger for the purposes of defence than it is now. And our freedom from invasion was due as much to the strength of our land works as of our navy. Our castles were forts all guarding well-considered positions. A study of the map will make this clear. It can be seen at once, as Mr. Clark has pointed out, that "such were Guildford, Farnham, and Berkhamstede, in the clefts of the belt of chalk by which London is girdled; Hertford, Bedford, Wallingford, Tamworth, Worcester, Shrewsbury, Durham, and York, upon the banks of deep or rapid streams; Windsor, Belvoir, Lincoln, Corfe, and Montacute, placed on the summit of more or less detached hills, commanding a broad sweep of country; Dover, Scarborough, and Bamborough, upon rugged and lofty sea-cliffs, isolated by deep and formidable ravines; Huntingdon, Cambridge, Ely, and Oxford, more or less covered by marshy fens at that time almost impassable; while attached to, and so placed as to overawe their adjacent cities or towns, were such fortresses as Exeter, Leicester, Winchester, Chester, Chichester, Taunton, Norwich, and Nottingham."

(To be continued.)

SAVED BY A SQUIB:

A TIGER STORY.

By J. ALLEN BARTLETT.

I AM not an old man, although perhaps those who meet me for the first time would be disposed to treat me gently and deferentially, because my hair is as white as snow. I am not much past fifty, and my limbs are as lithe and my muscles as elastic as in the days of my youth.

Why then am I crowned with deceptive snows? Ah! me! as I sit by my November fireside in this comfortable arm-chair, and watch my boys as they gather excitedly round a table on which repose rockets, maroons, squibs, crackers, and all the ingenious combinations of fizz and bang with the aid of which we are accustomed to celebrate the miraculous preservation of his most Sacred Majesty King James and his faithful Commons from a sudden and quite unexpected rise in life: as I watch them and inhale the odour peculiar to fireworks, an old memory comes before my mental vision; and cold shudders creep down my back. So vivid is the recollection, that fire, chair, and boys vanish, and I am a youngster again in far-off India. But the vision vanishes in its turn, and vigorous pokes and boisterous mirth make the old pater sensible of the fact that he has been nodding, and very nearly getting a nightmare and—eh, what! oh, you want me to tell you the tale about that tiger, do you; and you won't let me have any peace until I do? Well, then, I suppose I must, only don't imagine that I take a lively interest and delight in living that ten minutes of my life over again.

My father was an old "Indian," and commandant of a small hill fort during the sovereignty of "John Company." Prosperous times those were, for the most part, for the directors of the Company were liberal, and little work and much pay was the order of the day, save when some refractory rajah or hill tribe required castigation. But then the life was a lonely one, and in those days no P. and O. steamers and overland routes were in existence. In that old fort away in the hills I was born, and the pleasant years I spent there are haloed in sunshine. Why is it, I wonder, that all the scenes of our boyhood are invariably sunshiny? One hardly ever connects dull days with those early memories.

When I had been in the world about a year, a brother came to share my infant joys and sorrows, and we grew up together, inseparable, and always in scrapes. We would cast our shadow on the dish of rice which some worthy Hindoo was just settling down to, and then alas! for his prospects of a full stomach, for the loss of caste consequent on such an atrocious act as eating food which had been in the shadow of a white man was something awful to contemplate. Then, again, Cockle's pills would create extreme mental and physical discomfort amongst the flocks of hill crows, which never hesitate to pick up whatever is left in their way. Even the monkeys experienced the by no means mild effects of that excellent medicine. But I must proceed. The mountain air was so keen and bracing that we continued to thrive long

after the period at which less fortunately situated children begin to show evident signs that English air is necessary for their health; and as we were taught a certain amount of Latin and Greek, my easy-going father was satisfied and permitted us to remain.

Thus passed away the first fifteen years of my existence, and then we shifted our quarters to a less elevated place near the belt of woodland that skirts the base of the hills, and here it was that the incident which I am about to relate took place.

November came, bright and clear and far different from the fog-enshrouded English month of that name, and with it came a bright idea. Why not have a bonfire and fireworks, and celebrate the great Fifth in India, even as in far-off England? My brother thought it would be huge sport, so we enlisted the sympathies of one or two friends and soon had a great amateur firework manufactory in full swing. Squibs were produced in great quantities: not the feeble spluttering things that finish their brief existence with a sort of exhausted gasp, but great fellows which rushed and roared hither and thither like lunatic rockets, and finally went off like young cannon!

These we tied up in good-sized packets, having previously put a piece of quick-burning touch-paper round each in order to prevent the suspense while the spark was working down to the priming. Many other things we made, all on a brobdignagian scale, and all warranted to make as much noise as possible. The artistic was not so important a matter in our eyes. Then we set to work collecting fuel, and, with the assistance of the by no means unwilling servants, a goodly bonfire was soon constructed. There was a large open space in the garden of the bungalow, and there we prepared for action. Gloomy shrubs shut it in on every side except one, which was open to the verandah, and a more suitable spot for a display could hardly be imagined. The night, too, was perfect; not a breath of wind, and the darkness pitchy.

Now, the belt of woodland which was close to the garden was not the most comfortable place in the world to be in at night. Snakes infested it, and insects whose stings and bites were but little preferable to the reptiles', whilst the cruel felidae issuing from many a secret lair, levied black-mail on the circumjacent country. Nevertheless, we had but little to fear in the garden, and, as in a few moments after our arrival on the scene of action the bonfire and squibs would be in full go, the danger was thus much lessened.

There had been some alarm a short time before this because a man-eating bagh (tiger) had carried off a woman and a child on two successive occasions, but he had apparently left the neighbourhood, for nothing had been seen of him since the latter performance. So with light hearts we stepped out into the night. Everything was ready, and whilst

my brother Tom and his friends proceeded to light the bonfire I took up a position a little way off, and near the belt of shrubs.

I had matches and two packets of especially fine squibs, besides one or two nondescript studies in gunpowder and steel filings. A match was struck in the darkness, but it at once went out. A second attempt met with a similar failure, for matches were not then made as good as they are nowadays. Something wanted a little arranging before the bonfire would light properly, and whilst this was going on I, being in some degree influenced by the calmness of the night, fell into a reverie. It could only have lasted for a minute, for a slight crackling and blaze testified to the success of the next attempt, when suddenly, without the least warning, there was a crash of branches, a terrific roar, and I found myself hurled with indescribable force to the ground!

I was half stunned and felt no pain and but very little anxiety, and as I lay—it seemed for a long time—I heard the shouts and cries of my friends as in a dream. To this feeling succeeded another. I was aware of a slight pain followed by a dull aching in one arm; then I seemed to rise from the ground and spin gradually round in mid air far above the earth. Finally it seemed to me that I was borne through space and darkness with a peculiar undulating motion that was almost pleasurable. Up, up I rose, still with that gentle rise and fall, and the breeze blew strong, and cooler and cooler, until suddenly strange nothings came out of the darkness and violently struck my face and hands. Then with a start I came to myself to find my left sleeve tightly held in a vice-like grip, myself lying along a vast form which was bounding through darkness and branches and briers, with no sound save an occasional purring grunt.

I must have been in that dreamy state but for a minute, though it seemed to have been an hour, for I could hear faint shouts far away behind me. My wits now returned in full force, and my nerves were strung to a fearful tension. I knew that I was lying along a tiger's back, that his jaws were closed on my left sleeve, and that my left arm was injured. I knew, moreover, by instinct that this was the man-eater, for no ordinary tiger would have dared to do what he had. Then I felt the helplessness of my situation.

We had cleared the undergrowth by this time, and my strange steed was speeding down an open glade with a long easy canter, which shook me but little. How far he had already gone I could not tell, but I thought, with a pang of absolute agony, that each long stride was bringing me nearer his lair, and once there—oh, it was horrible to contemplate! Then suddenly—why had it not entered my mind before?—I bethought me of my fireworks. My right hand was free, and, acting at once on the impulse, I plunged it into my right pocket. Yes, there were the two packets

of squibs and the matches intact. It was my last hope, and time was very precious. I managed to twist a little more on my left side, so that I could the better see the white fangs and vast head of the monster. He ignored the slight movement, and seemed intent only on his path.

The difficulty now was how to strike a match and ignite those fireworks with only one hand free—in my uncomfortable position, and with that great striped body constantly shaking me by its regular rise and fall. I felt that I could do anything then, and my nerve was superhuman. Fear vanished away, and I was possessed by only one idea, and the desire to put that idea into execution. At last I managed to get the packets between my chin and left shoulder, and, holding them thus, with my now free right hand I attempted to get some matches out of the box. I got hold of three at last, and then with feverish anxiety I drew them across my trouser-leg. One only gave a sharp crack, sputtered, and then went out.

The huge brute started violently, glared at me with his awful luminous eyes, and shook my left arm till the pain was almost unbearable. Worst of all, he shook one of the precious packets from its insecure position, despite my utmost efforts to retain it. I thought all was over, when once more he resumed his trot, leaving one packet still in safety. I determined to risk all in one great effort, and then if that failed I could but die!

All this time that dreadful long gallop went on unceasingly, with mechanical regularity, and it seemed to me that leagues must have been passed over since that awful roar first greeted my startled ears. Yes, all must be risked in one supreme effort, for the brute was evidently becoming uneasy, and seemed inclined to go into the thicket again, and once there thorns would tear and blind me and render my attempts hopeless.

I took all the matches I could grasp from the box, and at the same time re-

moving the squibs from my chin, I placed them together, lying parallel, and with the match-tops close to the touch-paper. All this was a work of infinite difficulty, and one which I could never have performed under any other circumstances, and I often have wondered since then how I managed it, and how it was that the tiger permitted me to do so much. Then, with one wordless prayer and a moment's breathless suspense, the matches were boldly dragged across my leg. The next instant there was a hiss—a blaze. The whole packet was alight! I saw a pair of great frightened eyes; I felt myself slipping from two fearful jaws, which opened wide; and then as I rolled over his right rear I threw the mass of fireworks with all my remaining strength straight at that living cavern.

No arrow from bow ever went straighter! I saw the sheet of flame pass between his gleaming fangs, which involuntarily closed upon it. I heard a never-to-be-forgotten roar of mingled terror and agony, and, with that roar and a rattling volley of explosions ringing in my ears, I became lost to all sight and sound, and knew no more.

I knew no more until I awoke to find a soft couch beneath me instead of that sinewy back, and kind eyes and hands and voices all around me. Then I knew that I was saved. My father had rushed out on the first alarm, gun in hand, but only in time to hear the crashing of the bushes as the retreating monster tore his way through them. Even that sound soon became lost, and in despair he was rushing to and fro, endeavouring to find some trace of the line the tiger had taken, when suddenly the darkness far ahead was illumined by a bright glare, followed by the explosion of the fireworks. It gave him a clue to my whereabouts, and thereby did a double service.

It was long before I recovered from the shock, for my arm was badly lacerated by the animal's fangs, and it was long before the doctor pronounced me convalescent, and well enough to talk about my terri-

fic experience. It was even thought at one time that my reason would leave me, so terrible had been the strain. However, with the exception of my white hair, which never recovered its original tint, I soon became quite hearty again.

For some time after my strange adventure the tiger was invisible, and in fact seemed to have quite deserted his old haunts; but one day when I was revelling in returning vigour and the luxury of a hammock, the news came in that a great tiger had carried off a coolie from a neighbouring village, and had been tracked to his lair by the disconsolate friends and relatives of the deceased. An expedition was at once organised by my father, who was most anxious to pay off old scores with the veteran freebooter, and the anxiety with which I awaited its return may be imagined.

It was eminently successful, for the man-eating bagh, after two efforts to break through the line of beaters, had at last succumbed to numerous wounds, and had died fighting game to the last. I think this plucky exit was rather an unusual proceeding on the part of the man-eater, for this propensity for human flesh generally accompanies decay of physical powers and approaching old age.

He was at once identified as the brute which had so nearly curtailed my short existence, for his whiskers were very much singed and his mouth bore evident traces of recent burns. The wonder is that he had ever again the courage to face any human being after such a warm reception as that which he received at my hands.

I am comfortably settled now in dear old England, but whenever, on the Fifth, I cast my eyes on fireworks, and then look down to my tiger-skin hearthrug, and at the well-stuffed head with its frizzled whiskers and discoloured teeth, I am forcibly and almost painfully reminded of the occasion on which my life was "Saved by a Squib."

(THE END.)

Correspondence.

MACDONALD.—Send to Cooke and Son, entomologists, Museum Street, W.C., for their price list; and get Lancaster's "Half Hours with the Microscope," price one shilling, from your bookseller.

J. SPEED.—The best on record for a mile walking is Perkins's 6 min. 23 sec. This is the best English or American. In amateur records the Americans have the best of it; they do not call themselves professionals.

DITTON.—We never heard of the Postage Stamp Language. For the Language of Flowers apply to any bookseller, as almost every publisher has one. The largest list we know is in "Birthdays of Flowers," published by Chatto and Windus, of Piccadilly.

COLLECTOR.—1. Clean your coins with a little dilute sulphuric acid, but do not rub them too much or leave them in the solution. 2. The only twopenny-pieces known in England are those used in Maunday money, which is not in circulation.

ROGER KEEFE.—Try Aaron Penley's "Water Colour Painting," now selling secondhand at about a guinea; or any of the shilling manuals published by Winsor and Newton; or see Cassell's catalogue. We had articles on the subject in our third volume.

SPORTSMAN.—Artificial baits are sold at nearly all tackle-shops. Try Carter, of St. John Street Road; Little, of Fetter Lane; Williams, of Great Queen Street; or buy a copy of the "Field" from the book-stall, and select from the advertisements.

ONE NOT BEEN OUT BEFORE.—The servant is always one of the stewards or crew. If you go to sea at all you had much better go before the mast.

WHITE-EYED KAFFIR.—1. An average boy of sixteen ought to measure thirty-three inches round the chest, and be five feet four inches in height. 2. Marshal Ney was shot, as the histories say. 3. Please address your letter in the usual way next time—at least, you might put the stamp in front. Your style may be curious and amusing, but it gives a good deal of trouble to sorters and postmen. We give the inscription on your envelope as an example to other correspondents of how not to do it: "Paid behind. Dear Postman,—If this should cross your path kindly take it to that much worried official called the editor of a paper known to world as the Boy's Own Paper, who hath his abode at 7 x 8 Row Paternoster backwards. By one who has said this will go to the blindman's office, a would-if-he-could-be comedian. Tootongsombla."

II. C. S.—1. Coals were known to the Britons before the arrival of the Romans. The Romans knew nothing of coals till they came to this country. They had no name for them in their language. 2. Such things are merely coincidences, and are only impressive to the ignorant. Many other still more extraordinary portents could be quoted. Here is an instance. On December 5, 1664, a boat was crossing the Menai Straits, when it upset, and out of eighty-one persons only one was saved. His name was Hugh Williams. On the 5th December, 1785, another boat was crossing the Menai Straits, when it upset, and out of sixty passengers only one was saved. His name was Hugh Williams! On the 5th of August, 1820, another boat was crossing the Menai Straits, when it upset, and out of twenty-five persons only one was saved. His name was Hugh Williams!

KING P.—Then there were five Protectors altogether—the Earl of Pembroke; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; Richard, Duke of Gloucester; the Duke of Somerset, and Cromwell. Cromwell was, however, Lord Protector, which the others were not.

E. C.—1. The earth would not be injured in the least if struck by a comet, and would go clean through it, as it went through the tail of one some years ago. 2. Shorthaud writers adopt their own styles, and have their peculiar dodges and marks. Each man transcribes his own notes, and it is very seldom that two men write exactly the same. Always put the vowels if possible, but the main thing is to keep up with the speaker and write so that it can be read. We have heard from your neighbourhood before, but we quote your concluding paragraph as interesting to many:—"Your paper has reached this un-civilised country—Sapperton, New Westminster, British Columbia. I do not believe there is a country in the world where it has not. It has given us intense amusement round the camp fire. We are living amongst or near the Red Indians, and so 'The Prairie Chief' is especially interesting to us. This letter will take almost a month in reaching England, so I must not expect an answer for some time."

PHARMACIEN.—You can take up analytical chemistry, and then, after serving as assistant to some well-known analyst or lecturer, you could procure an appointment in some works or public institution. Your best plan would be to attend a Science and Art or University course, and inquire amongst your fellow-students.

HAWTHORNECAVE.—The address of Messrs. Novello and Co. is 1, Berners Street, W.



original fifth

C. BOTURINI.—You would only get such a book by advertising for it, or writing to such booksellers as Quaritch, of Piccadilly; or J. R. Smith, of Soho Square; or Bickers, of Leicester Square.

RUTLAND.—An article on health! Some day we will try, but the subject is a large one. Here, however, is something you may go on with. It is a "sanitary A B C," issued by the Trinity Church Association of New York City:—

"As soon as you are up, shake blankets and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp sheets and damp clothes will make you all ill;

Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean,
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air,
Now to open your windows be ever your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;

Remember the young cannot thrive without light.
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain;
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk over many a league;
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap."

WATER-WAGTAIL.—The courses of a man-of-war, or any square-rigged ship, are the sails dependent from the foreyard, the mainyard, and the mizenyard, or what you would call the foresail, the mainsail, and the mizen. The courses have no yards below them, and are cut inwards so as to work only with sheets. See any diagram of a vessel's sails. We had one, or rather several, spars, standing rigging, and canvas plan, in the second volume. Nowadays a clipper means a sailing three-master with an Aberdeen bow. The original clippers were small schooners of peculiar lines adopted in quantity first by the Americans, and used in slave trading. Then came the American clippers as three-masters, and then came the Scotch clippers, with just the least bit difference in the raking bow. All full-rigged ships are clippers nowadays. There is a table of ocean routes in the "Standard Commercial Handbook."

E. PORTER.—1. There is good fishing in all the English rivers, but it is not in the neighbourhood of the great towns. You should buy some such book as the "Angler's Diary," published at the "Field" office, Strand, price one shilling, in which the various fishing stations are given. 2. When a cover is placed over a spring, the water only rises to the level from which it started, whatever that height may be. Some springs will rise much higher than others, but there is a limit to all. Given the height of the water-bearing stratum and you know the height to which the water will rise.

AN ADMIRER OF NATURE.—1. Such things are sold by auction by Stevens, of King Street, Covent Garden. Messrs. Cooke and Son, of Museum Street, Oxford Street, are dealers. 2. The questions given in chartered accountants' examination are published in the "Accountant's Student's Journal," obtainable from Gee and Co., Telegraph Chambers, Moorgate Street, E.C.; or may be had from the Institute, Copthall Buildings, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

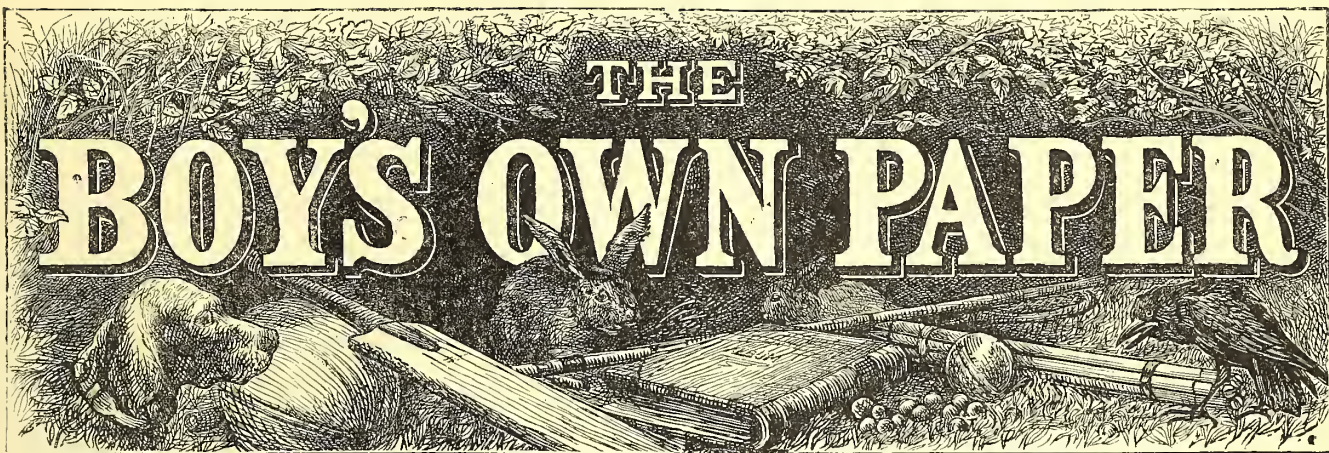
A CRETAN.—1. Carnival means "good-bye, meat," and is the last full-dinner feast for six weeks. Hence all the jollification attempted to be squeezed into it for which the following fast is to atone. It was of gradual growth, and is a survival of one of the many old Roman festivities which seem to have been numerous enough to have originated every holiday now kept in Europe. 2. The continued drinking of hot water is certainly most injurious. We are glad to hear that in Candia the B. O. P. has several readers.

ELOCUTIONIST.—The "Owl Critic" is by J. T. Fields. You will find it in the "A 1 Reciter," pricesixpence, published by G. Caudwell, 60, Old Bailey, E.C.

A. FORREST.—In 1875 the winner of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon was Captain Pearse, of the 18th Devon; and the winner of the Elcho Challenge Shield was Ireland.



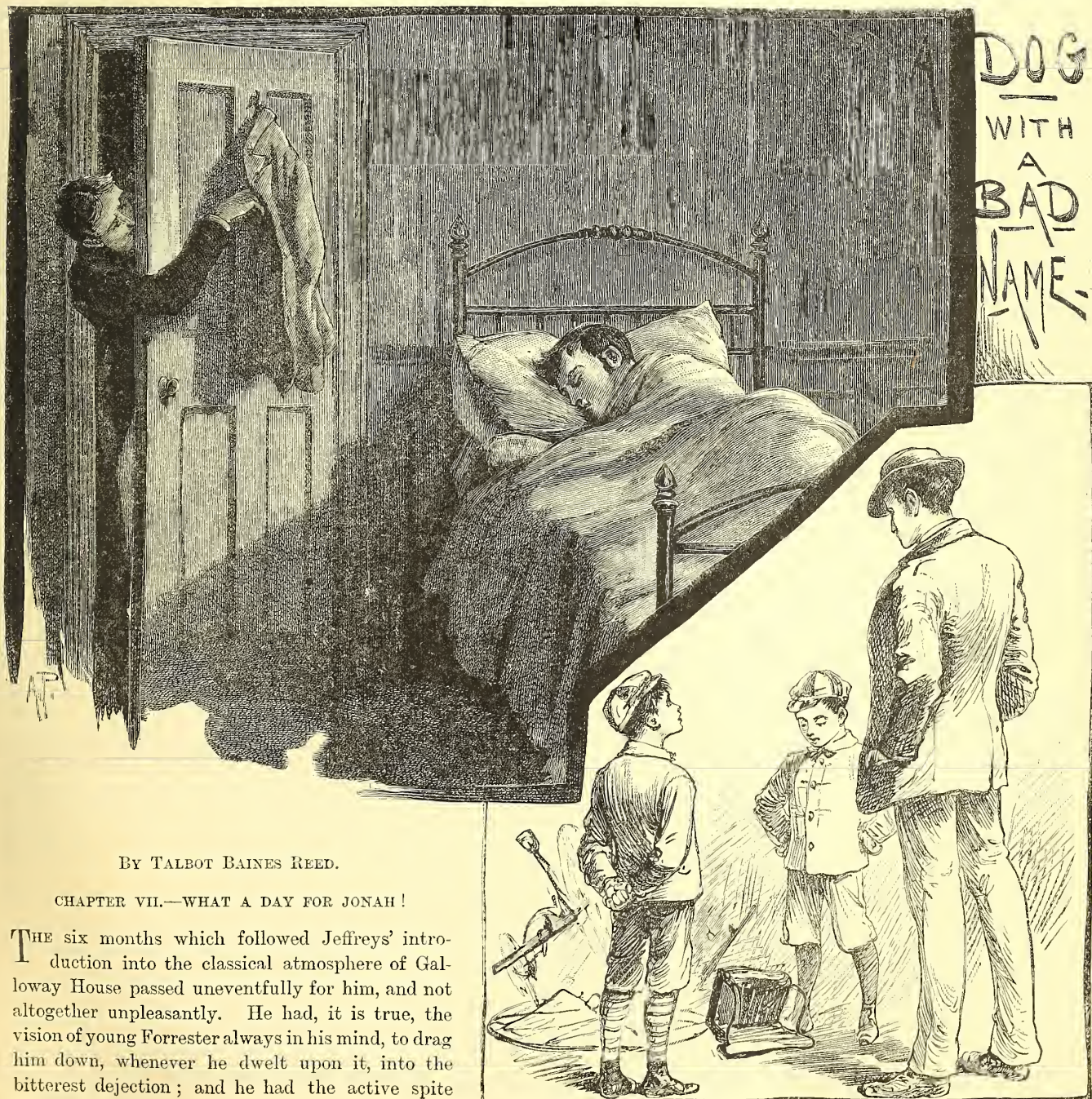
An early ninth.



No. 409.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



BY TALBOT BAINES REED.

CHAPTER VII.—WHAT A DAY FOR JONAH!

THE six months which followed Jeffreys' introduction into the classical atmosphere of Galloway House passed uneventfully for him, and not altogether unpleasantly. He had, it is true, the vision of young Forrester always in his mind, to drag him down, whenever he dwelt upon it, into the bitterest dejection; and he had the active spite

"The pocket was there at his hand."

and insolence of Jonah Trimble daily to try his temper and tax his patience.

Otherwise he was comfortable. Mrs. Trimble, finding him steady and quiet, treated him kindly when she had her own way, and indifferently when her son was with her. The boys of the second class maintained the mysterious respect they had conceived for him on the day of his arrival, and gave him wonderfully little trouble or difficulty.

He had his evenings for the most part to himself, and even succeeded, after something like a battle-royal with the Trimbles, in carrying his point of having one "evening out" in the week.

It nearly cost him his situation, and it nearly cost Jonah a bone-shaking before the question was settled. But Jeffreys could be stubborn when he chose, and stood out grimly on this point. Had it not been for this weekly respite Gallo-way House would have become intolerable before a month was over.

He heard occasionally from Mr. Frampton; but the one question which would have interested him most was generally passed over. Mr. Frampton probably considered that any reference to Forrester would be painful to his correspondent, and therefore avoided it. At last, however, in reply to Jeffreys' entreaty to know where the boy was and how he was progressing, the head master wrote:

"I really cannot tell you what you want to know about Forrester, as I have heard nothing of him. His father, as you know, is an officer in India, and his only relative in England was his grandmother, to whose house at Grangerham he was removed on leaving here. The last I heard was a month after he had left here, when he was reported still to be lingering. His grandmother, so I heard, was very ill. He himself, as a last hope, was to be removed to a hospital (I could not hear which) to receive special treatment. Since then—which is five months ago—I have heard nothing, and my last letter to Grangerham was returned by the Dead-Letter Office. I wish I could tell you more. You may depend on my doing so should I hear of him again," etc.

It is hardly to be wondered at after this that poor Jeffreys felt the weight upon him heavier than ever. As long as he had known where Forrester was, and had the hope of hearing from time to time how he fared, he had been able to buoy himself up with the hope of some day making up to his victim for the injury he had inflicted; but when, suddenly, Forrester dropped hopelessly out of his life, the burden on his conscience grew intolerable.

He struggled hard, by devoting himself to his boys and by hard private study in his leisure hours, to drive the haunting memory away, but the effort succeeded only for a time. At night, as he lay in bed, unable to escape from himself, the vision of that pale face and that cry of terror hardly once left him till merciful sleep came to his rescue.

And by day, when his small pupils vexed him, or the spiteful Jonah tempted him to revenge, the thought of Forrester cowed him into submission, and left him no choice but to endure what seemed to be his penance.

"Ma," said Mrs. Trimble's hopeful, one afternoon after school had closed, "you've been nicely taken in over that Jeffreys, I can tell you."

"What!" said the lady. "He doesn't drink, does he?"

"Don't know. But there's something queer about him, and I mean to find it out. I'm not going to let it go on, I can tell you."

"Why, what's he been doing, Jonah?"

"Doing? You must go about with your eyes shut if you don't see he's been sulking ever since he came here. I tell you there's something wrong."

"Oh, don't say that, Jonah."

"You never took a character with him, did you?"

"No; he hadn't been in a place before."

"Depend on it, ma, he's skulking. He's done something, and finds this a convenient place to hide away in."

"But, Jonah, he's never shown any signs of not being all right. He's very kind to the boys, and keeps them in wonderful order. Better than you do, almost."

Jonah did not like this, because he knew it was true. His boys were neither fond of him nor obedient to his control, and the fact that Jeffreys' boys were both was additional proof that there was something wrong.

"Do you suppose he can't manage to take you in, ma? Of course; any one could."

"But he makes himself very pleasant, and studies, and keeps very quiet out of school."

"Of course. Isn't that what I tell you? He's hiding! What do you suppose he skulks away into town for once a week—eh?"

"Not to drink, I do hope!" said the lady.

"Whatever it is, I mean to get to the bottom of it, for the sake of the school," said Jonah. "Fancy the mess we'd get into if it got known we had a shady character here as a teacher."

"But, Jonah, dear, it's only suspicion. He may be all right."

"Oh, anything *may* be," retorted the philosophic Jonah. "The thing is—are they?"

As Mrs. Trimble was unable to answer this question she retired from the discussion, and hoped devoutly nothing was going to happen which would necessitate her doing more work about the school than she at present did.

The unconscious Jeffreys meanwhile was upstairs, washing himself before starting for his weekly "evening out." He had more than usual before him on this particular evening, as, besides calling at the post-office—an errand he never missed—he had discovered another old bookshop across the river which kept open till seven o'clock. And after that he had promised Freddy and Teddy, with whom from the first he had kept up a warm friendship, to call up at their house and help them mend their tricycle. With this full programme before him he lost no time in starting on his travels; little dreaming that the quick pace at which he strode along gave unwonted exercise to Mr. Jonah Trimble, who, animated by an amiable curiosity, dogged his footsteps at a respectful distance.

It was about five o'clock when Jeffreys reached the post-office. The clerk knew him by this time, and this evening handed him a letter without being asked. It was a short friendly line from Mr. Frampton with no news—at any rate about Forrester; and Trimble, as he watched him emerge from the office, letter

in hand, and haggard in face, chalked down in his own mind a first clue as to the mystery that was exercising him.

From the post-office Jeffreys strolled leisurely down the streets towards the bridge, stopping to look into some of the shops by the way, and occasionally making Trimble's heart jump by looking behind him.

In due time he pulled up at the bookseller's shop. Trimble saw the proprietor welcome his visitor with a nod which bespoke an acquaintance of some standing. He saw Jeffreys turning over the contents of some of the trays, taking up a book now and then and examining it, and sometimes propping himself up against the doorpost and reading page after page. It was not very entertaining work for the spy; but curiosity is patient, and Jonah as he watched the unconscious reader at a safe distance fortified himself by the conviction that he was watching the working-out of some deep-laid plot.

Presently he saw Jeffreys disappear into the shop, and what was his amazement when presently he "casually" passed the door, to see him seated with the bookseller at a table earnestly poring over and discussing a small faded sheet of paper which lay between them. Trimble would have given worlds to know what the mysterious document was, and what villainy was brewing. Had he known it, he might not have stood out there in the evening air quite as patiently as he did. For the mysterious document happened to be nothing but an old tattered and torn Commonwealth tract which Jeffreys had discovered folded up between the leaves of an ancient volume of poetry, and which he and his friend the bookseller were spending a very agreeable half-hour in piecing together and deciphering.

About seven o'clock Jeffreys rose to go, pocketing the precious relic, which his friend had given him; and Trimble, having carefully noted down the name of the shop and the personal appearance of the suspicious bookseller, followed gingerly back across the bridge. The streets were getting less crowded and Jonah had increasing difficulty in keeping himself concealed as he crawled along on the opposite side of the way some thirty or forty yards in the rear of his man.

Just as Jeffreys was crossing the space opposite the grand front of the Minster a dog sprang forward to meet him with every token of joy. It was Julius—and Jeffreys knew that the master could not be far away. He turned round for a moment as though he meditated flight, and gave Jonah a spasm by the unexpected movement. But before he could decide Mr. Halgrove strolled pleasantly round the corner, and nodded to him as if he and his ward had not parted five minutes before.

"Ah! John, fine evening for a stroll. On your way home?"

Mr. Halgrove till that moment had not had the faintest idea that his ward was still in York.

"No," said Jeffreys, patting the dog's head and looking very much the reverse of comfortable.

"They say the front of the Minster is beginning to crumble at places," said Mr. Halgrove, looking up at the noble pile before them; "I hope it's not true. Are you much here?"

"No. I live in another part of the town."

"Very odd my meeting you," said Mr. Halgrove, "I was thinking of you only to-day. I had a letter from Mr. Frampton."

"Indeed, sir,—about Forrester?"

"About—oh, your little victim? Oddly enough it was not. It was to remind me that your last half term's fees were not paid. Don't you think it would be judicious to clear up this little score? Looks bad, you know—to run away with a score against you."

Jeffreys' face turned pale. He had at least supposed that up to the time of his expulsion from his guardian's house Mr. Halgrove would have considered himself responsible for his maintenance.

"I never dreamt," he faltered. "How much is it?"

"Quite a little sum, isn't it? Come, you were last at school. Too bad to pose me with compound division at my time of life. Half a term at £40 a year?"

"Seven pounds!" gasped Jeffreys.

"Not quite, £6 13s. 4d. Fancy my being better at mental arithmetic than you."

"I haven't got any money. I only get a pound a month and my board."

"My dear boy, I congratulate you. Twelve pounds a year. Now, wasn't it a pity you didn't take that £5 note I offered you? Suppose you take it now."

Mr. Halgrove put his hand to his pocket and took out his purse.

"No!" exclaimed Jeffreys, in a tone that made Trimble, who was busily engaged in inspecting the architecture of the Minster from behind a deep buttress close to the speaker, jump—"I'd sooner die!"

"Don't do that, my dear fellow, don't do that," said Mr. Halgrove, with a smile which belied the anger he felt at the refusal; "rather than that I'll keep the money. I have no wish to commit a murder. It's not in my line. That's one point in which you and I differ, isn't it?"

Jeffreys made as though he would spring upon him. What was it checked him? Was it the solemn Minster—was it a dread of his guardian's superior strength—was it fear of punishment? Or was it a momentary glimpse of a pale face in a moonlit room far away, which took the spirit out of him and made his arm drop at his side?

"Well, I won't keep you," said Mr. Halgrove, who had also for a moment looked uneasy. "I dare say you are in a hurry like myself. The fact is I am going a trip to America next week and have a good deal to attend to. That makes me doubly glad to have met you. Good-bye, my dear boy, good-bye. Come, Julius."

Julius as he slunk off at his master's heels and heard the smothered oath which escaped Mr. Halgrove's lips as soon as he found himself alone, looked round wistfully and pitifully and wished he were allowed to go where he pleased.

Jeffreys walked on like a man in a dream. For six months he had been working out what had been to him a penance, hoping to live down his bad name even if he could never win a good.

But now in a moment it seemed as if the labour of those patient months had been dashed to the ground, and his guardian's bitter words branded themselves on his heart as he paced on out of the shadow of the noble Minster into the dusk of the city.

Trimble, nearly bursting with excite-

ment, for he had overheard all the latter part of the conversation, crept after him. What a time he was having!

Jeffreys bent his steps almost aimlessly out of the city into the country beyond. It was only half-past seven and Teddy and Freddy were expecting him. He had not the heart to fail them, though he would gladly have remained solitary that evening. The Roshers lived in a small cottage some distance down the lane in which six months ago Jeffreys had first encountered the sunshine of their presence. How long ago it seemed now! Ah! that was the very bank on which he sat; and there beyond was the railway embankment at which the navvies were working, now finished and with the grass growing up its sides.

Trimble's little heart jumped to his mouth as he saw the man he was following stop abruptly and begin to climb the bank. He was too close behind to be able to turn back. All he could do was to crouch down in the ditch and "lie low." He heard Jeffreys as he gained the top of the bank sigh wearily; then he seemed to be moving as if in search of a particular spot; and then the lurker's hair stood on end as he heard the words, hoarsely spoken,

"It was this very place."

What a day Jonah was having!

After a quarter of an hour's pause, during which the patient Jonah got nearly soaked to the skin in his watery hiding-place, Jeffreys roused himself and descended into the lane. Any one less abstracted could not have failed to detect the scared face of the spy shining out like a white rag from the hedge. But Jeffreys heeded nothing and strode on to Ash Cottage.

Long before he got there, Freddy and Teddy, who had been on the look-out for him for an hour, scampered down to meet him.

"Hurrah, Jeff!" shouted Teddy (I grieve to say that these irreverent brethren had long ago fallen into the scandalous habit of calling their teacher by a familiar contraction of his proper name—nor had the master rebuked them). "Hurrah, Jeff! we were afraid you weren't coming."

"The tricycle won't go," said Freddy; "we've pulled it all to bits, and tried to make it right with a hammer, but it's very bad."

"It's glorious you've come to do it. Isn't Jeff a brick, Teddy?"

"Rather—and, oh, did you bring any oil? We used all ours up."

"We've got a screwdriver, though!" said Freddy.

"And lots of string!" shouted Teddy.

"You are a brick to come and do it," shouted both.

Where in the world is there a tonic equal to the laugh of a light-hearted grateful little boy? How could Jeffreys feel forgetting his trouble for a time and devoting himself heart and soul to the business of that tricycle?

Trimble, as he dodged along after them perplexed and puffing, could hardly believe his eyes as he saw his morose colleague suddenly throw off the burden that was on him and become gay.

"Come along, little chaps—let's see what we can do," said Jeffreys, as the three strode out to the cottage. "Where is he?"

"In the shed. We've got a candle."

Trimble saw them disappear into the

garden, and, guided by their cheery voices, soon discovered the back of the shed in which the momentous surgical operation was to take place. It backed on the road and might have been built for Trimble's purpose. For the woodwork abounded in most convenient cracks, through which a spy might peep and listen luxuriously. What a day Jonah was having!

The Roshers conducted their friend into the place like anxious relatives who conduct a physician into a sick-chamber. The poor patient lay on the floor in a very bad way. Two wheels were off; the axle was bent, the wire spokes were twisted, the saddle was off, and the break was all over the place.

Jeffreys shook his head and looked grave.

"It's a bad job," said he.

"You see, we were giving mother a ride on it, and she's too heavy—especially going down hill. She thought we were holding it, but it got away. We yelled to her to put on the break, but she didn't, and it went bang into the wall."

"And your mother?" inquired Jeffreys, somewhat anxiously.

"Oh, her face is much better now. The doctor says there'll be hardly any marks left after all."

It was a long business putting the unlucky tricycle in order. Jeffreys was not a mechanic. All he could do was to put the parts together in a makeshift way, and by straightening some of the bent parts and greasing some of the stiff parts, restore the iron horse into a gloomy semblance of his old self.

The boys were as grateful and delighted as if he had constructed a new machine out of space; and when at last a trial trip demonstrated that at any rate the wheels would go round and the saddle would carry them, their hearts overflowed.

"You are a real brick, Jeff," said Teddy; "I wish I could give you a hundred pounds!"

"I don't want a hundred pounds," said Jeffreys, with a smile; "if you and Freddy and I are good friends, that's worth a lot more to me."

"Why?" demanded Freddy; "are we the only friends you've got?"

Jeffreys looked out of the window and said,

"Not quite—I've got one more."

"Who—God?" asked the boy, naturally.

Poor Jeffreys! He sometimes forgot that Friend, and it startled and humbled him to hear the little fellow's simple question.

"Of course he's got Him," interposed Teddy, without giving him time to reply. "But who else, Jeff?"

"I saw him not long ago," said Jeffreys. "His name's Julius."

"You don't like him more than us, do you?" asked Teddy, rather anxiously.

"Not a quarter as much, old chap," said Jeffreys.

There was a pause, during which Trimble chuckled to think how little the speaker guessed into whose ears he was betraying the name of his villainous accomplice!

Presently, however, he started to hear the sound of his own name.

"Jeff," said Teddy, "isn't Mr. Trimble a beast?"

"Let's talk about something pleasant," suggested Jeffreys, by way of begging the question.

"Let's talk about hanging him; that would be pleasant," said Teddy.

"Would you be sorry if he was dead?" demanded Teddy, in his matter-of-fact way. "I say, Jeff, wouldn't it be jolly if we could kill everybody we hated?"

"Wouldn't it be jolly if every little boy who talked like a little donkey were to have his ears boxed?" said Jeffreys.

"I wish he'd been on the tricycle instead of mother," continued Teddy, with a sigh of content at the bare idea.

"Teddy, you are not as nice a little boy as I thought when you talk like that," said Jeffreys. "Come and let's have one more turn on the machine, and then I must hurry back, or Mrs. Trimble will think I'm lost."

Jeffreys got back to Galloway House about ten o'clock, and found Jonah sitting up for him.

"So you *have* come back," said that individual, pompously. "I hope you've enjoyed your evening out."

"Yes," said Jeffreys, "pretty well."

"Oh!" said Jonah to himself, as he went up to bed, bursting with excitement. "If he only knew what I know! Let me see—"

And then he went over in his mind the events of that wonderful evening, the visit to the post-office and the horrified look as he came out letter in hand, the mysterious conference with the bookseller, doubtless over this very letter. And how artfully he had been pretending to look at the books outside till he saw no one was looking! Then the secret meeting with his accomplice in the Minster yard—Mr. Julius, yes, that was the name he had himself told the boys—and the altercation over the money, doubtless the booty of their crime, and Mr. Julius's denunciation of Jeffreys as a murderer! Whew! Then that lonely country walk, and that search on the bank, and that exclamation, "It was this very place!" Whew! Jonah had tied a bit of his bootlace on the hedge just under the spot and could find it again within a foot. Then the rencontre with the two boys and the strange enigmatical talk in the shed, pointing to the plot of a new crime of which he—Trimble—was to be the victim. Ha, ha!—and the business over that tricycle too, in the candle-light. Jonah could see through that. He could put a spoke in a wheel as well as Jeffreys.

Two things were plain. He must get hold of the letter; and he must visit the scene of the crime *with a spade!* Then—

Jonah sat up half the night thinking of it, till at last the deep breathing of his colleague in the next room reminded him that now at any rate was the time to get the letter. He had seen Jeffreys crush it into his side pocket after leaving the bookseller's—and he had heard him before getting into bed just now hang his coat on the peg behind the door. And it was hot, and the door was open.

What a day Jonah was having!

Fortune favours the brave. It was a work of two minutes only. The pocket was there at his hand before he had so much as put a foot in the room. And there was the letter—two letters—and not a board creaked or a footstep sounded before he was safe back in his own room with the documentary evidence before him.

There was only one letter after all. The other paper was a rubbishing rignarole about General Monk and the Parlia-

ment in 1660. This Jonah tossed contemptuously into the grate. But the other letter, how his flesh crept as he read it! It had no date and was signed only in initials.

"Dear J. There is no news. I can understand your trouble and remorse—and this uncertainty makes it all the more terrible for you. I know it is vain to say to you 'forget,' but do not write about poor Forrester's blood being on your head! Your duty is to live and

redeem the past. Let the dead bury their dead, dear fellow, and turn your eyes forward, like a brave man. Yours ever, J. F."

Do you wonder if Jonah's blood curdled in his veins—"remorse," "uncertainty," "poor Forrester," "his blood on your head," eh? "bury your dead!"

Whew! *What* a day Jonah had had, to be sure!

(To be continued.)

THE CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "Godfrey Morgan," "The Boy Captain," etc., etc.

III.—A VISITOR IS ANNOUNCED.

THE many experiments made during this last quarter of the nineteenth century have given considerable impetus to the question of guidable balloons. The cars furnished with propellers attached in 1852 to the aerostats of the elongated form introduced by Henry Giffard, the machines of Dupuy de Lome in 1872, of the Tissandier brothers in 1883, and of Captains Krebs and Renard in 1884, yielded many important results. But if these machines, moving in a medium heavier than themselves, manoeuvring under the propulsion of a screw,

working at an angle to the direction of the wind, and even against the wind, to return to their point of departure, had been really "guidable," they had only succeeded under very favourable conditions. In large covered halls their success was perfect. In a calm atmosphere they did very well. In a light wind of five or six yards a second they still moved. But nothing practical had been obtained. Against a miller's wind—nine yards a second—the machines had remained almost stationary. Against a fresh breeze—eleven yards a second—



"The third, which ended in a frightful fall."

they would have advanced backwards. In a storm—twenty-seven to thirty-three yards a second—they would have been blown about like a feather. In a hurricane—sixty yards a second—they would have run the risk of being dashed to pieces. And in one of those cyclones which exceed a hundred yards a second not a fragment of them would have been left. It remained, then, even after the striking experiments of Captains Krebs and Renard, that though guidable aerostats had gained a little speed, they could not be kept going in a moderate breeze. Hence the impossibility of making practical use of this mode of aerial locomotion.

With regard to the means employed to give the aerostat its motion a great deal of progress had been made. For the steam-engines of Henry Giffard, and the muscular force of Dupuy de Lôme, electric motors had gradually been substituted. The batteries of bichromate of potassium of the Tissandier brothers had given a speed of four yards a second. The dynamo-electric machines of Captains Krebs and Renard had developed a force of twelve-horse power and yielded a speed of six and a half yards per second.

With regard to this motor engineers and electricians had been approaching more and more to that desideratum which is known as a steam-horse in a watch-case. Gradually the results of the pile of which Captains Krebs and Renard had kept the secret had been surpassed, and aeronauts had become able to avail themselves of motors whose lightness increased at the same time as their power.

In this there was much to encourage those who believed in the utilisation of guidable balloons. But yet how many good people there are who refuse to admit the possibility of such a thing! If the aerostat finds support in the air it belongs to the medium in which it moves; under such conditions, how can its mass, which offers so much resistance to the currents of the atmosphere, make its way against the wind?

In this struggle of the inventors after a light and powerful motor, the Americans had most nearly attained what they sought. A dynamo-electric apparatus, in which a new pile was employed the composition of which was still a mystery, had been bought from its inventor, a Boston chemist up to then unknown. Calculations made with the greatest care, diagrams drawn with the utmost exactitude, showed that by means of this apparatus driving a screw of given dimensions a displacement could be obtained of from twenty to twenty-two yards a second.

Now this was magnificent!

"And it is not dear," said Uncle Prudent, as he handed to the inventor in return for his formal receipt the last instalment of the hundred thousand paper dollars he had paid for his invention.

Immediately the Weldon Institute set to work. When there comes along a project of practical utility the money leaps nimbly enough from American pockets. The funds flowed in even without its being necessary to form a syndicate. Three hundred thousand dollars came into the club's account at the first appeal. The work began under the superintendence of the most celebrated aeronaut of the United States, Harry W. Tinder, immortalised by three of his



The question of guidable balloons.

ascents out of a thousand, one in which he rose to a height of twelve thousand yards, higher than Gay Lussac, Coxwell, Sivet, Crocé-Spinelli, Tissandier, Glaisher; another in which he had crossed America from New York to San Francisco, exceeding by many hundred leagues the journeys of Nadar, Godard, and others, to say nothing of that of John Wise, who accomplished eleven hundred and fifty miles from St. Louis to Jefferson county; the third, which ended in a frightful fall from fifteen hundred feet at the cost of a slight sprain in the right thumb, while the less fortunate Pilâtre de Rozier fell only seven hundred feet, and yet killed himself on the spot!

At the time this story begins the Weldon Institute had got their work well in hand. In the Turner yard at Philadelphia there reposed an enormous

aerostat, whose strength had been tried by highly compressed air. It well merited the name of the monster balloon.

How large was Nadar's Géant? Six thousand cubic metres. How large was John Wise's balloon? Twenty thousand cubic metres. How large was the Giffard balloon at the 1878 Exhibition? Twenty-five thousand cubic metres. Compare these three aerostats with the aerial machine of the Weldon Institute, whose volume amounted to forty thousand cubic metres, and you will understand why Uncle Prudent and his colleagues were so justifiably proud of it.

This balloon not being destined for the exploration of the higher strata of the atmosphere, was not called the Excelsior, a name which is rather too much held in honour among the citizens of America.

No! It was called, simply, the Goahead, and all it had to do was to justify its name by going ahead obediently to the wishes of its commander.

The dynamo-electric machine, according to the patent purchased by the Weldon Institute, was nearly ready. In less than six weeks the Goahead would start for its first cruise through space.

But, as we have seen, all the mechanical difficulties had not been overcome. Many evenings had been devoted to discussing not the form of its screw nor its dimensions, but whether it ought to be put behind, as the Tissandier brothers had done, or before as Captains Krebs and Renard had done. It is unnecessary to add that the partisans of the two systems had almost come to blows. The group of "Beforists" were equalled in number by the group of "Behindists." Uncle Prudent, who ought to have given the casting vote—Uncle Prudent, brought up doubtless in the school of Professor Buridan—could not bring himself to decide.

Hence the impossibility of getting the

screw into place. The dispute might last for some time, unless the Government interfered. But in the United States the Government meddles with private affairs as little as it possibly can. And it is right.

Things were in this state at this meeting on the 13th of June, which threatened to end in a riot—insults exchanged, fisticuffs succeeding the insults, cane thrashings succeeding the fisticuffs, revolver shots succeeding the cane thrashings—when at thirty-seven minutes past eight there occurred a diversion.

The porter of the Weldon Institute coolly and calmly, like a policeman amid the storm of the meeting, approached the presidential desk. On it he placed a card. He awaited the orders that Uncle Prudent found it convenient to give.

Uncle Prudent turned on the steam whistle, which did duty for the presidential bell, for even the Kremlin clock would have struck in vain! But the tumult slackened not.

Then the president removed his hat.

Thanks to this extreme measure a semi-silence was obtained.

"A communication!" said Uncle Prudent, after taking a huge pinch from the snuff-box which never left him.

"Speak up!" answered eighty-nine voices, accidentally in agreement on this one point.

"A stranger, my dear colleagues, asks to be admitted to the meeting."

"Never!" replied every voice.

"He desires to prove to us, it would appear," continued Uncle Prudent, "that to believe in guiding balloons is to believe in the absurdity of Utopias!"

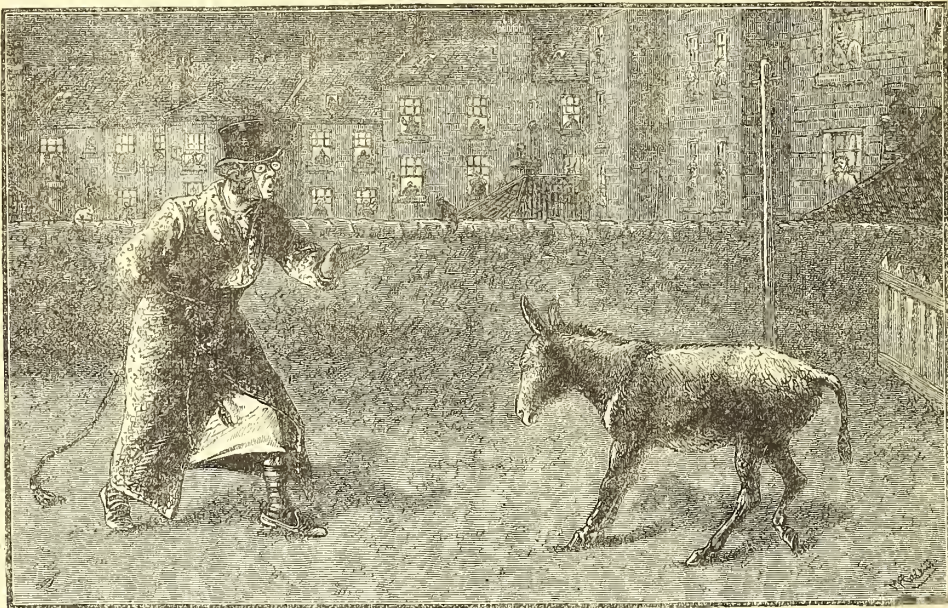
"Let him in! Let him in!"

"What is the name of this singular personage?" asked secretary Phil Evans.

"Robur," replied Uncle Prudent.

"Robur! Robur! Robur!" yelled the assembly. And the welcome accorded so quickly to the curious name was chiefly due to the Weldon Institute hoping to vent its exasperation on the head of him who bore it!

(To be continued.)



A Disturber of the Peace!

THE SILK-ROBED COW.

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

BY W. H. WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER IX.

MARIE was not long in ignorance of the fate of her grandfather. Of course she felt the bereavement severely, but other thoughts crowded upon her mind with even more overwhelming force. The last tie that had made her life among the Blackfeet at all endurable had been suddenly snapped, and this with the absorbing interest she had taken in the fate of the brave and handsome young trader (who had not even stooped to ask

his life from his blood-thirsty captors) made her desire to return to civilisation come back to her with triple force.

There was no time then to waste in idle grief or false pride. Harry Leigh must die at daybreak unless she could save him. Without him she felt that she could not go among white people, tell her story and be believed, and without stopping to ask herself what these vague impressions meant, she set herself to the

accomplishment of a difficult and perilous task. Not one now alive in the camp knew that she felt any interest in the young prisoner, and from this she hoped that the sentries would not be particularly on the alert.

Slowly and horribly dragged the first few hours of that night to Harry Leigh. He thought of his old home on the Mississippi, of his infancy, of his boyish days, of his loving father, mother, and sisters.

He thought how long they would watch and wait for his return, how his fate would be to them and all his friends a for ever unsolved mystery. And then he asked himself if all the keen delights he had felt in his wild free life on the plains and in the mountains were any recompense for a wasted life and a nameless grave unblest by the tears of one sorrowing friend. Hundreds of better men have suffered the same fate, thought he, but after all this was but dull consolation. He wished a thousand times that he had fallen in that dreadful skirmish, and then he bemoaned the fatality that had caused him to linger in camp an hour after he had sent his carts and his people out. He had not saved the life of a single Cree, and though several Blackfeet might have felt the butt of his rifle indenting their skulls, or the keen blade of his long thin knife darting between their ribs, what availed it now? His friend Ermine Skin was he knew not where; but this he did know, that he would meet him at daybreak, and that neither he nor Ermine Skin would ever see the sun rise.

* * * * *

Marie had fixed upon her plan of action, and was soon putting it in execution. Catching a pony that wore a large clear-toned cow-bell, she carefully stuffed the bell with grass, and mounting the pony cantered down to the ford, dashed fearlessly into the swift water, and soon reached the opposite shore in safety. She then, after calling upon and talking with some of the women in the camp at the ford, remounted and rode off, as though she would visit another part of the camp; but taking a wide circuit around the bottom she returned to the river, just opposite where Leigh and his guards were stationed. Here she took the bell off the pony, and going some distance into a thicket she hung the bell about eight feet from the ground, and carefully removed the grass with which she had stuffed it. She then took from her bosom a large ball of fine but strong netting line, like light whipcord, and selecting a spot where she was well in the deep shadow of the cotton-woods that overhung the river, she unbound the ball, which she coiled loosely on the grass beside her. Then taking a bow which she had worn slung across her shoulders, she fastened a very light arrow to one end of the line and shot it across the river, into the top of the very tree to which the trader was lashed. She carefully watched the effect of the shot upon the guards, but it was evident that thus far their attention had not been attracted. She then very cautiously took up the slack of the line that lay beside her, and being very careful not to tighten it, carried a bight of it to the bush where the bell was hanging, which was nearly a hundred yards from the edge of the river. She quickly cut the line at the required length and attached it to the bell. This done, she hurriedly returned to camp by the way she had come. The band of ponies from which she had made her selection was now feeding close to the spot where the prisoner was stationed, and this favoured her design. She rode in among them, and dismounting, concealing herself among them, contrived, by caressing, pushing, and coaxing by turns, to gradually work the whole band up to the river's bank and to the foot of the tree. The guards lay

smoking some distance beyond the prisoner, who was now reclining almost at full length with his head resting against the tree.

Suddenly, as he almost expected some of the ponies' noses to touch him (so close were they feeding to the foot of the tree), his ear caught a faintly-whispered but prolonged "h-sh," and for a second a little cold soft hand was pressed upon his own. He did not turn his head, and the fact that he kept perfectly quiet appeared fully to reassure Marie that the reason of her presence was fully understood. Still

wore it were rubbing his neck, just freed from the collar, against a tree.

There was no doubt about it now. The guards were sure that some whiskey trader had camped somewhere not far off on the opposite side of the river, and not being sure of the kind of welcome he might receive at the hands of the chief if he came boldly into camp, he had decided to skirmish a little and find out how the land lay.

"He will be run out in the morning when the chief knows he is here."

"If we could only find him and tell him



the ponies remained about the tree, and a few seconds later a very slight rustling of the branches overhead told Leigh that Marie was climbing among the branches of the big cotton-wood. She had to get well toward the top before she caught sight of her arrow, but her aim had been so true that it lay close to the trunk and she was not compelled to go out upon any of the branches, a movement that might have revealed her presence to the guards.

Catching the arrow at last, she began very carefully taking in the slack of the line. Several times she thought she had reached the end of it, but as often it proved to be only caught upon a limb, and a slight jerk would free it. At last, however, the bell gave a faint "clink," which was sufficient to fully awaken Harry to the nature of the situation and the character of the stratagem by which his still unknown friend was about to attempt his release, but the drowsy guards had not noticed it, and it was necessary that they should.

So she gave another little tug at the netting line, and "clink-a-clink" went the bell.

Upon this they both sat up and listened attentively. There were two or three bells sounding on their own side of the river, but this was surely on the farther side.

"Clink-a-ling-a-ling-ling-link," sounded the obedient bell, as though the pony that

to go to-night, he would give us plenty of whiskey."

"Is the boat on this side?"

"But the prisoner?"

"He cannot get away, and his mouth will be closed before the sun rises."

"The boat is only a hundred yards up the river and on this side."

"Let us go, then; we can be back in an hour."

And off they went; but before they were fairly in the old leaky flat boat to which they referred, Marie had slipped silently down to the ground again, and cut the thongs that held Harry Leigh's wrists and ankles.

He was about to spring to his feet, but a warning "sh-sh" from Marie made him lie perfectly still, and just at that moment he saw the boat containing the two guards drift past him, but well toward the centre of the stream.

At length they reach the opposite shore, and, just as they land two hundred yards below (the swift current having carried them well down stream), the bell is again rung very vigorously, and they eagerly scramble up the bank in the moonlight, and dash into the bush to find the whiskey trader's camp.

With Marie's permission Harry now rises and mounts one of the ponies that she has already bridled, while she herself bounds lightly to the back of the other. Instead of hurrying off, however, Marie

insists on going at a very moderate pace, and taking the whole band with her. When they are three or four hundred yards from camp she hurries them along more briskly till they reach the ford, or crossing proper, and here she dismounts, and, bidding Harry to do likewise, she drives the whole band into the ford, and her willing captor retaining only their bridles.

Walking carefully along in the edge of the stream they soon reach a point fifty yards below the ford, and here they embark upon one of the rafts prepared only a day or two before for ferrying the hunters' effects. The raft is pushed out into the swift current, and the two are now putting distance between themselves and the crossing as fast as the swift current of Bow River can carry them.

CHAPTER X.

MARIE had not been idle since she had undertaken the rescue of the young prisoner. She had not only secured the best of the ferry-rafts and covered it with several layers of light dry poles and rushes, but had so covered the whole with rush mattings, and secured it with thongs of raw hide, that the odd-looking craft was not only quite strong enough to bear any strain that could possibly be put upon it, but was possessed of such buoyancy that, with its whole cargo aboard, its deck was fully ten inches above the water-line. On board the raft Marie had stored an abundance of dried meat and

penmican to last for a length of time, a few working utensils, arms and ammunition, half a dozen robes, an axe, and a small teepee of finely-tanned buffalo hide.

"Now we are safe," said Marie, as, beneath a full unclouded moon, their little raft, drifting swiftly down a broad path of rippling silver, swept around a heavily-wooded point that shut out from their view the last teepees of the lower camp at the ford.

"But they will surely follow us."

"Yes, some time, but not for days at least. Two ponies that are sure to be missed are cached where they will not be found readily. They cannot track us down here, as all the ponies came with us. They will feel sure we have gone up the south side of the river towards the mountains, for they know that our own hunting parties are very plentiful down the river along the south shore, and they will be sure we have crossed because the ponies have crossed the ford."

"They will not miss the raft?"

"They will never think of it. Two others were allowed to drift away yesterday; they always travel with ponies, and they would not think of anyone attempting to escape without them."

Every moment brought to the fugitives a fresh sense of safety as the swift silvery waters of the beautiful Bow carried them farther and farther from the Blackfoot camp.

It is not necessary to relate here all that Harry Leigh said about the debt of gratitude he owed his beautiful rescuer, or how she told him her history, and

showed him her utterly helpless and friendless condition.

Ere they thought the night half spent the thick silver mist cloud that hung upon the water began to grow whiter, while the trees and bushes that overhung the banks and had been looking for the last half hour like thick mist clouds, began to grow darker and take both shape and colour. Then the white mists floated upward and dissolved in golden light, and they saw opened out before them the lovely valley of Bow River, resplendent in the richest and brightest autumnal tints of scarlet and green and crimson and orange, while beneath them glided the swift limpid river, a glittering pathway of crystal and gold. The night had turned to day, and a still brighter day had dawned upon their hearts.

* * * * *

What need to tell how Marie and Harry reached Medicine Hat in safety, where the young trader found his carts, or to give the details of a long journey over Cypress Mountains to Forts Assinaboine and Benton and down the Missouri and Mississippi to Harry's home.

In Harry Leigh's southern home are many treasured relics of his life in the North-west, but not one is so highly prized as that which hides beneath its dark glossy folds his pretty wife's easy-chair, for it brings back to him the day that he rode through the Blackfoot camp after the Silk-Robed Cow.

(THE END.)



"Every moment brought to the fugitives a fresh sense of safety."

BASIL WOOLLCOMBE, MIDSHIPMAN.

BY ARTHUR LEE KNIGHT,

Author of "The Cruise of the Theseus," "The Gunroom Heroes," etc

CHAPTER II.—THE GHOST OF WYLD COURT



"Aimed a blow at the strange apparition."

As my readers may suppose, the gallant admiral got no peace from his inquisitive boys till he had promised to reveal the mystery of the family ghost; and as soon as tea was over, and Miss Marjorie had been borne off to bed, the father and his sons gathered around an enormous cheerful wood fire, and the former announced his intention of relieving their curiosity.

"In the first place," he began, "I must tell you—"

"Wait half a minute, dad," broke in Basil; "let's get thoroughly comfortable before you begin;" and so saying, he drew up a long Chinese chair that the admiral had brought home on one of his cruises, and stretched himself out at full length in it, whilst Fred seated himself on a stool at his father's feet and leant against his knees.—Scamp, who had the privilege of an *entrée* to the house, curling himself up in a nonchalant manner on the rug, as if to announce that he was not such a weak-minded dog as to listen to any ghost-story, even if it concerned those nearest and dearest to him.

"I was going to tell you first of all," recommenced Admiral Woolcombe, "that so far as I am aware nobody outside our own family has any knowledge of this ghost story, which has been handed down from generation to generation as a tradition concerning us alone, and not to be mentioned to idle ears or silly gossips, of which there are plenty in every village, I am sorry to say. Never content with minding their own affairs, they are for ever prying into other folks', and their blank minds are sufficiently imaginative to invent all sorts of ridiculous tales when they are at a loss for true ones; and these expand into giant proportions as they fly from one thoughtless and voluble tongue to another. Another thing I must tell you is that I think it is just possible one of the servants may have been trying to play off a practical joke in the night in order to frighten Freddy, and so I am going to sit up to-night and see if I can discover any reason for the noises he heard.

"Well, now I must tell you this curious old story, but the part about the ghost is

of course all rubbish; the rest of the history is true enough. At the same time you must not mention it to any one, in accordance with the old family custom. Our race has been settled here for many centuries, but it was in the reign of Henry VII. that a certain Sir Richard Woolcombe—who had fought by the king's side when Earl of Richmond at the battle of Bosworth, and been knighted by him for gallantry—first received a grant of the property. Soon after he had entered into possession he received a summons to attend the court of the first Tudor king, and at once hastened to London to pay his respects to that monarch, who received him with the greatest cordiality, and gave him an appointment about his person. He was at this time unmarried, and on being sent by the king on a confidential mission to the Court of France, became enamoured of a daughter of a certain Lord Brentwood, who had been an adherent of Richard III., and was then in temporary exile.

"This nobleman took an inveterate

dislike to our ancestor, Sir Richard, and did all he could to thwart his designs, not only because they had fought on opposite sides at Bosworth, but that he had formed a matrimonial scheme for his daughter, which, though not meeting with her approval on account of the antipathy she had conceived for this particular suitor, was yet pressed upon her by her parents with great harshness. The young lady fell deeply in love with Sir Richard, and they contrived to meet at times and talk over plans for the future, but without coming to any definite conclusion; and at last a summons arrived for the knight to return immediately to London to attend the grand wedding of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, which, as of course you know, united the rival houses that had borne on many a battle-field the cognisance of the red and white rose.

"I have reason to believe that shortly after this event Lord Brentwood and his family returned to England; but at any rate it is certain that his daughter was, on account of the severity of her parents, driven into leaving her home, and she and Sir Richard became privately married, and came down here with the king's permission to enjoy a few months' quiet and seclusion. They were not to enjoy much peace, however, for Sir Timothy Dogwell—the baffled suitor—who had sworn to be avenged of his successful rival, followed them down into Dorsetshire, and, under an assumed name, took lodgings at Charmouth, where he remained for some time in close concealment, waiting for an opportunity to strike a deadly blow at Sir Richard and his happy young bride.

"Some time elapsed before this cold-blooded villain could put any of his nefarious projects into execution. At length one day, when Sir Richard had ridden to Lyme Regis on business, his wife, the Lady Margaret, accompanied by her favourite mastiff, sauntered out through the woods to pass away the afternoon, and having gone rather farther than she intended and lost her way, at length found herself on a road which she knew led from Charmouth to Monkton Wyld; and, followed closely by her dog, set off for home. She had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when she heard the loud tramp of horses' hoofs behind her. Thinking nothing of such a trivial occurrence, she pursued her way, but was alarmed to hear the rider suddenly check his horse when close to her, and with a fierce exclamation spring to the ground. In a moment the Lady Margaret had turned apprehensively, and recognised Sir Timothy Dogwell; but she had faith in the strength and courage of her noble dog, who, after giving an ominous growl of warning, prepared to spring at the intruder. For a moment Sir Timothy hesitated, for the dog's fierce aspect and gigantic size alarmed him more than a fully-armed man would have done. Then, summoning up his courage, he advanced another step towards Lady Margaret with his drawn sword in his hand, his countenance distorted with every evil passion, whilst the lady stood transfixed with terror, unable to utter a word. As Sir Timothy made this onward movement the mastiff pounced upon him and would have borne him to the ground but that the villain was prepared for the attack, and drawing back slightly, and shortening his

sword, drove it as he thought right through the animal's body, and it dropped lifeless into the road. With a horrified scream Lady Margaret turned to flee, but in a moment the cowardly murderer had caught her up, and without a word stabbed her through the back from behind. Then, after taking a piece of parchment with some words scribbled on it out of his pocket, and depositing it by the side of the poor blood-stained body of his victim, he coolly leaped upon his horse, which had been grazing by the roadside during the enactment of this terrible tragedy, and rode off full gallop in the direction of Charmouth.

"Sir Richard Woolcombe returned home towards evening, and on learning that Lady Margaret had gone for a walk in the woods with the dog, he went in search of her; but, finding no trace of her whereabouts, turned homewards through the park, feeling a little uneasy, but conjecturing that his wife must have returned by some circuitous route. As Sir Richard strode quickly up towards the house, he saw in the now gathering twilight what he took to be some large animal crawling slowly and painfully up from a stream that flowed at the bottom of the park, and near which ran the lonely road that led in the direction of Charmouth and Bridport. Something in the curious appearance of this animal led Sir Richard, with a strange, cold feeling at his heart which he could not account for, to descend the hill and see what this peculiar-looking beast might be. He had not traversed more than a hundred yards, before, with eyes of horror and despair, he recognised his wife's faithful mastiff, so weak from loss of blood that it could scarcely drag one poor feeble limb after another. Paralysed for a few moments with the awful dread that seized him at this ominous sight, Sir Richard stood transfixed to the spot with unutterable horror, and allowed the faithful beast to crawl painfully to where he stood, when, with one pathetic look into its master's eyes, it whined, licked his hand, and immediately rolled over dead.

"Roused to action, Sir Richard shouted in stentorian tones for help; and, attracted by his cries, several keepers and grooms came running to his assistance, fearful that something untoward had occurred. Meanwhile the knight had narrowly examined the body of the unfortunate dog, and soon discovered the fearful sword-cut which had disabled the noble animal at the critical moment. Filled with the direst misgivings, Sir Richard, with white lips, but with a terrible frown upon his brow, loosened his sword in its sheath, and having briefly explained to his dependents the extraordinary way the dog had appeared, gave orders in a husky voice for them to follow, and set off at the top of his speed in the direction from whence the animal had appeared to come. In a few minutes the party arrived at the tragical spot, and Sir Richard's worst fears were verified, for there by the roadside, in a huddled mass, lay the body of his dear wife exactly as the villainous Sir Timothy Dogwell had left it. Seizing the piece of parchment, which his eye had at once caught sight of, the knight with some difficulty made out the hurriedly-scribbled sentence, 'So perish all who dare to cross my path.' This cruel asseveration, which was signed with the letter 'D,' imme-

diately gave the clue to the murderer; and, whilst some of the knight's attendants lifted the apparently lifeless corpse of their mistress and bore it under Sir Richard's guidance homewards, the remainder were sent to scour the country in all directions in hopes that some trace might be found of the cowardly scoundrel who had wrought such a deed of infamy.

"On reaching the Court it was soon discovered that the Lady Margaret still breathed, and with the aid of strong restoratives she recovered sufficiently to be enabled to tell her husband all that had occurred. The wound, however, unfortunately proved a mortal one, and the poor lady died in her husband's arms the same night, one of her last requests being that her faithful dog might be buried somewhere near her, a wish her poor heart-broken husband took pains to see fulfilled.

"The origin of all this evil, the wicked Sir Timothy Dogwell, made his escape from Charmouth by boat before the hue and cry had reached that place, and it was afterwards ascertained that he had landed in an obscure port on the coast of Normandy. A well-merited fate awaited him, for, having taken service with the Duke of Burgundy, he was detached on one occasion to make a night attack upon a stronghold belonging to some rebellious vassal of that prince, and, missing his way in the dark, suddenly found himself in a regular quicksand of mud, from which he in vain endeavoured to extricate himself. Two of his followers met with the same fate, and all three miserably perished by a lingering death under the eyes of their comrades, who were powerless to render them any assistance.

"Poor Sir Richard Woolcombe never recovered from the fearful blow his hateful rival had dealt him. He eventually lost his reason, and became so violent a maniac that he had at times to be secured to the wall of his apartment by a massive chain. On one occasion, it is said, he succeeded in dragging the fastenings from the wall when nobody was near, and was found rushing over the park with a drawn sword in his hand and trailing the chain after him, anxious, as he afterwards explained, to intercept and slay Sir Timothy Dogwell, who was preparing to land at Charmouth from a French vessel. He was disarmed and secured with immense difficulty, and then conveyed back to the Court, where he died not very long afterwards, greatly to the relief of his relations. Well, very soon after the poor man's death a story became generally current that his ghost returned at certain periods to haunt the house where he had lived, especially on the anniversary of his wife's murder, and it was asserted that he always carried the chain about him with which he had been confined when a lunatic. The story soon dropped out of remembrance amongst the lower orders, though the house has always borne the reputation of being a haunted one. There is nothing else to tell, and you boys now know as much as I do about the family ghost. As I told you, I intend sitting up to-night to ascertain if any one is trying to play any tricks. If they are, it will serve them right to get a good fright."

"I'll sit up with you, father," exclaimed Basil, eagerly; "it'll be no end of a spree!"

"So will I," chimed in Freddy, but in more subdued tones, for he felt decidedly uncomfortable on the subject of the ghost, being certain in his own mind that he had distinctly heard the ominous rattle of a chain.

"Indeed, you'll do nothing of the sort, Master Freddy!" said the admiral, patting the boy's head; "you'll go to bed as usual in my room. I've had a fire lit there, and Basil and I will sit up there and play chess and read books until the ghost chooses to put in an appearance. I shouldn't wonder if we brewed a little negus to help pass the time."

An hour later saw the trio duly ensconced in the admiral's comfortable room upstairs, where a bright wood fire was burning, the light from which was "glancing on the pictured wall" with a ruddy, cheerful glow. Freddy was snugly tucked up in bed, and Basil was occupying an arm-chair on one side of the fireplace, whilst his father sat opposite him reading "Vice Versa" aloud to them, which vivacious story completely banished all remembrance of the ghost from the boys' minds for the time being. At length towards eleven o'clock Fred could keep his eyes open no longer, and dropped off to sleep, when the admiral brewed some negus, drew up a little table on which he deposited tumblers, and a chessboard and set of chessmen, and father and son commenced a game, the silence being unbroken save by the ticking of a clock on the mantel-piece and an occasional crackle from the blazing wood fire. The time slipped rapidly by, and the mystic hour of midnight was fast approaching. The butler had come to say good night, the servants had long departed to their rooms, and a deathlike silence seemed to reign throughout the rambling old house, which was full of mysterious dark passages, ancient cupboards, and lumber-rooms; and in some parts there were quaint spiral stone staircases leading to turret-rooms, in one of which the admiral had fitted up a smoking-room in Oriental style, and in another there was a powerful astronomical telescope, the old officer being fond of sweeping the heavens when the gloomy skies of his native country allowed of it.

There is an uncomfortable sensation—which I suppose most people have experienced—apt to creep over one when sitting up late at night after every one else has gone to bed, a feeling which Charles Dickens has so well expressed in these words: "Clocks tick so loud when you are sitting up alone, and you seem as if you had an under-garment of cobwebs on. First something tickles your right knee, and then the same sensation irritates your left. You have no sooner changed your position than it comes again in the arms. When you have fidgeted your limbs into all sorts of odd shapes you have a sudden relapse in the nose, which you rub as if to rub it off—as there is no doubt you would if you could."

It was close upon twelve when the admiral succeeded in capturing one of Basil's bishops, and at the same time called "check" in a low tone.

"Oh, I say, what a duffer I am! I didn't see what you were up to, dad!"

"You're safe enough for the present; I should bring my knights more into play if I were you, they're such useful pieces in—"

The admiral stopped abruptly, for a strange weird sound had smote upon his ear! He glanced at his son. Basil had turned rather pale.

There was the distinct and unmistakable sound of a clanking chain in the hall!

The noise seemed to approach nearer and nearer, and as it did so what appeared to be the sound of a heavy footfall became audible. To the anxious listeners it seemed certain beyond a doubt that some one was ascending the staircase trailing a chain behind him.

The admiral glanced for a moment at Freddy. Fortunately the little fellow had not been aroused, and appeared to be in a deep sleep.

Closer and closer approached the mysterious ghostly visitor, till at length, on reaching the landing on which the master of the house's bedroom opened, he appeared to pause.

The admiral silently seized a loaded revolver that lay upon the mantel-piece, and depositing it in his pocket, signed to Basil to be cautious and quiet, and then drew stealthily towards the door, followed closely by the middy.

Suddenly the rattle of the chain was again heard, and a kind of low sigh, which seemed to die slowly away in the distance.

The tension on the admiral's nerves was too much. He threw the door wide open, at the same time drawing his revolver from his pocket.

The landing was deserted! The fire-light, and that from the lamp that was burning in the bedroom, streamed out through the open doorway and rendered everything outside distinctly visible, but it fell on no such gruesome spectacle as the ghost of Sir Richard Woolcombe, or of any other departed worthy. The spirit—if spirit it were—had exerted its supernatural powers, and apparently melted away with spirit-like evanescence through the solid walls of the Court into the starlit gloom of night which reigned outside.

"This is extraordinary, certainly," muttered Admiral Woolcombe, peering about in all directions; "I could have sworn there was some one here two seconds ago. 'Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!' he added, solemnly."

Basil, who had armed himself with a stout walking-stick, had emerged upon the carpeted landing and was prodding about behind some old carved furniture that stood at one end. "Hush!" he whispered, suddenly, "there it is again, dad!"

Sure enough the eerie clank of the chain again became audible, and it now sounded as if it was being dragged up a flight of stone steps some distance away.

"Why, it's going up to my smoking-room," said the excited admiral; "fancy a ghost smoking a hookah or rolling up a cigarette!" and, having hastily snatched up a bedroom candle, and being closely followed by his son, he passed quickly through an open doorway on the opposite side of the landing and entered a passage which terminated in a door leading to another part of the house. Close to this door was another smaller one—now standing ajar—which opened upon the spiral stone staircase leading to the smoking-room, and up the steps of which the supposed spectre was conjectured to have dragged his weary way. All, however, seemed to be silent, and the admiral paused at the half-open door for a moment to listen. As he did so, the door

which closed the end of the passage was noiselessly and swiftly opened by an unseen hand, and to the amazement of father and son a gaunt and ghost-like form, clad completely in white, glided through the doorway. Its eyes had a petrified stony look, and its face was of a ghastly pallor. In one hand was borne a dim light which threw a flickering, uncertain gleam upon the corpse-like face and white flowing drapery.

In an instant the admiral had snatched the heavy stick from Basil's hand, and aimed a terrific blow at the strange apparition, which started back in such terror and dismay that the light dropped from its nerveless grasp, and, with an exclamation of horror, it fell backwards to the floor with a thud which was too evidently mortal to admit of any lingering suspicion that the body which caused it hailed from another sphere!

"Why, father, it's Robert; how fortunate you didn't hit him!" exclaimed Basil, who had rushed forward to examine the fallen spirit; "what can he have been doing here at this time of night?"

Robert—for he indeed it was—soon recovered himself, and, in trembling tones and with an ashen pallor on his lips, explained that, hearing a noise of some sort in the house, he had got out of bed with the intention of coming to arouse his master, as he thought it possible that burglars had broken into the house, and he was himself of a naturally timid disposition. Coming suddenly on the admiral and Basil in such an unexpected manner, he had been too much taken by surprise to speak, and, indeed, the former had not given him much time to offer an explanation!

"Somebody has gone up this staircase, Robert," said the admiral, "and Master Basil and I are going to follow him up; you'd better—"

Thump, thump, thump, suddenly came from the room above, as if some one was sounding the floor to try and discover a trap-door.

"More and more mysterious!" whispered the admiral, as he turned to ascend the staircase; "however, he can't well escape us now."

No, he couldn't escape, nor did he want to! He lay quite contentedly just inside his master's smoking-room, thumping the floor with his great tail in delight at hearing the admiral's voice and footstep! There lay "Rajah," the great St. Bernard dog, with his massive brass-studded collar, and a ponderous chain resembling a small cable, stretched on the floor beside him.

The admiral and Basil burst into roars of laughter when they saw what had caused all the disturbance and fright. "Rajah" seemed quite unconcerned at his position; he gave a sort of tiger-purr of approval, and rising from his recumbent position, gave himself a shake which caused the whole room to tremble, and made his chain rattle again and again; then he came and nuzzled his cold damp nose into the admiral's hand.

"But how *could* he have got into the house?" exclaimed Basil, patting the animal's enormous head; "he's always chained up in the yard."

"I'm afraid, sir, we servants are to blame for it all," put in Robert, who had recovered his equanimity, but was shivering in his scanty garments. "There has been a good deal of talk in the ser-

vants' hall of late about the burglaries at Axminster, and some of the maid-servants were so nervous like, that to quiet them the butler and me agreed to let Rajah sleep in the back kitchen these last few nights, and I expect the doors was left open by mistake, and he got about the house. I'm sure we're very sorry, sir, and it shan't happen again."

"Well, well, Robert," said the admiral, good-naturedly, "I think you've been punished by the fright you've had, and

you had a narrow shave of having your head broken into the bargain, for I thought it was some one playing a practical joke. Now you'd better go off to bed, or you'll catch cold, and Master Basil and I will chain Rajah up in the yard, as we are dressed."

Freddy had not awoke during the adventure just detailed, and before leading the canine delinquent away to his kennel the admiral led him to the boy's bedside and gave the youngster a shake.

"What's the matter?" asked Fred, sleepily, as he opened his brown eyes in some astonishment. "Why, what's Rajah doing here? Am I late for breakfast, dad?"

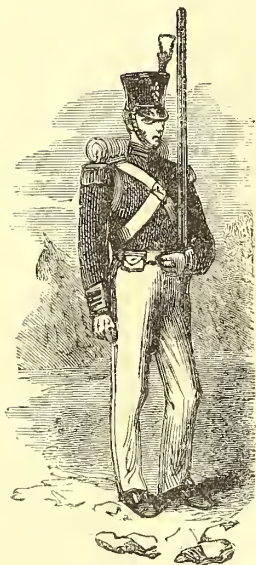
"Not exactly, my boy," laughed his father; "it's just struck midnight, and we've brought the ghost to be introduced to you! He's got a chain and all complete, you see!"

(To be continued.)

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

By C. M. ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER V.—ACTIVE SERVICE—THE BATTLE OF ALMA.



WHEN we reached Malta there was a rumour that difficulties had been arranged with Russia, and that we were ordered home; but, after coaling, we put to sea, bound for Varna. When we got there we found the allied armies were embarking for the Crimea, and we were delighted to find we were to go to the front, as the senior regiment of the Fourth Division.

A few days later the fleet sailed; and on the 14th of September, 1854, the first of our troops landed in the Crimea. We did not land till the 18th, and we passed the night on the seashore, without tents, and with no extra covering but our blankets. Next day we had a fatiguing march, but we sighted the Russians, and our advanced guard exchanged shots with them. When we bivouacked for the night we knew that a battle was imminent.

In the morning we learned that the Russians were occupying a strong position about two miles off, on the heights above the River Alma, and that there was to be a combined attack by the British and French armies, covered by the guns of the fleet. Our hearts beat high with expectation, but the 20th was not destined to take a prominent part in the events of that memorable day. Our division formed the reserve; and the First Division, which we supported, left us nothing to do.

There was a great deal of time lost through the French not doing their work so promptly as had been arranged (they found it not so easy as they had imagined), and though the fleet opened fire about half-past ten, it was one o'clock before our infantry was engaged.

Our regiment, meanwhile, was placed in a hollow under the brow of a hill, and as we could not see the field of battle,

we amused ourselves with conjectures as to what was going on. It was a lovely day, reminding us of an English summer; and as we lay on the hillside, whiling away the time, it was difficult to believe that on the other side of the hill thousands of men were meeting in deadly conflict.

As our leading divisions developed their attack, and the firing increased and its area extended, we got restless, and longed to be at the enemy; we felt like hounds on the leash.

At last we saw a headquarters aide-de-camp ride up to our general, Sir George Cathcart; there was a bustle among the divisional staff; we were called to "attention," and when our brigadier shouted out, "The brigade will advance!" there was a general murmur of delight. Up the hill we went, and down on the other side, the whole scene of the battle opening up before us. The French were massed on the right; and the British, in a long, extended line, were pushing down to the river, and clambering up the other side, fighting inch by inch, and now and again making a desperate rush. We longed to join our gallant countrymen, and to share their glory; but marching short distances in quarter-distance column, and then halting, was all we got to do.

When at last it was seen that the Russians were retiring, and that the red-coats had possession of the hill, and the British colours were flying over the Great Redoubt, a loud cheer rang over the field of battle.

"They'll want us now," cried our brigadier, "to follow up the enemy."

But no such order came. Eventually we were moved farther down the slope of the hill, and, to our astonishment and mortification, we were ordered to break off and bivouac for the night; and there we remained for three days.

"There's a blunder somewhere," I heard an officer say.

And a blunder assuredly there was. Had we pushed on, the enemy might have been crushed, and the Crimean War have ended in a few days.

CHAPTER VI.—BEFORE SEVASTOPOL—
WOUNDED—HOPES REALISED.

No one who went through the Crimean War can forget his sufferings. The 20th got its share of the hard work, and contributed its quota to the hospital and the burying-ground.

"They talk about 'Death or Glory' boys," said a soldier one day; "it strikes me there's more death than glory."

"Ay," answered another, "and death without the glory."

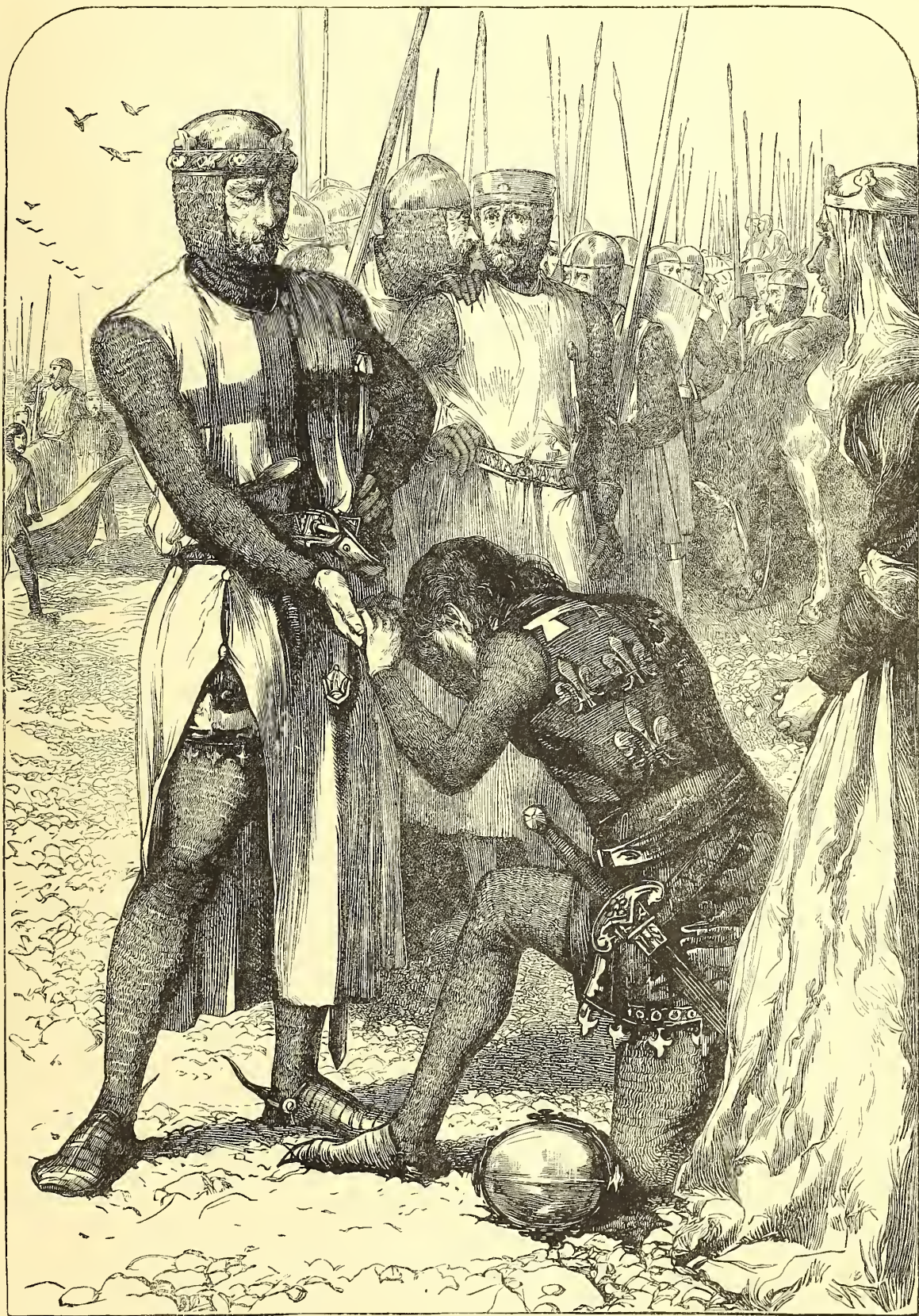
Our men got thoroughly disheartened, and grumbled a great deal, but for all that they did their work well. I was blessed with a good constitution, and I managed to pull along pretty comfortably. My captain, who was the senior company officer in the regiment, took an interest in me, and I was made a corporal before I had eight months' service. I was very proud, I can tell you, when I actually found myself in command of two men, relieving sentry.

We had hard, wearisome work in the trenches, but the officers roused a spirit of emulation amongst us, and we all tried to do our best. After five months' service as corporal I was made a sergeant, and as several non-commissioned officers were receiving commissions, I hoped that my ambition would soon be realised. I was, therefore, inclined to court danger that I might win distinction. The distinction was unexpectedly thrust upon me, and I often questioned whether it was compensated by its cost.

One stormy night in October, 1855, I commanded an outlying picket. For some time the Russians had been giving us little trouble, but, somehow, I had a presentiment that something serious was brewing, so I kept my men on the alert, and I was constantly going the rounds.

About one o'clock in the morning, as I was approaching a little knoll, some Russians sprang upon me, and, levelling their bayonets, they muttered in broken English, and signed to me to surrender. Had I surrendered, the advanced picket would have been cut off, and our outposts driven in. My life depended on my answer, but in an instant I had fired my musket and shouted to my men to turn out. Next moment I lay unconscious on the earth, blood flowing from my temple, and from a bayonet wound in my left arm.

When I recovered consciousness the Russians, in considerable force, were hurrying past me, their officers shouting excitedly. It was evident my picket had been driven in, but the firing from the British lines, and the sound of the bugles and drums, showed me that my efforts had not been in vain. The Russians then seemed to get blocked, they hesitated, and, despite the threats and appeals of their officers, they turned, and were soon



Queen Eleanor intercedes for John.—See p. 111.

in retreat. Watching my opportunity, I sprang up, and shouting, "Come on, Twentieth!" I made a thrust at a Russian officer, and sent my bayonet through him.

The sound of an English voice in the middle of the Russians was acknowledged by a hearty cheer from my men, and they soon came swarming up; but we had a hard time of it till reinforcements reached us. Then the Russians came on again; the roar of the musketry became deafening; there was a long and obstinate struggle, often hand to hand; but suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my right ankle, and I dropped to the ground. Half an hour later the conflict ceased, our men again victorious; but I lay for hours, suffering intense pain in my head, my arm, and my ankle, chilled by the pelting rain, and occasionally unconscious.

I was thoroughly exhausted when, early in the forenoon, I heard a voice, "There's a sergeant here, sir; he's still living," and I found myself in the hands of the field hospital staff.

After a careful examination, the surgeon told me there was a bullet in my ankle, and he could see no help for it but to amputate my foot. I was so overcome that I fainted; and when, recovering consciousness, I found myself being carried on a stretcher, I was afraid to ask, "Is my foot off?" The bearers told me that only my head and arm had been attended to, as I was too weak to undergo an operation.

When I got to the hospital there was a discussion among some of the surgeons

as to whether my foot could be saved. A blunt old Scotsman declared that amputation was not necessary, and said, if they left me to him, he would pull me round.

For weeks—in fact, for months—it seemed as if the well-meaning Scotsman was wrong; but he had made up his mind, he said, to save my foot, and he did it, though my ankle ever afterwards was weak, and is still sometimes painful.

As I lay in hospital I was tortured by the thought that, even if my foot was saved, I might be lame for life, and I would be discharged from the army as unfit for further service. My whole life would thus be a bitter disappointment.

But my old captain, who now commanded the battalion, came to see me, and he cheered me up. I was astonished when he told me I had been the means of saving the British army from a serious disaster. They had learned from the prisoners that the Russians had planned a sortie on a large scale, and, in his report to the commander-in-chief, our general had stated that it was largely owing to the vigilance of the advanced picket, and the gallantry with which they had held the Russians in check until reinforced, that the division had been enabled to occupy a strongly entrenched position, from which it inflicted severe slaughter on the enemy. The general, he said, had made inquiries about me, and had readily approved the colonel's suggestion that I should be recommended to the commander-in-chief for a commission.

I could hardly believe my ears. From the depths of despair I was suddenly

raised to the blissful consciousness that the object of my ambition was practically realised. A severe attack of pain in my ankle checked my jubilation, and I almost feared the colonel might think "What's the use of giving a commission to a lame man?" But the old doctor came, and when I told him of the colonel's proposal, and of my own fears, he patted me on the shoulder, and said, "Take your commission, my boy; you'll be all right yet," and, turning to the colonel, he said, "It's the best medicine you could give him, for he's been fretting to death. He'll make a good officer, and be a credit to your regiment."

I was afterwards removed to Scutari, where I lay for some weeks making a very tedious recovery. While there I received a letter from the adjutant informing me that the commander-in-chief had approved the general's recommendation, and that he had submitted my name to the Horse Guards for an ensigncy. He added the hope that I would soon be able to rejoin the regiment.

The surgeons told me that my early return to the Crimea was out of the question, unless I wished to be lame for life, and that complete rest and a sea voyage were necessary. I was consequently invalidated home.

When I got to Netley I found I had been duly gazetted to an ensigncy, and when removed from the sick list I reported myself at the Regimental Depot, and, obtaining leave of absence, I gladly returned home to my mother and sisters.

(To be continued.)

THE CASTLES OF ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASTLES OF SCOTLAND," ETC., ETC.

PART III.

THERE is one true story of Windsor which it would be a pity to miss, and so for a minute or two let us get back to Berkshire. The story is of King John—that cruel king who in such restless fashion moved about the country that he seems to haunt every castle in it. His name, by the way, was not John at all, but Jehan, but as only the pedantic would now so speak of him, let us content ourselves merely with a hint of the true state of the case. One of the families on whom his wrath fell heaviest was that of De Braose, the last of whom he made away with under terrible circumstances. After many perilous escapes Maude de Braose and her son fell into his hands. He sent them to Windsor, and there locked them up in a dungeon with a sheaf of wheat and a piece of raw bacon for their only food. Then he left them, and on the eleventh day, when the cell was opened, they were found starved to death.

One of the chief seats of these De Braoses was Bramber Castle in Sussex, not far from Steyning, and in the church adjoining is shown the tomb of Eustace de Braose and Alice de Bouverie, of whom a very strange tale can be found in the local histories. Eustace and Alice were engaged to be married when the knight started on the Crusade. In his wanderings abroad he met the fair Zulma, and in her company forgot all about his faithful Alice. It was only for a time, however, and Eustace started for home, leaving Zulma as "the girl he left behind him." He came to Bramber in safety, and, keeping silence as to his infidelity, arranged his marriage with his first love. The wedding

took place, and great were the rejoicings; but in the evening, when the merriment was at its height, there suddenly appeared among the revellers the angry Zulma, come in search of her betrayer. In her hand she bore two daggers, both of them poisoned. Making her way through the crowd, she stood in front of the conscience-stricken Eustace. "Take this one, and I will take the other!" She held out one of the daggers, and the knight accepted it. There was an awful catastrophe. Eustace stabbed himself, Zulma stabbed herself, and across them, completing the figure of an H, fell the fainting, screaming bride, henceforth a raving maniac. The story is so dramatic that it has been frequently used with different names, but there seems no reason to doubt that the events really did take place at Bramber Castle.

A short walk from Bramber is Arundel, beloved of excursionists. Arundel looks best at a distance; what we see of it is mostly modern. The old keep is now an aviary, netted over to cage in the owls. Eighty years ago hither came Lord Eldon, then Lord Chancellor of England. He happened to be in the town, and having an hour to spare strolled up to the castle and asked to be shown over it. The servant, ignorant who the old gentleman was, took him about as if he had been an ordinary visitor, and told his usual stories as he went. At last they came to the owls, which were duly admired, one especially attracting the visitor's attention. "That is a fine fellow," said the old gentleman. "He is so, sir, and we call him the Chancellor, because he looks so very wise!" The Chan-

cellors gazed at each other, and the featherless one walked off without revealing his identity.

One strange arch there is at Arundel. It has no keystone, and yet it holds the weight of the great square tower. Under the east end of the castle is a vault in the chalk 14 feet high, 21 feet wide, and 66 feet in length, from which John Mot escaped in 1404. Before he was out of bounds he was sighted and chased. He just reached the chapel door, and clutching the ring, claimed sanctuary. The pursuers heeded not his cry, and dragged him back. One of them boasted of what he had done, and the secret getting abroad a great stir was made by the ecclesiastics. The captive was set free, and the men who had dragged him from the door were adjudged guilty of sacrilege, and sentenced to go on a pilgrimage to Chichester, and to be "fustigated" five times through the church at Arundel.

The last siege of Arundel was by the Parliamentarians, under Waller, who drained the pond and so emptied the wells; and thus deprived of water the garrison surrendered in January, 1643, not, however, before some had got away across the river in a boat of raw oxhide.

Arundel did not always belong to the Howards. Their immediate predecessors, the Fitzalans, made a name for themselves in history. Richard Fitzalan was the second in command at Sluys, in 1340, that sanguinary defeat which none dare announce to the French king. At last the jester undertook to tell the news. "What cowards those En-

glish are!" he said. "How?" asked the king. "Because they had not courage to jump overboard as we did at Shy." Two hundred years afterwards there was another great Fitzalan, Henry, who stormed Boulogne and did so much towards putting Mary on the throne; and who, proving as devoted a subject of Queen Elizabeth, immortalised himself by presenting her majesty with the first pair of silk stockings seen in England.

But the most famous of the earls were the Albinis, who came before the Fitzalans, and who held the high office of Chief Butlers of this realm. The first of the rank was William de Albini, who was indebted to the Conqueror for his distinction. He was the collector of wine dues, and his duties were simple indeed under William's system of collection. No gauger was required in those days. "Take the best cask of wine before the mast, and the best cask abaft the mast," and the king was content. With the second Albini the Queen of France fell in love. She gave a tournament in order that he might have a chance of distinguishing himself, and he availed himself of the chance by killing off her best man. She invited him to a banquet and proposed to him. He declined on the ground of a prior engagement to the Queen of England! The French queen took him for a walk in the garden, and led him to a cave in which she told him a lion was kept. Albini said he feared no lion; whereupon the queen pushed him in and locked the door. He wrapped his cloak around his left arm and thrust his right hand into the lion's mouth and tore out his tongue; and then making his way out of the cavern he sent up the tongue to the queen with his compliments, and hurriedly left for London to marry Adeliza, the widow of Henry Beaulerk. He was made Earl of Arundel, and hence the tongueless lion in the Arundel arms.

Of the last of the Albinis there is another curious story. At the coronation of Eleanor, Queen of Henry III., the chief butler's duties had to be done by deputy, owing to that official being at the time under sentence of excommunication. Edmund de Abingdon, then Archbishop of Canterbury, had claimed the right of hunting in every forest of England. Arundel had its forest, of course, for does not every Sussex rape have its forest, river, and castle? But Hugh de Albini recognised no such right as claimed by the archbishop, and warned him that all trespassers would be prosecuted in the words of the legend that has endured, exuberantly, to our own day. De Abingdon, however, defied him; and one day Hugh caught his Grace in full career, drove him off the premises, and seized the dogs. The archbishop was furious and excommunicated the earl straight away; but an appeal was sent to Rome and the sentence was revoked.

It was an Albini who was in command of the hundred and forty knights at Rochester when that castle was besieged by King John, who at last reduced the garrison by starvation, and a legend survives of how the wicked king owed his life to the commander's clemency. One day a crossbowman on the battlements caught sight of him well within range. Telling Albini of his intention, he took aim, but the knight struck up the crossbow, saying the king's person should be held sacred. The crossbowman objected that such a chance would never again occur of ridding the country of a tyrant; but the knight remained firm in his refusal and John was permitted to retire unhurt. John seems to have been such a picturesque villain that no one cared to get rid of him.

Even after Richard's departure for the Crusades, when the curious regency of Pudey and Longchamp was in existence, his conspiracies almost cost him his life. He triumphed, however, over Longchamp, as Longchamp had over Pudey; but when the, to him, anything but good news of his brother's imprisonment came, he so conducted himself as to again earn Richard's enmity.

When Richard appeared on the scene all seemed over for him, and his flight to Normandy was undertaken in despair. But when matters looked quite hopeless his mother interceded, and then by abject submission he was pardoned by his brother, and retained his life and liberty.

There is another story of Rochester which we may as well have before we leave the Medway. Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, having surrendered to William Rufus at Pevensey, undertook to put Rochester, then held by Eustace of Boulogne, at the king's disposal. The offer was merely a new device of the bishop's to gain a fresh footing in the country, for he so arranged matters with Eustace as to be taken prisoner by him, and from the castle—under compulsion, as he said—began a new treaty with the king. Rufus saw through the very transparent scheme, and laid siege to the artful conspirators. The castle eventually surrendered, reduced by starvation. The terms were arranged by Odo. Among them it was agreed that no bands were to play as the defenders marched out, and that they should be greeted with respectful silence. As soon as the bishop appeared, however, the instruments struck up *fortissimo*, and the soldiers in chorus groaned at the traitor and shouted, "Oh, for a halter to hang him!" to the music of which wild fantasia Odo of Bayeux disappeared from Kent.

We have seen that Rochester was captured from the barons by King John; it soon afterwards was taken from him by Lewis the Dauphin, who came, at the invitation of the barons, to the "land of Peter," as the Pope claimed it should be called, in order to drive out the excommunicated king. In the south-eastern corner of the present ruin there is a round tower, which was built in the place of a square one destroyed in John's first siege.

In the days of Henry III. there was a grand tournament in the fields to the south-east, memorable as being perhaps the only one in which the winners were all Englishmen. Later on Simon de Montfort came up against the castle and burnt the bridge with fire-ships, but after a week's effort he drew off to London, and thence to Lewes, where he fought the royal army to better purpose.

One custom peculiar to Rochester was to hang out a banner every St. Andrew's Day, when the tenants were expected to bring in their rents. If the money was paid during the flow and ebb of the tide all was well, but should the unfortunate tenant be delayed till the tide turned he had to pay double, and the amount was doubled at each return while the banner was flying.

Rochester was built by Gundulf on an old stronghold. Gundulf, as is well known, was the builder of the Tower of London and also of Malling, the oldest Norman military building in England. Malling in these days is best famed as the home of Fuller Pilch the cricketer. A quaint old place it is, clustering round the foot of the great tower. And close by we get to the middle ages on Offham Green, for there as large as life is a genuine quintain with which the rustics used to amuse themselves. This is West Malling. It is of South Malling that the table-rapping story is told. When Becket's murderers fled from Canterbury they stopped for the night at Saltwood Castle. From Saltwood they came to South Malling, and to rest themselves took off their armour and laid it on an old oak table. While they were conversing near the fire the table suddenly began to move, and kicking in the air, threw off with a crash the murderers' arms and armour. The things were replaced, and again the table threw them off. And the legend affirms that the oak would not rest until it was free from the weight of the arms that had shed the bishop's blood.

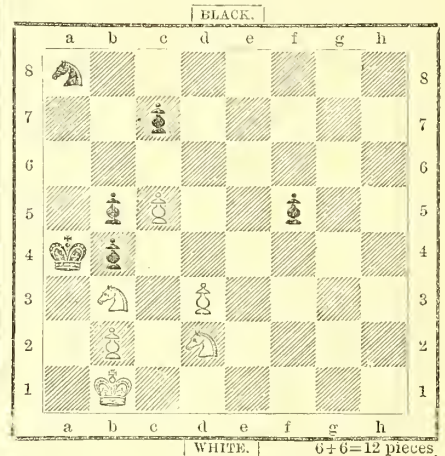
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

(Continued from page 87.)

Problem No. 149.

By O. NEMO.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 144.—1, B—Kt 7, Kt×Kt (or a). 2, R—B 4 (ch.), K takes either R. 3, R—K 4 mate.—(a) Kt×B. 2, R—K 4 (ch.), K moves. 3, R—B 4 or Kt—B 6 acc. mate.

PROBLEM No. 145.—1, R—Q 8, B—Kt 4 (or a, b, c, d). 2, Q—B 5 (ch.), Kt×Q. 3, Kt—R 5 mate.—(a) B—Kt 2. 2, Q—B 5 (ch.), Kt×Q. 3, Kt—Q 4 mate.—(b) B×P. 2, Kt—K 7 (ch.), K—B 2. 3, R—Q B 8 mate.—(c) K×Kt. 2, Q—B 5 (ch.), K moves. 3, Kt mates.—(d) P—B 6. 2, P—K 4, any move. 3, Kt—R 5 mate.

PROBLEM No. 146.—1, Q—Kt 6, any move. 2, P×R P, or R×P, or Kt×P, mate acc.

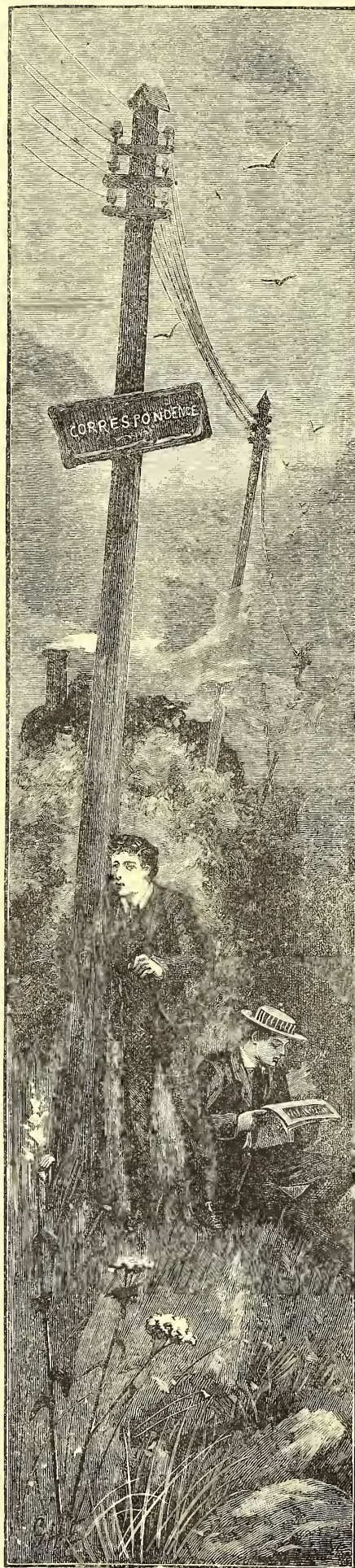
PROBLEM No. 147.—1, Q—R 5, B×B (or a, b, c, d, e, f). 2, Q—K 8, Kt—B sq. (or g). 3, Q—Q 8 (ch.), K or B×Q. 4, Kt—K 6 or Kt—K 8 mate. (g) K—Q 3. 3, Q—Kt 8 (ch.), K—B 4. 4, Kt—K 6 mate.—(a) B—Kt 3. 2, Kt—K 6 (ch.), K—B sq. 3, Q—R 8 (ch.), and 4, Q×B mate.—(b) Kt—B 2. 2, Q—Kt 4, and 4, Q×B 4. 3, Q×B, and 4, Q or Kt mates.—(c) B—Kt sq. 2, Q—K 8, P—B 4. 3, Q—Kt 8 (ch.), and 4, Q—Kt 7 or 6 mate.—(d) Q—Q 7. 2, Kt—K 6 (ch.), K—B sq. 3, Q—K 8 (ch.), and 4, Q×Q mate.—(e) P—B 4. 2, Kt—K 6 (ch.), K—B 3. 3, Q—K 8 (ch.), and 4, Q×Kt mate.—(f) K—B sq. 2, Q—K 8 (ch.), and 3, Q—Q 8 mate.

To Chess Correspondents.

D. R. F. (Tottenham).—The two games show a slight improvement upon the former one.

H. J. A. (Bolton).—The problem is impossible of solution, as the Kt can check at Q 4.

W. M.—It was discovered only three years ago that the Q cannot always win against a P at the sixth square, for in the following position: White, K at K 7, B at K R 8, P at K B 2; Black, K at Q B 5, P at Q 6, White plays first, and draws. You will find that at the critical moment the K stands in the way of the Q.



G. F. J. POTTLE.—You may get the figures from Stevens's "Model Dockyard," 22, Aldgate, E.C.

BLOEMFONTEIN (South Africa).—Use a porcelain jar. Take a concentrated solution of zinc chloride, dilute it with one and a half volumes of water, and heat it to boiling point. If there is a precipitate re-dissolve it by adding a few drops of hydrochloric acid. Take as much powdered zinc as the point of a knife will hold, and throw it in, when your jar will be coated with zinc. Now add the chloride or sulphate of nickel until the liquid is distinctly green, and then throw in the stirrup-irons and bit, having previously cleaned them well. With them also throw in some few scraps of zinc. Boil them in the solution for twenty minutes, and in that time they will be sufficiently thickly plated for all practical purposes. Wash them well with water, and clean them up with chalk.

TEACHER.—The subject was treated in full in "Alone at Sea," in the Summer Number for 1885. There are many books on both subjects. Mr. MacGregor's voyages were published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. Canoes are much cheaper than yachts.

SIRO.—To obtain a batting average you add together all the runs obtained during the season, and divide by the number of times the batsman was out.

AN OLD BOY.—To silver a barometer scale take a quarter ounce of nitrate of silver, dissolve it in a tablespoonful of water, add to it four ounces of cream of tartar and ten ounces of powdered table salt; stir this well together and make it into a thick paste with water. Clean your scale thoroughly with fine sandpaper, and rub on the silvering with your finger. Rub it over with some wet whiting, wash it in clean water, dry it in sawdust, and varnish it with thin white hard varnish.

DOUGLAS asks us if the chain attached to the casket containing Bruce's heart was buried with the casket, or is it in existence in some museum or family reliquary? We shall be glad to know for his satisfaction and our own.

SOLDIER.—For appointments in the band you apply to the commanding officer of the regiment.

T. H. R. CRAIG.—1. Boiled oil and a little litharge will make canvas waterproof. 2. Oil cricket-bats with raw linseed-oil, and do not use too much of it. 3. No sail on Indian canoes; paddles only are used.

BOTANIST.—There is a book with illustrations of the flowers published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Its title is "Flowers of the Field." As a more advanced book try Henfrey's "Botany," published by Van Voorst. Professor Oliver's "Elementary Botany" is published by Macmillan and Co.

G. G. N. and SOLDIER.—Get a "Guide to Sandhurst," published by Clowes and Sons, of Charing Cross, and the other military booksellers.

G. WINTHROP.—Sigillaria is one of the huge club mosses found fossil in the carboniferous rocks. The fossil known as Stigmara was its root. For the whinchat see our articles on birds. Red Spider is really a tick, *Acarus telarius*.

J. S. F.—Buy a copy of the "British Journal of Photography," or the "Photographic News," and select from the advertisements.

C. HAGREAVES.—Apply to the Registrar, London University, Burlington Gardens, W. He will send you prospectus of examinations.

LANCASHIRE LAD and T. B. J.—"The Boy's Leisure Hour" is not, and never has been, issued by the Religious Tract Society. The mere look of the paper should have shown you that it is of the same class and origin as the other publications you say you have discontinued.

DHOW DHOLLY.—The stamp is a Congo Association one. The King of the Belgians is the nominal chief of the Association, and hence his head appears on the stamps.

AN AFFLICTED FATHER.—See "A Week on the Thames" in the third volume, and there have been many such views since.

JINGLE.—The shellac is dissolved in alcohol of specific gravity 0.83, and warmed till it is dissolved. Animal charcoal coarsely powdered is then added, to form a thin paste. The flask containing the paste is then made almost airtight and exposed to the sun's rays for a fortnight, when it will have changed to light brown. This is then filtered through a double-sided funnel. When diluted with alcohol the shellac is colourless.

PROFESSIONAL.—You should apply to the secretary of the Middlesex County Cricket Club, P. M. Thornton, Esq., United Universities Club, Suffolk Street, W.

CORNWALL.—We never advise readers as to their investments. Wait till you are of age before you raise any question as to the money.

A MODEL-MAKER.—Step the mast about sixteen inches from the bow—say two-fifths of the load water-line. By "length overhull" we presume you mean "length over all"?

A. R. FISHER.—Your proposed sail-plan for the ice-yacht would be unworkable. The fewer sails you have the better; and the sloop-rig given with the Trixie is by far the best for model purposes. You have only got to increase the sails in proportion to the increased length of boom and bowsprit.

BENJAMIN ASCROFT LIDDELL is requested to communicate with his father through Frank Hough, Bootle Village, Liverpool.

E. W. (Rouen).—Wash the coins in vinegar or in dilute sulphuric acid, and dry them in sawdust.

J. HERBERT.—Apply personally at the Mercantile Marine Office, St. Katharine's Docks, near the Tower.

CÆSAR.—The pennies of 1864 are worth exactly one penny each, and the halfpennies of that year are worth two a penny. These facts may be strange, but they are true.

PURE WATER.—Let the block of charcoal stand in the sunshine for some hours.

CANADA.—Apply to Mr. Street, newsagent, of Cornhill; or go to the Canadian Court at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at South Kensington.

N. MACDONALD.—1. The "Mr. Woods travelling about in a caravan full of insects, and that you may go and see them if he happens to be in the place where you are, but only unless you take in the B. O. P. regularly," is, we suppose, some remarkable version of Dr. Stables's tour in the Wanderer, for which see the last Summer Number. 2. All readers of the paper can join in the competitions.

VET.—Write for information as to examinations to the Secretary of the Royal Veterinary College, Great College Street, Camden Town, N.W.

H. W. II.—Apply to the Secretary, Home for Working Lads, Whitechapel Road, E.

J. R. C.—The plate of British Orchids was in Part 63, and can be sent direct to you through the post for eightpence.

F. C. P.—The speeches were published in a shilling volume by Routledge and Co.

T. F. D.—The wages of farm hands in Texas are from twenty to thirty dollars a month. In California they are higher, and the climate is more suited to Englishmen. In all cases the wages include board and lodging, so that once you get there, and—what is not so easy—get a place, there can be no doubt you would be better off in a financial sense.

R. G. M.—The article on "The Boomerang, and how to make it," was in the April part for 1882.

SALLY.—For information as to the Cape Mounted Police apply to the Agent-General for Cape Colony, 7, Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

CUTGRAVE.—We had an article on the Eighty-one Ton Gun in the March part for 1882.

E. M. L. II.—The questions given in the Civil Service Examinations can be obtained from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode; or Mr. Stanford, Charing Cross; or any first-class bookseller.

BIRD CAGE.—The articles on Making Bird Cages were in the March and April parts for 1883.

PROGRESS.—You should attend special classes in the subjects in which you are deficient, and then go to the university from "private study." The other course is unusual, and would subject you to constant annoyance. The professions, strictly so-called, are the Navy, the Army, Law, Medicine, Letters, and Art; but to these there are now added so many ways of earning a living that it is difficult to draw the line. As a rule a profession is a vocation in which you use your head more than your hands, while a trade is the reverse. Of course the occupation of the middleman—the mere buying and selling and living on the difference—is also a trade, and in many people's eyes the only trade worth calling so. The trade of a country is the work claimed by the middleman.

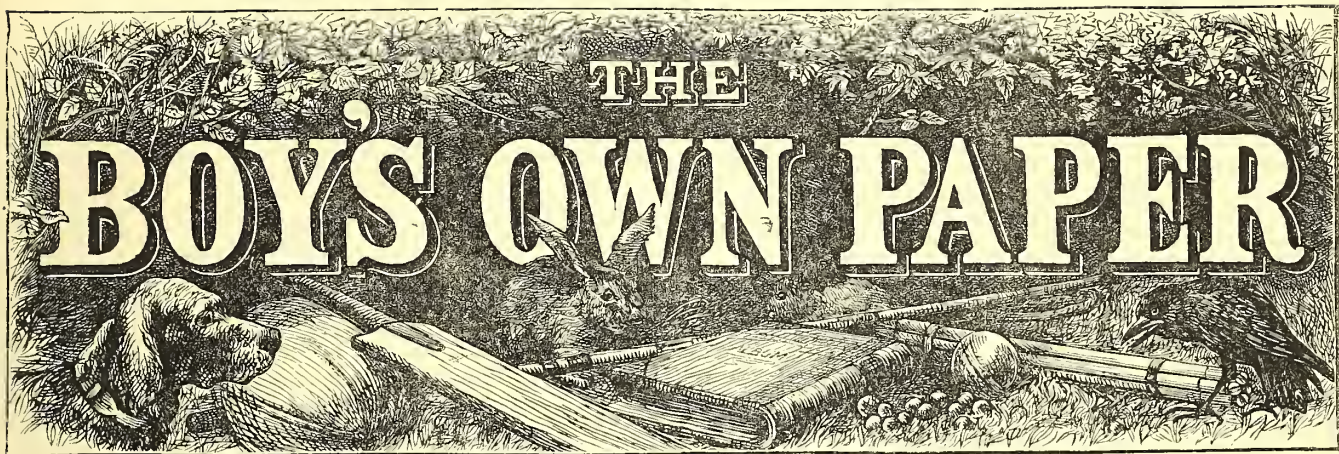
T. GILES.—To make "salt cat" mix together a quantity of old lime, gravel, and salt.

X. Y. Z.—There is no copyright in a drama—there is stageright. Dramas are generally kept in manuscript during the first "run." If you wish to print your drama you make it a book, and the copyright of a book belongs to him who writes it until he has transferred it to a publisher.

ETIQUETTE.—1. Pray take your hat off every time you see the lady. It is a graceful exercise, and it keeps the head cool. 2. It is not an invariable nor desirable custom to grunt out "granted" when your pardon is begged; but it is considered civil to say something pleasantly as a sign that the apology is appreciated, and that there is nothing much amiss after all.

E. O. C.—To keep dried plants from being destroyed by insects you should wash them over with a solution. That in use at Kew consists of corrosive sublimate one ounce, carbolic acid one ounce, methylated spirits one quart, all mixed together. The mixture is a poison, so you must use it carefully.

C. BURD.—1. It is under consideration. 2. Here is a genuine German paste for chaffinches and small birds generally. Take a Swede turnip (which can be kept through the whole year by burying it in sand in a cool place), grate it fine, immerse some crumb of white bread in water, squeeze it dry, add a handful of barley-meal, and mix all together in a pestle and mortar. Five parts rape and one part canary is the best seed food for chaffinches. Do not forget that rape-oil is castor-oil, and that the seeds have a similar tendency to be laxative, so that a little bruised rice is good occasionally.



No. 410 — Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



A DOG WITH A BAD NAME.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "Reginald Cruden," "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—"I KNOW A BANK."

JONAH TRIMBLE may not have been a genius of the first water, but he was at least wise enough to know that he could not both have his cake and eat it. His discovery of Jeffreys' villainy was a most appetising cake, and it wanted some little self-denial to keep his own counsel about it and not spoil sport by springing his mine until all the trains were laid.

"It was in vain the wretched Jonah howled and called for mercy."

Another consideration, moreover, which prevented his taking immediate action was that Jeffreys was extremely useful at Galloway House, and could not be spared just yet—even to the gallows. In a few months' time, when the good name of the school, which had rapidly risen since he came upon the scene, was well established, things might be brought to a climax. Meanwhile Jonah Trimble would keep his eye on his man, read his "Eugene Aram," and follow up his clues.

This came of being stuck-up! If Jeffreys had not given himself airs, and insinuated himself into the good graces of his pupils, and failed in reverence for Jonah himself, Jonah would never have thought of suspecting him. Now see what he had brought on himself!

With which reflection Jonah fell into a balmy sleep and dreamt he and the bookseller were burying the corpse of Teddy on that bank at the roadside, while General Monk and Mr. Julius on tricycles were pursuing Jeffreys round and round the Minster, and gaining on him at every round.

Jeffreys awoke on the following morning with a feeling of oppression on his mind which for a little time he could not define. It was not his guardian's words, bitter as they had been; it was not the insolence of his fellow-usher, intolerable as that was becoming. No; when at last his wandering thoughts came in and gave the trouble shape he found it took a much more practical form. He was in debt seven pounds to Mr. Frampton. It never occurred to him to wonder whether Mr. Halgrove had been telling him the truth or not, nor to his unbusinesslike mind did it occur that his guardian, as the trustee responsible for what money he once had, was liable for the debt, however much he might like to repudiate it.

No; all he knew was that Mr. Frampton was owed seven pounds, and that he himself had nothing, or next to nothing, to pay. By hard saving during the six months he had managed to save a sovereign, but of this only last week he had spent the greater part in boots and clothing. Now his worldly wealth consisted of four shillings!

He was down early that morning, and was relieved to find that Mrs. Trimble was in the parlour alone, without her son.

The good lady was in an amiable mood. The school was getting on, and something told her that it was not greatly due either to her own exertions or the influence of Jonah. Therefore, being a mathematical old lady, she subtracted herself and Jonah from the present school staff and came to the conclusion that Jeffreys must have had a hand in the improvement.

"Young man," said she, in reply to her assistant's greeting, "you've been with me six months. Are you comfortable?"

"Pretty well," said Jeffreys. "I'm very fond of my boys, and I always get on comfortably with you."

The mathematical dame once more went to work, and answered, "You and Jonah don't hit it, I suppose. You don't know Jonah, young man. He may not be easily satisfied, but he's a gentleman."

"I'm sure," said Jeffreys, to whom this tribute seemed the last he should expect to hear bestowed on his amiable fellow-usher, "I try to get on with him, and shall go on trying."

"That's right," said Mrs. Trimble, once more shuddering at the prospect of being

left short-handed. "What I was going to say to you was, that now you've been here six months, and are not a forward young man, and don't drink, I shall raise your wages and give you thirty shillings a month instead of twenty. How will that suit you?"

"You are very kind," said the grateful Jeffreys, with a tremble in his voice which quite moved the old lady's heart, "it will be very acceptable."

"Very good. You need not mention it to Jonah," added she, hurriedly, as that young gentleman's footsteps were heard that moment on the stairs.

The only difference which the unconscious Jeffreys was aware of in the conduct of Jonah Trimble towards himself, was that the young gentleman was a trifle more hectoring and a trifle more facetious than before.

For instance, after breakfast and before the boys began to arrive he strutted up to Jeffreys with a clothes brush, and said,

"Just give me a brush."

Jeffreys gave him a brush. There was no reason why the little grandee should not be tidy if he wanted.

"You're rather in a mess," said he, as the dust began to fly.

"Am I?" replied Jonah with a sneer.

"Were you ever in a mess?"

"Often."

Jonah laughed pointedly.

"You're not in a mess now, of course?"

"I don't think so; but perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me a brush."

This was unexpected and put Jonah out for a moment.

"Do your own dirty work," said he, "and let me alone."

"With pleasure," said Jeffreys, losing patience and tossing the brush down on the table.

"Pick up that brush at once, sir, and put it in its place quietly," shouted the little pedagogue, red in the face.

Jeffreys replied by walking moodily out of the room, crestfallen at having lost his temper, and wondering if he would ever be able to bear irritation like this with equanimity.

The cheery greeting of Freddy and Teddy restored his mind to its balance. "Good morning, Jeff—jolly old Jeff—we've been out on the tricycle. It's nearly all right—the hind wheel comes off if you go too fast, but the others stick on like anything. Wasn't it a stunning lark putting it right?"

"It was," said Jeffreys. "I must come up again and see what can be done with that rascally hind wheel, or you'll be coming to grief."

"Thanks, Jeff, do come; and father says you're to come to tea next time."

"Yes, and I'll show you my new desk," shouted Freddy; "such a splendid blotting-pad in it, Jeff."

And so they rattled on; and Jeffreys felt it like the sunlight breaking out from behind the clouds.

"Now then," said he, presently, when the other boys began to troop in, "it's time we began work. Geography first. We're all going a trip to Russia, boys, to see what sort of place it is."

Teddy, who was in the first class, watched the Russian explorers rather enviously as they mobbed their teacher down to the farther end of the room.

Another person whom the spectacle by no means delighted was Trimble. It passed his comprehension how the boys

could prefer Jeffreys to himself; and it made his gorge rise to see this designing villain there talking and chatting to his class as if he were the most innocent creature upon earth! Jonah would stir up that happy family on its tenderest point. He walked up to the geography class with a scowl, which nobody heeded, so wrapped up were they, teacher and taught, in their lesson.

"Freddy Roshier," said he, "stand up."

Freddy bounded to his feet with a scared face.

"How old are you?" demanded the master.

"Nine and a half sir," faltered the boy, like one confessing a terrible crime.

"All right, you're too old for this class—come up to mine."

Poor Freddy gazed at him a moment with a bewildered stare; then taking a long breath, he began to cry.

If Jonah, instead of watching the boy, had paid a little attention to Jeffreys' face, he would have noticed something there to make him decidedly uncomfortable. As it was he rather enjoyed the effect he was producing on the infant mind of Master Freddy.

"Oh, please, sir," blubbered the boy, "don't take me away, let me stay with Je—Mr. Jeffreys, sir. I'll be good, sir; oh dear, oh dear!"

"Stop your noise, sir, and do what you're told," said Jonah.

"But, sir—"

"Do you want your ears pulled, sir? Go and stand on that bench for an hour, and if you say another word you'll be caned."

Jeffreys heard all this in a kind of stupor. He guessed instinctively that the blow was aimed as much at himself as at the little boy; and his temper vanished in an instant. How he wished that Jonah would have struck the boy, or laid his hand on him, that he might have flown at his throat!

"Are you going to take Roshier from my class?" he said, hoarsely.

"Go on with your work, Mr. Jeffreys, and don't interfere with me."

"Are you going to take Roshier out of my class?"

Jonah looked round at him, startled at the look on his face and the suppressed fury of his voice.

"Of course I am—he's too old for this class," replied he, with a trace of uneasiness in his voice.

Jeffreys shut his book up with a slam and rose from his chair.

"What are you doing? what do you want?" exclaimed Jonah, turning pale and retreating a step or two.

"You can take the whole class," said Jeffreys, walking to the door.

"Look here, Jeffreys, don't make a fool of yourself. Come back! do you hear? The young idiot can stay in your class! What's the use of making all this fuss?"

Jeffreys without a word came back to his chair and opened his book.

His boys, Freddy among them, crowded round him, and in another minute the class was away in Russia as if nothing had happened.

If Jonah Trimble had known how to foam at the mouth, he would probably have chosen the present occasion for indulging in that performance. As it was he glowered first at Jeffreys, then at Freddy, then at the rest of the boys; and walked back to his place—chalking

up a terrific retribution some day all round.

"Oh, Jeff," gasped Freddy as soon as he was gone, "whatever would have become of us if you'd really gone? Were you really going away?"

"I don't know, old chap," said the master, "what I was going to do."

"Promise you won't go away," implored the boy.

"Yes, Mr. Jeffreys," chimed in a dozen others, "promise you won't go."

Poor Jeffreys! He had never guessed how fond they were of him. There flashed across him the vision of that wan boy's face at Bolsover—and he wondered what would these think if they knew all!

"I'll stay as long as Mrs. Trimble keeps me," said he.

There was a pause. Then an old-fashioned lad of an historical turn of mind observed, "I wish this was Queen Mary's reign and Trimble was a Protestant!"

The sigh which echoed this aspiration was too deep to be reasoned with, and Jeffreys felt constrained to use his authority to transport his hearers once more to Russia.

This little incident, trivial as it may seem, made a considerable impression on the little mind of Jonah Trimble. It had revealed even to his slender intellect that just at present it would be extremely awkward for Galloway House if Jeffreys went "on strike." He was a good teacher and manager; and his boys were devoted to him. Of course when a boy goes home from school full of the praises of his teacher, his parents are pleased too, and think well of the school, and tell their friends what a nice place it is for boys, and so on. It is a good advertisement, in fact. Besides, with Mrs. Trimble so lazy, and Jonah himself so unattractive, it would involve a good deal of trouble all round if Jeffreys deserted it. They knew by experience that young fellows of good education did not as a rule jump at the situation of second usher in Galloway House. And they knew, also, something of the horrors of a prolonged vacancy in their staff.

So Jonah, on the whole, considered he had had a narrow escape of overdoing it. In a month or two, when the name of the school was well up, they would be able to do without the miscreant who served them as under-master. Meanwhile there was plenty to do in getting up "Eugene Aram" and tracking out the threads of the mystery of Mr. Julius and the bookseller.

He was rather relieved when Jeffreys, immediately after school, shut himself up in his own room, and remained there studying for the rest of the evening. The proceeding favoured a little idea of his own, which was to revisit the spot where he had tied his bootlace the evening before, and see if an examination of that fatal spot would throw any fresh light on his investigation. Accordingly, after tea he sallied forth with a trowel in his coat pocket. It was rather a dismal expedition, for it rained, and there was a cool breeze. The lane was muddy even in the roadway, and on the banks it was a mire. Still Jonah was too full of his mystery seriously to mind the weather.

He trudged up and down the lane, sharply scrutinising the hedge for his bootlace. For a long time his persever-

ance was unrewarded. At length, however, his eye detected the welcome flutter of a bright tag among the leaves, and he recognised the scene of last night's damp siesta.

He clambered up on to the bank, regardless of his garments, and commenced an anxious scrutiny. The bank itself showed no signs of a "mystery." Even the traces of Jeffreys' visit to it the night before were obliterated by the soaking rain. The field on the other side was equally unsuggestive. Jonah trampled around in circles on the young corn, but never a pistol, or a rusty knife, or a bottle of poison, did he discover.

Yet he had heard the villain say distinctly,

"This was the very place."

He scrambled back rather crestfallen on to the bank. It was getting dark, and the rain came down ceaselessly, yet so strong was his certainty that here he should discover the evidence he was looking for, that for another half-hour he plied his trowel diligently. Sometimes, when it struck on a stone or the roots of a bramble, he trembled with anticipation; and once, when groping under a hedge his hand suddenly encountered a dead rat, his hair literally stood on end.

He began to get nervous and uncomfortable. The night became suddenly dark, and the wind whistled all sorts of weird tunes among the trees. Jonah did not exactly believe in ghosts; still, if there were such things, this was just the night and just the place for the ghost he was looking for to take its walks abroad. He did not like it, and began to wish he was safe at home. The bushes round him began to rustle noisily, and a gate in the field swung to and fro with an almost human groan. He fancied he could descry wandering lights and white gleams in the darkness, and the vague consciousness of something coming nearer and nearer.

At last, with a great effort, he roused himself from his moist seat, and leaped down from the bank into the lane.

The instant his feet touched the road he was conscious of a low growl, and next moment found himself pinned, with his back to the bank, by a furious dog.

His yell of terror had mingled with the wind for a couple of minutes before he became aware of the red glow of a cigar in front of him, and behind that the dim countenance of the man whose talk with Jeffreys he had overheard the previous evening.

"Oh! Mr. Julius," he howled; "help me. Call him off; I shall be torn to pieces."

"And pray how come you to know the name of my dog?" said Mr. Halgrove; "eh, my little highwayman?"

"Please, sir, I'm not a highwayman. I was only looking for something on the bank. Oh! Mr. Julius."

"My dog is not used to be called Mr.," replied Mr. Halgrove.

"Oh, I—I thought that was your name," whimpered Jonah, not daring to stir an inch for fear of incurring the renewed resentment of the dog.

"And pray how came you to think my name was Julius?" said Mr. Halgrove, becoming interested.

"Oh! please, sir, wasn't it you that was talking to Jeffreys last night in the Minster yard?"

It was too dark for Jonah to see Mr.

Halgrove's eyebrows go up at this unexpected question.

"Julius, come in, sir. So you know the gentleman I was speaking to yesterday," said he, coolly. "What did you say his name was?"

"Jeffreys, sir. He's an—"

Jonah pulled up. This man, whatever his name was, was Jeffreys' accomplice. Jonah felt he must not commit himself.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Halgrove, noticing the abrupt pause.

"I was saying—it's—it's rather a wet night, sir," said Jonah, making a move to walk on.

Mr. Halgrove snapped his fingers to Julius, and next instant the wretched Jonah was pinned again to the bank.

"What did you say he was?" asked Mr. Halgrove, lighting a fusee.

"Oh, please, sir, please call him off. My assistant, sir."

"Oh! your assistant—in what? Highway robbery?"

"No, sir. In teaching a school. Please, sir, do call him off."

Mr. Halgrove paid no heed to the entreaty, but proceeded to extract numerous particulars as to his ward's conduct and mode of life at Galloway House.

"So he's taken to minding little boys, has he? and you are his employer? You are aware that you have a treasure, of course?"

Even Trimble was not so dense as to miss the sneer with which this inquiry was made. It emboldened him considerably.

"I dislike him; so does ma. We consider him a dangerous character."

Mr. Halgrove laughed.

"What makes you think that?"

"There's a—oh, sir, please call off the dog—mystery about him. He's—"

"Is that the reason you spied on him yesterday?"

"No, sir—that is—" for at that moment Julius growled—"yes, sir. I thought if there was anything wrong it was my duty to the school to know it, sir."

"Exemplary pedagogue! And now you know it? Eh?"

"Well, sir, I have my suspicions."

"No! And what might your suspicions be?"

"Oh, sir," replied the wretched Jonah, feeling like a bluebottle on a pin, "I believe he's a murderer in hiding. I really do."

"Clever little ferret! You've found that out, have you?"

"I feel no doubt about it," said Jonah, plucking up a little confidence.

"Don't feel any. When and where did the interesting event take place?"

"Oh, you could tell me that better than I can tell you," stammered Trimble.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Halgrove, his eyebrows going up ominously in the dark.

"Of course I shouldn't—that is—I should never dream of getting *you*—into trouble, sir."

Mr. Halgrove took his cigar out of his mouth and stared at the speaker.

"I'd wait till you were safe away in America, sir—and even then I wouldn't let your name be known, you know, as an accomplice."

Mr. Halgrove put his cigar back into his mouth, and changed his cane from his left hand to his right.

"Fetch him here, Julius," said he, stepping back into the middle of the road.

It was in vain the wretched Jonah howled and called for mercy.

"So you won't let my name be known as an accomplice! How very kind!"

And he gave practical proof of his gratitude by caning Jonah till both were tired.

"Now good night," said Mr. Halgrove when he had done, "and thank you for a pleasant evening. I daresay Mr. Jeffreys will make up for any little deficiencies on my part if you ask him. Ask him, with my compliments, to show you the little game he played with one of his old schoolfellows. Good night, Mr. Trimble. Wish him good night, Julius."

Julius once more pinned his affrighted victim to the bank, and then following at his master's heels, left the bruised and bewildered Jonah to limp home as best he could.

The day he had had yesterday had been nothing in comparison with to-day!

It was not till he found himself lying in bed next morning with a very bad headache that he had time to take in the present situation of himself with regard to the "mystery."

There was no doubt of course now that Mr. Halgrove and Jeffreys had committed a murder between them, and he now knew that the victim, "poor Forrester," so the letter called him, was an old schoolfellow of the latter villain, and that the accomplice's name was not Julius, which belonged to his dog. He also knew that Julius's master had nearly repeated his crime on the person of Jonah himself, and was about to decamp for America in a day or two. As to the scene of the tragedy—both tragedies—he felt confirmed in his opinions that that lane—that bank—had witnessed the first as it had nearly witnessed the second. He further guessed—but, oh dear! his head was too bad to guess any more. He wished he had never set eyes on Jeffreys. He wished the job of delivering the criminal—the two criminals (for Julius's master after yesterday evening's behaviour could not be exempted) up to justice devolved on any one else. He wished Galloway House was at Jericho, so that he might get the matter off his mind at once; he wished—he wished his head did not ache so brutally!

In the school, meanwhile, there was jubilation and thanksgiving over that headache. Jeffreys, with the first and second class merged for the occasion into one, amazed Mrs. Trimble by the order and industry which he commanded.

"The young man's worth his money," said the good lady, with a sigh of relief, for she had counted on losing her nap for that day at least, and was grateful beyond measure to find her fears disappointed.

As for the first class, they got completely spoiled by their day's change of teacher, and vowed among themselves they would all become dunces in order to be put back in the second class.

"I say, Jeff," said Teddy, confidentially, as the school was being dismissed, "is there any chance of his dying? It's been so ripping to-day without him."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Jeffreys, in a tone which astonished his blood-thirsty young confidant; "you're old enough to know better than talk like that."

Teddy looked very miserable at this rebuke.

"Don't be in a wax with me, Jeff," he

said, appealingly. "Whatever would I do if you got to hate me?"

Jeffreys was not proof against this, and walked home with his two young friends, beguiling the way with cheery talk, which effectually dispelled the cloud which his passing anger had roused.

On his way back he felt impelled to climb for a moment on the bank at his favourite spot. It amazed him to see the

ground all torn up, and to find a trowel lying half bedded in the turf at the top. Still more did it surprise and perplex him to find a penknife, which he recognised at once as belonging to Trimble, and which he distinctly recollected having seen in that hero's hand during school the afternoon of the preceding day. What did it all mean?

(To be continued.)

THE CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "Godfrey Morgan," "The Boy Captain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—IN WHICH A NEW CHARACTER APPEARS.

"CITIZENS of the United States! My name is Robur. I am worthy of the name! I am forty years old, although I look but thirty, and I have a constitution of iron, a healthy vigour that nothing can shake, a muscular strength that few can equal, and a digestion that would be thought first-class even in an ostrich!"

They were listening! Yes! The riot was quelled at once by the totally unexpected fashion of the speech. Was this fellow a madman or a hoaxer? Whoever he was, he kept his audience in hand. There was not a whisper in the meeting in which but a few minutes ago the storm was in full fury.

And Robur looked the man he said he was. Of middle height and geometric breadth, his figure was a regular trapezium with the greatest of its parallel sides formed by the line of his shoulders. On this line attached by a robust neck there rose an enormous spheroidal head. The head of what animal did it resemble from the point of view of passionate analogy? The head of a bull, but a bull with an intelligent face. Eyes which at the least opposition would glow like coals of fire; and above them a permanent contraction of the superciliary muscle, an invariable sign of extreme energy. Short hair, slightly woolly, with



"My name is Robur"

metallic reflections; large chest rising and falling like a smith's bellows; arms, hands, legs, feet, all worthy of the trunk. No moustaches, no whiskers, but a large American goatee, revealing the attachments of the jaw whose masseter muscles were evidently of formidable strength. It has been calculated—what has not been calculated?—that the pressure of the jaw of an ordinary crocodile can reach four hundred atmospheres, while that of a hound can only amount to one hundred. From this the following curious formula has been deduced:—If a kilogram of dog produces eight kilograms of masseteric force, a kilogram of crocodile could produce twelve. Now, a kilogram of the aforesaid Robur would not produce less than ten, so that he came between the dog and the crocodile.

From what country did this remarkable specimen come? It was difficult to say. One thing was noticeable, and that was that he expressed himself fluently in English without a trace of the drawling twang that distinguishes the Yankees of New England.

He continued:

"And now, honourable citizens, for my mental faculties. You see before you an engineer whose nerves are in no way inferior to his muscles. I have no fear of anything or anybody. I have a strength of will that has never had to yield. When I have decided on a thing all America, all the world, may strive in vain to keep me from it. When I have an idea I allow no one to share it, and I do not permit any contradiction. I insist on these details, honourable citizens, because it is necessary you should quite understand me. Perhaps you think I am talking too much about myself? It does not matter if you do! And now consider a little before you interrupt me, as I have come to tell you something that you may not be particularly pleased to hear."

A sound as of the surf on the beach began to rise along the first rows of seats—a sign that the sea would not be long in getting stormy again.

"Speak, stranger!" said Uncle Prudent, who had some difficulty in restraining himself.

And Robur spoke as follows, without troubling himself any more about his audience.

"Yes! I know it well! After a century of experiments that have led to nothing, and trials giving no result, there still exist ill-balanced minds who believe in guiding balloons. They imagine that a motor of some sort, electric or otherwise, might be applied to their pretentious skin bags which are at the mercy of every current in the atmosphere. They persuade themselves that they can be masters of an aerostat as they can be masters of a ship on the surface of the sea. Because a few inventors in calm or nearly calm weather have succeeded in working on an angle with the wind, or even beating to windward in a gentle breeze, they think that the steering of aerial apparatus lighter than the air is a practicable matter. Well now, look here! You hundred, who believe in the realisation of your dreams, are throwing your thousands of dollars not into water but into space! You are fighting the impossible!"

Strange it was that at this affirmation the members of the Weldon Institute did not move. Had they become as deaf as

they were patient? Or were they reserving themselves to see how far this audacious contradictor would dare to go?

Robur continued:

"What? A balloon! When to obtain the raising of a couple of pounds you require a cubic yard of gas. A balloon pretending to resist the wind by aid of its mechanism, when the pressure of a light breeze on a vessel's sails is not less than that of four hundred horse-power; when in the accident at the Tay Bridge you saw the storm produce a pressure of eight and a half hundredweight on a square yard. A balloon, when on such a system nature has never constructed anything flying, whether furnished with wings like birds, or membranes like certain fish, or certain mammalia—"

"Mammalia?" exclaimed one of the members of the club.

"Yes! Mammalia! The bat, which flies, if I am not mistaken! Is the gentleman unaware that this flyer is a mammal? Did he ever see an omelette made of bat's eggs?"

And the interrupter reserved himself for future interruption, and Robur resumed:

"But does that mean that man is to give up the conquest of the air, and the transformation of the domestic and political manners of the old world, by the use of this admirable means of locomotion? By no means. As he has become master of the seas with the ship, by the oar, the sail, the wheel, and the screw, so

shall he become master of atmospherical space by apparatus heavier than the air—for it must be heavier to be stronger than the air!"

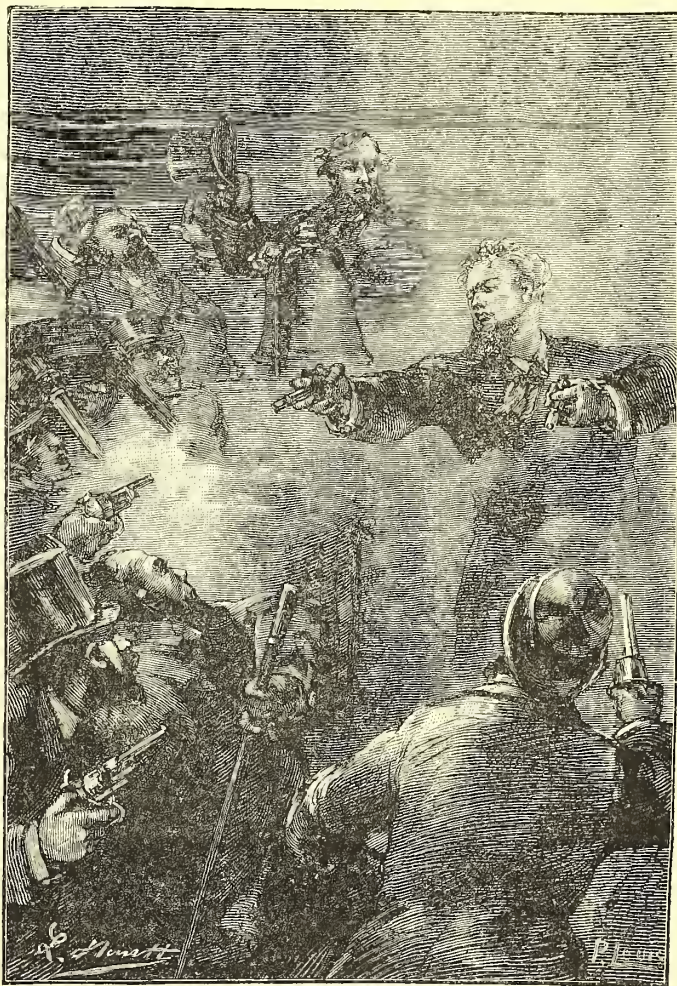
And then the assembly exploded. What a broadside of yells escaped from all these mouths, aimed at Robur like the muzzles of so many guns! Was not this hurling a declaration of war into the very camp of the balloonists? Was not this the stirring up of strife between "the lighter" and "the heavier" than air?

Robur did not even frown. With folded arms he waited bravely till silence was obtained.

By a gesture Uncle Prudent ordered the firing to cease.

"Yes," continued Robur, "the future is for the flying-machine. The air affords a solid fulcrum. If you will give a column of air an ascensional movement of forty-five metres a second a man can support himself on the top of it if the soles of his boots have a superficies of only the eighth of a square metre. And if the speed be increased to ninety metres he can walk on it with naked feet. Or if, by means of a screw, you drive a mass of air at this speed you get the same result."

What Robur said had been said before by all the partisans of aviation, whose work slowly but surely is leading on to the solution of the problem. To Ponton d'Anécourt, La Landelle, Nadar, De Luz, De Louvrié, Liais, Beleguir, Moreau,



"You are not Americans."

the brothers Richard, Babinet, Jobert, Du Temple, Salives, Penaud, De Villeneuve, Gauchot and Tatin, Michel Loup, Edison, Planavergne, and so many others, belongs the honour of having brought forward ideas of such simplicity. Abandoned and resumed times without number, they are sure some day to triumph. To the enemies of aviation, who urge that the bird only sustains himself by warming the air he swells, their answer is ready. Have they not proved that an eagle weighing five kilograms would have to fill fifty cubic metres with his warm fluid merely to sustain himself in space?

This is what Robur demonstrated with undeniable logic amid the uproar that arose on all sides. And in conclusion these are the words he hurled in the faces of the balloonists:

"With your aerostats you can do nothing—you will arrive at nothing—you dare do nothing! The boldest of your aeronauts, John Wise, although he has made an aerial voyage of twelve hundred miles above the American continent, has had to give up his project of crossing the Atlantic! And you have not advanced a step—not one step—towards your end."

"Sir," said the president, who in vain endeavoured to keep himself cool, "you forget what was said by our immortal Franklin at the first appearance of the fire balloon, 'It is but a child, but it will grow!' It was but a child, and it has grown."

"No, Mr. President, it has not grown! It has got fatter—and that is not the same thing!"

This was a direct attack on the projects of the Weldon Institute, which had decreed, helped, and paid for the making of a monster balloon. And so propositions of the following kind began to fly about the room:

"Turn him out!"

"Throw him off the platform!"

"Prove that he is heavier than the air!"

And many others.

But these were only words, not means to an end.

Robur remained impassible, and continued, "There is no progress for your aerostats, my citizen balloonists; progress is for flying-machines. The bird flies, and he is not a balloon, he is a piece of mechanism!"

"Yes, he flies!" exclaimed the fiery Bat. T. Fynn; "but he flies against all the laws of mechanics."

"Indeed!" said Robur, shrugging his shoulders.

And, resuming, "Since we have begun the study of the flight of large and small birds one simple idea has prevailed—that is to imitate nature, which never makes mistakes. Between the albatross, which gives hardly ten beats of the wing per minute, between the pelican, which gives seventy—"

"Seventy-one," said the voice of a chaffer.

"And the bee, which gives one hundred and ninety-two per second—"

"One hundred and ninety-three!" said the facetious individual.

"And the common house-fly, which gives three hundred and thirty—"

"And a half!"

"And the mosquito, which gives millions—"

"No, milliards!"

But Robur, the interrupted, interrupted not his demonstration.

"Between these different rates—" he continued.

"There is a difference," said a voice.

"There is a possibility of finding a practical solution. When De Lucy showed that the stag-beetle, an insect weighing only two grammes, could lift a weight of four hundred grammes, or two hundred times its own weight, the problem of aviation was solved. Besides, it has been shown that the wing surface decreases in proportion to the increase of the size and weight of the animal. Hence we can look forward to constructing more than sixty contrivances—"

"Which would never fly!" said secretary Phil Evans.

"Which have flown, and which will fly," said Robur, without being in the least disconcerted, "and which we can call streophores, helicopters, orthopters—or, in imitation of the word 'nef,' which comes from 'navis,' call them from 'avis,' 'efs'—and by means of which man will become the master of space."

"Ah, the helix!" replied Phil Evans. "But the bird has no helix; that we know!"

"So," said Robur; "but Penaud has shown that in reality the bird makes a helix, and its flight is helicopteral. And the motor of the future is the screw—"

"From such a maladee
Saint Helix keep us free!"

sung out one of the members, who had accidentally hit upon the air from Herold's "Zampa."

And they all took up the chorus:

"From such a maladee
Saint Helix keep us free!"

with such intonations and variations as would have made the French composer groan in his grave.

As the last notes died away in a frightful discord Uncle Prudent took advantage of the momentary calm to say,

"Stranger, up to now we let you speak without interruption."

It seemed that for the president of the Weldon Institute shouts, yells, and catcalls were not interruptions, but only an exchange of arguments.

"But I may remind you, all the same, that the theory of aviation is condemned beforehand, and rejected by the majority of American and foreign engineers, a system which was the cause of the death of the Flying Saracen at Constantinople, of the monk Voador at Lisbon, of De Letur in 1852, of De Groof in 1864, besides the victims I forget since the mythological Icarus—"

"A system," replied Robur, "no more to be condemned than that whose martyrology contains the names of Pilâtre de Rozier at Calais, of Blanchard at Paris, of Donaldson and Grimwood in Lake Michigan, of Sivel and of Crocé-Spinelli of Eloy, and so many others whom it takes good care to forget."

This was a counter-thrust with a vengeance.

"Besides," continued Robur, "with your balloons as good as you can make them you will never obtain any speed worth mentioning. It would take you ten years to go round the world—and a flying-machine could do it in a week!"

Here arose a new tempest of protests

and denials, which lasted for three long minutes. And then Phil Evans took up the word.

"Mr. Aviator," he said, "you who talk so much of the benefits of aviation, have you ever aviated?"

"I have."

"And made the conquest of the air?"

"Not unlikely."

"Hooray for Robur the Conqueror!" shouted an ironical voice.

"Well, yes! Robur the Conqueror! I accept the name and I will bear it, for I have a right to it."

"We beg to doubt it!" said Jem Chip.

"Gentlemen," said Robur, and his brows knit, "when I have just seriously stated a serious thing I do not permit any one to reply to me by a flat denial, and I shall be glad to know the name of the interrupter."

"My name is Chip, and I am a vegetarian."

"Citizen Chip," said Robur, "I knew that vegetarians had longer alimentary canals than other men—a good foot longer at the least. That is quite long enough; and so do not compel me to make yours any longer by beginning at your ears and—"

"Throw him out."

"Into the street with him!"

"Limb him!"

"Lynch him!"

"Screw him!"

The rage of the balloonists burst forth at last.

They rushed at the platform. Robur disappeared amid a sheaf of hands that were thrown about as if caught in the storm. In vain the steam whistle screamed its fanfares on to the assembly. Philadelphia might well think that a fire was devouring one of its quarters and that all the water of the Schuylkill could not put it out.

Suddenly there was a recoil in the tumult. Robur had put his hands into his pockets and now held them out at the front ranks of the infuriated mob.

In each hand was one of those American institutions which are called revolvers, and which the mere pressure of the fingers is enough to fire—pocket mitrailleuses in fact.

And taking advantage not only of the recoil of his assailants but also of the silence which accompanied it,

"Decidedly," said he, "it was not, Amerigo that discovered the New World, it was Cabot! You are not Americans, citizen balloonists! You are only Cabo—"

Four or five pistol shots cracked out, fired into space. They hurt nobody. Amid the smoke the engineer vanished; and when it had thinned away there was no trace of him. Robur the Conqueror had flown as if some apparatus of aviation had borne him into the air.

(To be continued.)

A HELPFUL THOUGHT.

"I know not how my boyish life
May life's vast ends fulfil;
He knows—and that life is not lost
That answers best His will.

No service in itself is small,
None great though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will."

A Terrible Warning.

YOUNG Brown is as cocky as cocky can be,
He's got into Euclid, and says it is splendid;
He's only commenced it, and so does not see
The "teazers" by which his new study's subtended.
But some in his form are much wiser than he,
They do not despise what is lying before 'um,
They chuckle to think of his subsequent—glee
When crossing the *Pons asinorum*.

"Look here, my dear fellow," says one, with a laugh,
"You'll alter your tune when the time comes to try it;
It's all very well, you're too clever by half—"
Says Brown, with contemptuous sneer, "I defy it!
A man who could fail is no more than a calf;
And as for good marks, why, I simply shall score 'um,
I don't care a fig for your low ill-bred chaff,
I'll settle the *Pons asinorum*."

They work through the first, second, third, and fourth "props,"
And Brown, with a smile, says they're easy as winking;
They come to the fifth, and his lower jaw drops,
"Ah, well! this may need just a little more thinking."
He works for ten minutes, and then his work stops,
"I pity those others, it's certain to floor 'um;
It's only a mind such as *mine* that o'ertops
The beight of the *Pons asinorum*."

Next morning they stand up their Euclid to say,
Two fellows are "put on," and don't make a stumble.
"Now, Brown, go on."—But, "AC equals BA"
Is all the conceited young bragger can mumble.
He looks at his boots, but he finds that won't pay,
The rafters above, he attempts to explore 'um,
They give not a hint his dismay to allay,
He's skewed o'er the *Pons asinorum*.

"You'll write it out twice, and you'll say it again."
Brown tries, but, alas! he is skewed the next minute;
He learns it once more, again mulls it, and then
Believes, after all, there must be something in it.
Half holidays see him a prisoner, when
The rest are enjoying their high cockalorum,
Or football or rounders—and he with his pen
Must write out the *Pons asinorum*.

At length, when he's worn to a shadow, young Jack
Takes pity on him, and, with sympathy kindly,
Explains it, and then puts him up to the knack
Of finding his way where he'd wandered so blindly:
He learns it at once, says it off in a crack.
Half holidays lost, he's no more to deplore 'um,
And ne'er is he known, now he's got off the rack,
To joke at the *Pons asinorum*!

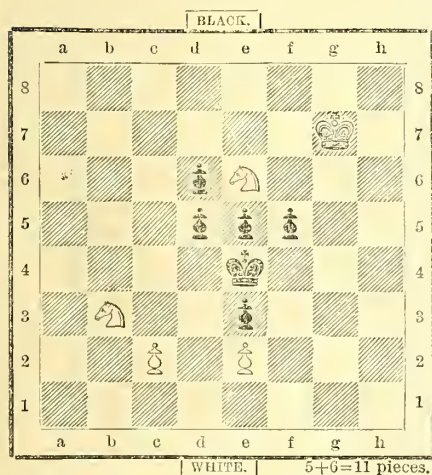
SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

CHESS.

(Continued from p. 111.)

Problem No. 150.

By W. WILLIAMS.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

This gambit (2, P-Q B 4) was lately played between D. C. (White) and W. A. (Black), and was declined by the second player, because he did not take the offered Pawn at his second move.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-------------|----------|
| 1. P-Q 4 | P-Q 4 |
| 2. P-Q B 4 | P-K 3 |
| 3. Kt-Q B 3 | Kt-K B 3 |
| 4. B-B 4 | B-Kt 5 |
| 5. P-K 3 | Kt-B 3 |

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| 6. B-Q 3 | P-K 4 |
| 7. B-Kt 5 (c) | Castles |
| 8. B x Kt | P x B |
| 9. Q-R 5 | P-K 5 |
| 10. B-K 2 | P x P |
| 11. B x P | Kt x P (b) |
| 12. P x Kt (c) | Q x P |
| 13. Q-K 2 | R-Q sq. (d) |
| 14. P-K B 3 (c) | P-K 6 (f) |
| 15. R-Q sq. | B x Kt (ch.) |
| 16. P x B | Q x P (ch.) |
| 17. K-B sq. | R x R (ch.) |
| 18. Q x R | Q x B (ch.) |
| 19. White resigned. | |

NOTES.

- (a) White would have done well to take the carelessly-offered K P with P.
(b) An apparently clever but really careless move, for White might now castle, and then win the Kt with P.
(c) White does not look far enough, otherwise he would see that the Q will next time attack two officers.
(d) The B should rather have taken the Kt, and the Q would have won the R.
(e) R to B square would have been the move to win the game.
(f) Again missing the chance of taking the Kt with B, checking.

To Chess Correspondents.

E. B. S. (Hampstead.)—Try K-B 5 as answer to 1, Kt x P in No. 141.

R. B. (Hackney.)—The new Q cannot give mate in No. 141 when the K moves to Q 5.

C. W. B. (Wellington, N. Z.)—The observations in your letter of August 18th are all correct.

Albert Cohn, 53, Mohrenstrasse, W., Berlin, is now selling the valuable chess library of C. B. Vansittart, of Rome, consisting of 971 works.

J. B.—Two problems in two and in five moves, in which the white B is obliged to move to all the thirteen squares, were composed in 1877 and 1878.

J. A. W. H.—Pleased to have again received two problems from you after an interval of several years.

P. G. L. F.—Correct, but too simple.

F. H. G. F.—Solution of 138 correct.

A. T. N.—The game of seven moves shows that beginners ought to be watchful against double checks.

D. S. M.—The Evans gambit is the best of the three games.

W. A.—You ought to have won against D. C. with 13, B takes Kt check.

E. H.—Your ginoco piano against D. C. was pretty well played up to the 26th move, but about the one against A. W. J. you would do well to consult the "Chess Guide."

G. B. R.—The law of one Q is supported by Philidor, Barbier, and other authors, and we agree with a player who observed last month that eight officers for each player is enough for sixty-four squares.

IN SEARCH OF THE JEANNETTE.



First View of Spitzbergen—Horn Sund Tind.

IN August, 1879, the Arctic exploring steamer Jeannette sailed from San Francisco on her ill-fated voyage toward the North Pole. Nothing was heard from her during 1880, and early in the spring of 1881 preparations were made to send out a relief expedition. The United States steamer Alliance was selected for the purpose, her battery removed, six months' supply of provisions stored, and an extra supply of coal taken on board. On the 17th of May she sailed from Norfolk, Va., under orders to cruise to the northward of Spitzbergen, and push her search for the missing explorers as thoroughly as possible during the Arctic summer. The following narrative has been furnished by a member of the expedition, Passed Assistant Engineer Jefferson Brown, U.S.N. :—

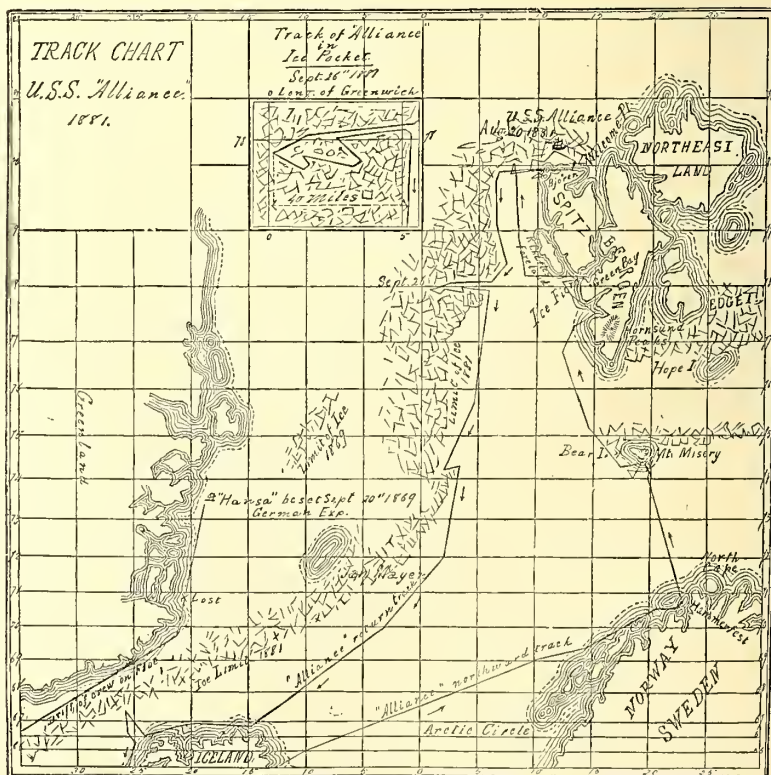
We arrived at St. John's, N.F., on the 24th of June, meeting there the party of Lieutenant Greely, U.S.A., bound for Lady Franklin Bay. Replenishing the coal supply, we sailed June 29th for Reykjavik, Iceland. On the 8th of July the lofty snow-capped mountains were sighted, and the next day the Alliance steamed into Faxa Fiord, the first American man-of-war to visit this remarkable island. At the north side of the entrance stands Snaefell Yokel, an extinct volcano, rising a perfect cone 4,600 feet above the sea; in summer covered by a dazzling layer of snow and ice to within a few hundred feet of the base, where it spreads out like a silver fringe over the dark rocks. For pure air and atmospheric effects, Iceland in summer is unsurpassed.

The evening we arrived at Reykjavik (Smoking Harbour) was warm and clear, and as the sun, in its almost horizontal course, passed behind Snaefell Yokel, we witnessed a sunset of great beauty. The light clouds and distant mountains became blazing gold, while the nearer were dark purple with violet-

coloured mists floating in the valleys, the white cone towering above all, with deep blue sky as a background.

Landing the next day, Sunday, at the long, narrow pier, extending from the black beach of volcanic stones and pebbles, we entered the town, founded more than one thousand years ago, and now the capital of Iceland. On

the main thoroughfare, on their way to the Lutheran Church, we saw many women, who, if not handsome, had the finest of complexions, light hair, and pink cheeks. All wore the sober-coloured Icelandic costume, with the national flat cap (húfa). Some of them had gay-coloured shawls thrown carelessly over their heads.

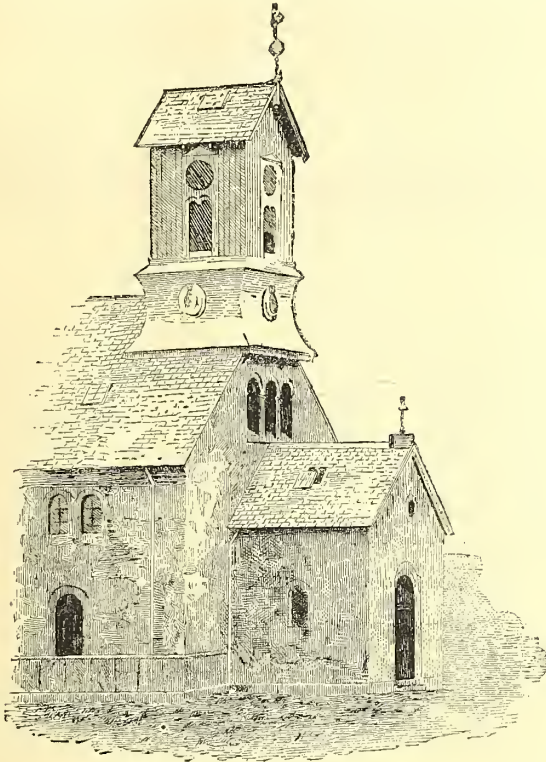


The Icelandic women have preserved the national characteristics of their dress for many hundred years. That for ordinary

weeks. It is composed of thirty members elected in Iceland, who hold office six years, and six appointed by the King of Denmark,

collectors are appointed to fifteen districts, and meet the farmers at certain designated places. Each district is governed by a petty judge.

The church shown in our illustration, and which dates back to the ninth century, is built of stone and stucco, and contains nothing remarkable in its dark, gloomy interior, except a baptismal font presented by the sculptor.



Lutheran Church at Hammerfest.



The Icelandic "Hufa," or Cap.

wear consists of plain, dark, woollen material, the waist made somewhat like a vest. From a flat cap, worn a little to one side, hangs a black silk tassel, reaching to the shoulder, bound in the middle by a metal band. The full dress is more elaborate, the neck-band, sleeves, and front, down to the waist, being ornamented with leaves and filigree work in gold and silver, with a broad belt of metal plates hinged together, frosted and engraved, and having pendent ornaments very much resembling those worn in England to-day. The "Faldr" (head-dress), made of stiff white muslin, high and projecting in front, with a white veil depending from the back and reaching the ground, completes the costume of an Icelandic lady attired for high social occasions. The men in the eleventh century wore a tunic, white leggings bound with lacing to the knee, and metal belt with ornaments. To-day the farmers wear a homespun cloth, not unlike butternut, and the townspeople the ordinary European dress.

Walking through the streets, where no carriage has ever passed, one is impressed with the tidy appearance of the houses, as well as the cleanliness of the streets. With the exception of a few recently-constructed houses, the dwellings and warehouses are wooden structures and have a peculiar flat appearance from the absence of lintels or any projecting surfaces. The interiors are comfortable, cleanly, and as well ordered as any prosperous farmer could desire. Much of the business of the place is carried on by Danish merchants, who in winter return to Denmark. In summer the population is stated to be about two thousand.

The Governor's house is an antiquated structure of wood, and opposite to it, fronting a large square, stands the Parliament House, the finest building in Iceland. It is of quite modern construction, built of rough-cut granite, two storeys high. Standing immediately in front is a statue of Thorvaldsen, the Icelandic sculptor. The Parliament, or "Althing," which meets at Reykjavik once every two years, continues in session six

who hold over, if, from any cause, the Parliament is dissolved. The thirty elect six of their number to serve with the Danish members, forming an Upper House. In 1874, when the new charter was granted by Denmark, the Icelanders protested against this, among other of its provisions, as being no advance toward their much-desired indepen-

for Thorvaldsen, who is said to have been born at sea, but who claimed Iceland as his native place.

An expedition to the nearest hot spring, a shallow stream flowing over a pebbly bed, with jets of hot water and steam issuing from it, demonstrated that the temperature ranged from 180 to 190 degrees Fahr. Where fuel is so scarce Nature has bountifully provided a public laundry, and here, on Saturdays—the Icelandic wash-day—maids and matrons of the town may be seen utilising it for that purpose. As it is at a distance from the town they take with them coffee and eggs,



Icelandic Lady in Full Dress.

dence, as all legislation may be prevented by the absence of the Danish members, two-thirds being required to form a quorum. Tax

which they cook in the hotter jets. Salmon, once so plentiful, are now caught only in streams protected by law and leased or sold

to individuals. The Laxa River, a snow-water torrent, about five miles out of town, is owned by Mr. Thomsen, a Danish merchant, who gave us a pass to fish in the preserve. A number of fine salmon were taken, and trout were plentiful.

The market is supplied by means of weirs or boxes placed in the middle of small cascades, up which the fish jump in ascending the stream. Innumerable torrents of this character cross the roads and trails, and serve to vary the monotony of treeless plains of broken lava and barren mountains. The farmhouses (Bâe) differ materially from those of the town, being built of lava blocks, with a turf covering for the roof, secured by flat stones, to prevent displacement during the violent winter storms.

A bâe is about twelve feet in width by twenty in length, but the larger ones comprise several of these buildings joined together, then including outhouses for the storage of cattle, fodder, fuel, and produce. The low entrance at the gable extends through the length of the building, terminating at the kitchen, where a raised hearth, about three feet high, supplies all the artificial heat. The chimney, simply a hole through the roof, allows part of the smoke to escape, and admits a few rays of light to that end of the building. Alongside the fireplace

the unfortunate chickens roost, and the store of peat and the few culinary utensils occupy the remainder of the limited space. On

used, the great desideratum being heat at the smallest expenditure of fuel. What these huts must be when the drifting snow compels



Hammerfest in May.

either side of the passage-way there are generally two rooms, one side being used for storage purposes, the other for sleeping apartments. These rooms have a bed or bunk on each side, raised about two feet above the hard ground floor, each bunk accommodating several persons. A hole cut through the wall, opposite the only window, and stopped by a plug, is intended for ventilation, but they told us that it is seldom

the occupants to close all the openings, and the stifling smoke, such smoke as only peat can make, combines with the odours of live stock and dried fish, may better be imagined than experienced. Turf, the only fuel, is dug in all parts of the surrounding lowlands, sometimes from the surface, but often from a depth of ten or twelve feet, evidenced by the deep pits along the roadside.

(To be continued.)

THE TALE OF A DONKEY.



"I will undertake to find the lost money."

SOME years ago, when travelling over the road that winds among the Syrian hills from Jerusalem to Jaffa, the writer overtook at a wayside well a Greek merchant, whose caravan was resting in the shade of a few sparse sount-trees that struggled for existence at the brink of the spring. While sharing with my fellow-wayfarer this temporary refuge from the fierce noonday sun, he related to me an experience of his, which, in the strangeness of its story, may, I think, prove

of interest to the readers of the BOY'S OWN PAPER. He shall tell it in his own way, shorn, however, of such divergencies as now and again were caused by his expressions of admiration of some weird-shaped crag or other object, and the ever and anon recurring intervals when a fresh cigarette had to be made and lighted.

The incident which I am about to tell you of, commenced the Levantine, befell me

when engaged on a trading mission entrusted to me by my father in these parts. After visiting the southern ports I had come northward to Beyrout, intending to make from thence a quick inland journey to Damascus, where in a brief sojourn I should be able to complete the purposes of my errand. At Beyrout I had letters to an old friend of my father's, which procured for me a ready offer of hospitality, and of this I availed myself during such period as was necessary to enable me to arrange all preparations for setting forth into the interior. The goods which I had to convey to Damascus being many, I was obliged to hire donkeys for their transport, and the bargaining for these animals, together with the inevitable altercation as to payment of their drivers, necessitated much wearisome expenditure of time and patience. Then there were sundry small needs for the caravan to be attended to, and a thousand and one disputes with all who had, or fancied they had, claims on me to be disposed of. It was therefore not without relief that I at last found my goods, donkeys, and drivers ready for the journey across the desert.

On the day appointed for the start I went to bid my kind host farewell, when he showed me a small bag of money, containing some hundreds of Turkish pounds, which he stated he had just received from one of his agents, and which he greatly wished to have conveyed to his partner in Damascus at once. This was a responsibility I should have hesitated to accept had I not considered the meagre means of communication between the coast and the interior, his kindness to me, and the friendship entertained for him by my father; but when, in expressing my willingness to undertake the charge, I hinted at the risks involved, the old merchant affected to treat them lightly, only advising me to keep the secret of the money to myself.

However, his assurance did not altogether set at rest my uneasiness in the matter; so I purchased one of the tobacco-pouches made of the skin of the small desert fox, such as the Arab carries when travelling, and into this I placed the money, covering the burden with tobacco. By this ruse I hoped to make appearances aid me in disarming suspicion and the rendering of my charge in safety. Alas for the fallibility of the most carefully-laid plans!

My caravan, with its neatly-laden donkeys,

several others for riding, and their Syrian drivers, was ready, and at the appointed hour wended its way out from the maze of Beyrout's streets, and striking into the desert tract, had soon lost sight of house and mosque. We had not proceeded far from the town, however, before I found that the money I carried in my waist-cloth was proving a sore burden, while its self-assertive presence continued to remind me of the responsibility attaching to it. Watching my opportunity, therefore, when seemingly my dusky companions were intent on other objects than observing my movements, I hid the fatal tobacco-pouch in my saddle-bag, thus shifting the responsibility of cashier to the patient, loose-legged animal floundering along in the sandy road. The trials of the way seemed as nothing now. I could superintend the affairs of my party without distraction, and did not need to fear seeing in my dreams visions of animated money-bags, or imps and goblins glittering and jingling in elfish dances round my sleepless head.

Our journey was uneventful, and in due time we reached a village lying a few miles outside the walls of Damascus. The hour of our arrival at this village being late, and the men tired with the day's march, I determined to rest the night here, and make our entry into the town on the morrow. The donkeys were therefore unharnessed and tethered, their loads stored away in an empty hut, and the men dispersed themselves amongst the crowd of villagers to smoke and gossip.

With the first glimmer of the dawn the drivers, all anxious to reach the city—the white domes and minarets of which could be seen frescoed against the grey morning sky—were up and busily reloading the donkeys, and adding to the usual commotion of a caravan breaking up its camp so jubilant a hubbub that the little village was soon awakened from its slumbers, and its occupiers gathering round to watch our departure. When all the preparations were complete I looked to see that everything was in place; and finally, thrusting my hand into the saddle-bag of my riding-donkey, where had rested I knew the tobacco-pouch on the previous night when the saddle-bags had been placed in my tent, felt for my charge and treasure. Gone!

Hardly daring to believe my fears, I searched more closely, but only to realise more certainly that I had been robbed. That this should have happened upon the threshold of my goal, and in spite of all my watchfulness and care, only added to the keenness with which I felt my position. Virtually I was alone in this village, and could not expect the inhabitants to interest themselves in the matter, unless by so doing they could disclaim any partisanship with the thief. Nor could one of the villagers well have been the culprit, seeing that the particular saddle-bag had never been out of my own care, or that of one of the drivers, long enough to be tampered with. If the thief therefore was to be discovered it was clear he was to be found among the men of my own party, of whom there were some dozen or more; but how to find him out and recover the stolen property was a Gordian knot hard indeed to untie. To question them was of course of little avail, each demand being met by a ready denial of the theft, while searching them was almost as idle, the Arab being well accustomed to make the sand his silent treasurer.

The report of my loss, carried on the tongues of many an exaggerated and fanciful version, soon swelled the crowd of villagers who had lingered to watch our caravan, and now in excited chatter talked the matter over, or squatted silently among the bales and beasts in true Eastern unconcern. Realising the impossibility of obtaining any other redress than that which the Governor of Damascus could afford me, I was about to give the word to proceed on our way, when there stepped up to me a little old Arab, who touched me on the sleeve, saying, "If the Howaga will make his men do all that I shall ask of them,

I will undertake to find for him his lost money." The speaker, a wizened, white-haired man, clad in the most tattered and dubiously clean of camel-hair cloaks, was such an odd little personage that my trust in his proffered help was not great; but there lurked in his dark eyes something so cunning that half involuntarily I answered, "If you will try to discover the thief my men shall do everything that you require them to do; and if you succeed you and your village shall have much thanks and reward."

With this understanding between us the unkempt-looking individual who had volunteered his services as detective asked to be shown the donkey from which the money had been abstracted. On its being pointed out to him he had all the packages removed from its back, and then solemnly bidding us adieu while he "talked to the donkey," led it away to an empty hut that stood near by. In a few moments he returned alone, having apparently found the donkey's conversational powers limited, and proceeded to set all the drivers in a row before him like soldiers at drill. Having arranged them to his satisfaction, he next asked them one by one if they had stolen the money, and appeared in no wise disconcerted at the prompt negative that met each repetition of the question. This formality gone through, he addressed the men before him with the following original speech. "You have all heard how beasts can recognise a touch though they cannot see the hand that touches them; the truth of this I will prove. I have taken the donkey from whose back the money was stolen into the hut which you see yonder, and talked with him about the Howaga's misfortune, and he has promised to bray when the guilty hand is laid on him. The hut is dark and empty, save for the donkey, and you must go in one by one and pull that donkey's tail—pull it hard. When the guilty man does so the donkey will bray as he has promised, but the innocent need have no fear, since he will know them likewise."

At the close of this address there was much natural hesitation on every one's part to interview that most intelligent of donkeys, but the Arab, still holding to his military discipline, sent his men in one by one. In turn each passed the ordeal of the dark hut and presumptively pulled the talkative donkey's tail, but, strange to say, when the last man had fulfilled his duty no asinine voice had been raised in betrayal of the culprit. I began to think the Arab possessed of but little more reason than his four-footed assistant, and was about to hint so to him, when I saw him range the men into line again, and telling them to hold out their hands, wander down the line smelling these twenty or more palms. Twice he walked up and down the line, dipping his wizened old face into each extended hand in turn, and on each journey hesitating suspiciously at a particular individual whose features were warrant for the idea which occurred to my mind that if the theft could be brought home to any one it was probably to this member of our caravan, a thought finding confirmation when the Arab drew him from the row, saying, "This is the man that stole the Howaga's money."

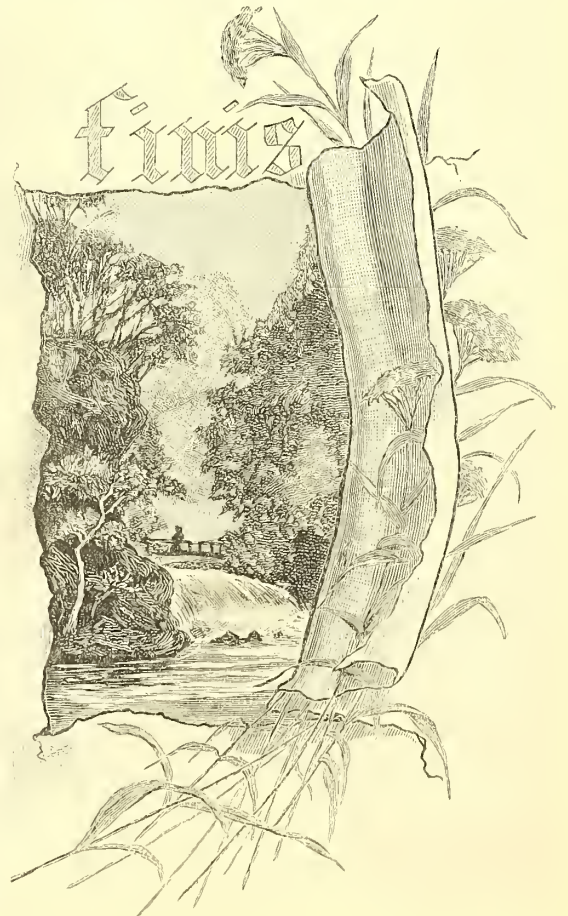
Thus accused at the moment when he believed all danger by donkeycraft or otherwise had passed, the thief, thrown off his guard, confessed how he had noticed the way I clung to the fatal pouch at the outset of the expedition, and concluded

it of value, and how he had seen me hide it in the saddle-bag, and watching his opportunity had stolen it that night; how he had buried it, meaning in after days to recover it, but would restore it if the Howaga would not hand him over to the Governor of Damascus. Too glad to get the money back again, I readily promised to forgive him if he returned untouched the stolen property, and allowed him under charge of two of his fellows to fetch it from its hiding-place. In a few minutes it was brought back to me. It had not been opened, for the original sewing was intact, the thief having doubtless hurried over his task of secreting it, fearing interruption.

Mystified by the complete success of the detection, I called the Arab aside, and asked him to explain how it was that he had found the thief in the face of such difficulties. At first he seemed somewhat reluctant to betray his secret, but yielding to the promise of an additional present he said:

"The Howaga knows 'tis said the guilty think always of their guilt, while the blameless walk fearlessly. Knowing this, I hoped to find the thief, and by the truth of it I found him. I did not speak to the donkey, nor ask him to bray, but simply tied him in that dark hut, and rubbed his tail with scented oil, believing that the innocent and therefore bold men would do as I had told them, and pull the donkey's tail, but that the true thief would, when he found himself alone in the hut and unwatched, say to himself, 'Why should I do as this simpleton has ordered, and by pulling the tail of this donkey make him bray and so betray myself, when I have but to wait a moment in this dark hovel and then slip out again free and unsuspected? And, as I surmised, the facts bore out my reasoning. When afterwards I ranged the men in order and smelt their hands, one man only had hands unscented by the oil. This man therefore I knew must be the thief. What followed after the Howaga saw and knows. This was the only art I used."

J. B. T.



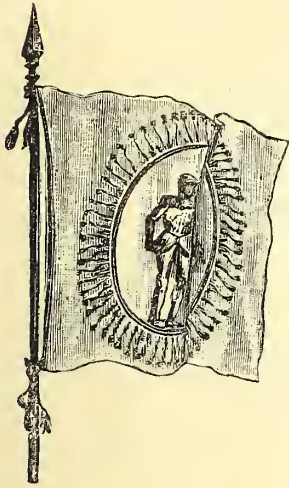


STUDIES FROM NATURE.—Gorilla and Leopard.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

By C. M. ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER VII.—HOPES DESTROYED—THE INDIAN MUTINY—THE MARCH ON CAWNPORE.



I HAD intended, after a brief stay, to repair to Glasgow, but suddenly all my hopes were dashed to the ground, the visions I had so fondly conjured up vanished in an instant, and I was plunged in despair. I learned that the young lady for whose sake I had endured so much, whose image was ever in my thoughts, and whose approval I would regard as the proudest reward of my valour, was now the wife of another. A few weeks before, while I was at Scutari, she had married a doctor in the East India Company's service—a middle-aged man—and they were now on their way to India.

It was a crushing disappointment; my pride was mortified. I tried to satisfy myself she had married against her will, to gratify her father's ambition, and that had she been free to act for herself she would have been mine. But I found that was poor comfort. There was no help for it, I must try to get over it.

Soon after my return, peace was declared (in March, 1856), and I was put on the strength of the dépôt. This was to me a further disappointment, for I had hoped, by further active service, to gain more rapid promotion, and, perhaps, distinction. I became restless, and dissatisfied with the routine of barrack life; my pay was insufficient to maintain me comfortably, and so when the opportunity was given me of exchanging with an ensign of the 75th (Stirlingshire) Regiment, then serving in India, I gladly accepted it. And thus, about fourteen months after my return from the Crimea, I sailed for India.

There were five other military officers on board, and, as we occasionally encouraged one another in grumbling at the slowness of promotion, the monotony of garrison life, and the reluctance of the Horse Guards to appreciate our individual merits, we little knew we would so soon be called to risk our lives in one of the most exciting of modern campaigns—a campaign in which each British soldier felt that a personal duty had devolved on him to avenge the massacres of his fellow-subjects (especially the

women and children), and to save India to the British Crown.

When near the end of our voyage, the Indian Mutiny broke out, but we knew nothing of it till, on the 5th of June, 1857, the pilot boarded us off the mouth of the Hooghly. Before the ship was moored, an orderly came on board with instructions that all officers were to report themselves at once to the officer commanding in Calcutta. We immediately donned our uniforms and drove to Fort William. There we were informed that troops were being concentrated at Calcutta, and that we would be required to hold ourselves in readiness to join any corps to which we might be temporarily attached. The 64th and 78th Regiments (who had just returned from the Persian campaign) were on their way from Bombay, and I was told I would probably be attached to either of these regiments.

The 78th Highlanders (the "Ross-shire Buffs") arrived four days later; splendid fellows, full of fire and energy, and eager to learn the latest news of the mutiny. Then came the 64th (2nd Staffordshire), serviceable-looking men, fit and ready for their work. To this latter regiment I was attached. The 75th were at Simla when the mutiny broke out, and were ordered down to the relief of Delhi, where they greatly distinguished themselves.

General Havelock, who had commanded a division in the Persian War, arrived a few days later, and he was put in command of the column, which consisted of the 64th, the 78th, the 1st Madras Fusiliers, the Ferozepore Sikhs, and a light field battery—1,000 men in all. We left Calcutta on the 25th of June, and reached Allahabad on the 30th. Our orders were to march on Cawnpore, and, after relieving the garrison there, to advance on Lucknow; but, three days after our arrival at Allahabad, we learned that the Cawnpore garrison, after a gallant defence of three weeks, had capitulated, and the rebels, after guaranteeing them a safe conduct down the river, had basely massacred them, taking the women and children captive.

Our men were wild with indignation, and when we started from Allahabad there was but one thought amongst us, "We'll save the women and children, whatever it costs us."

A column, 800 strong, under Major Renaud, of the Madras army, had previously been sent to relieve Cawnpore, and, by forced marches, we overtook it on the 12th of July, and that same evening we had our first encounter with the mutineers. They had not heard of Havelock's advance, and, expecting only to encounter Renaud's little force, they were advancing with the utmost confidence (3,500 strong), promising themselves an easy victory. Meanwhile, Havelock had made his dispositions, and, when he saw the rebels were hesitating, he pushed forward his guns, covered by skirmishers of the 64th armed with Enfield rifles. The rebels were disconcerted when they found the new weapons were so effective at

long ranges, and when our guns (which were very skilfully handled) opened on them at close range they began to waver. They fell back on the village of Futteh-pore, where they made a more determined stand; but we kept steadily advancing, and finally drove them into the open country beyond. We were too exhausted, however, with the excessive heat, and with our fatiguing march, to follow up our success, so we halted for the night.

About twenty-two miles farther on, the road to Cawnpore crossed a river—the Pandoo Nuddee—and Havelock was most anxious to push on, fearing the rebels would blow up the bridge and thus cut off our advance. But he found we needed a day's rest.

We made an early start on the 14th, and the following morning, before breakfast, we came on the rebels, strongly posted at the village of Aong. Had they waited, they might have given us some trouble, but, while we were deploying into line on either side of the road, they moved from their entrenchments to occupy a more advanced position. The Madras Fusiliers were sent out to dislodge them, and they did it in splendid style, driving the enemy before them. We followed them up, and the rebels were soon in full retreat, leaving their guns and baggage in our possession.

After breakfast we again fell in, and in two hours, after a weary march under a scorching sun, we reached the river. The rebels were posted on the opposite bank, prepared to dispute our passage. Havelock was delighted to find the bridge intact, but he had guessed rightly, for the mutineers were hard at work preparing to blow it up.

The capture of the bridge was easier than we had anticipated. Evidently the enemy had not forgotten the lesson we had taught him in the morning, and the thorough determination of our men seemed to shake the sepoys' confidence. When they saw us push on, in spite of a galling fire, and heard our cheers when the bridge was in our possession, they broke in confusion, and were soon in full retreat. For the commissariat, and when they came up the day was too far advanced, and we accordingly encamped for the night.

Our spies brought in word that the women and children, with a few survivors of the garrison (about 200 in all), were still alive, and we lay down with thankful hearts, hoping that by the following night we would have achieved the object of our mission.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BATTLE OF AHERWA
—NANA SAHIB—TOO LATE.

By daybreak on the 16th we were again on the move. After a heavy march of sixteen miles, the sun blazing on us, we came to a mango grove, and how delighted we all were, when we were halted and broken off, to rest in the delightful shade.

"Only seven miles now, lads," was passed cheerily from man to man.

Then the news rapidly spread that the enemy had advanced to meet us—5,000 strong—and were occupying a strongly entrenched position two miles ahead. They were commanded by the chief instigator of the mutiny, Nana Sahib, and we were pleased to think we had now the opportunity of meeting the arch-traitor face to face. The crisis, we thought, had come.

Our successes had made us confident, and we promised ourselves an easy victory. But some officers who had experience of the Bengal sepoy shook their heads, and said, "You haven't met the true stuff yet," and we found they were right.

The enemy's position was skilfully chosen and very strongly entrenched, but Havelock knew better than to attack it in front. While they were looking for us on the high road, along which our little body of cavalry was advancing, we marched to the right, under cover of a plantation, and, before they knew, we were close up on their left flank. Their guns were quickly turned on us, their cavalry came swooping down, and they tried to change front, but we had seized the advantage, and we were determined not to lose it.

We had a hard time of it, and we suffered very severely. The Madras Fusiliers led the attack, in skirmishing order; the 78th charged in splendid style, capturing three guns; while the 64th and the 84th (who had been under Renaud), not to be outdone, made a gallant rush and captured two more. The enemy's flank was turned, and he was falling back in confusion. Havelock saw a chance to make another capture, and, riding up to the 64th and 78th, who were in contiguous line, he cried out, "Come, who'll take that village? the Highlanders or the 64th?" Without a word the Highlanders rushed forward; but the 64th would have

no stigma rest on them, and in a minute they were after them. Together they captured the village, the enemy retreated, and the battle seemed, for the moment, at an end.

Suddenly, from guns and muskets, a deadly fire was opened on us. The rebels had taken up another position; reinforcements had reached them, and they were renewing the fight with increased vigour.

We were again formed into line, and we advanced under the heavy fire. The 64th were in the direct line of fire of the heaviest gun (a 24-pounder), and it made great havoc amongst us, while the cavalry inflicted great slaughter on our flanks. Without guns to cover us, farther advance was impossible, so we were ordered to lie down till our guns came up.

The sepoys became jubilant; they thought we had given in, and we could see they were preparing to attack us. Thoroughly exhausted as most of us were, we did not feel equal to much further effort. So great had been our exertions that many of our men had dropped down from sheer exhaustion and from sunstroke. Havelock saw he had no alternative, and, calling on us to rise, he advanced the whole line. Then came the caution, "Prepare to charge!" and every man clenched his teeth. When close up, Havelock roared out "Charge!" and with a loud ringing cheer every man dashed forward. The 64th made straight for the gun which had slain so many of their number, and never shall I forget the cheer they sent up as they swarmed around it and climbed upon it, wild with excitement, and proud of the honour they had achieved.

When we looked about us we saw that the remainder of our line was still advancing, and the enemy was in retreat. Then we heard heavy firing in our rear, and cannon-balls whizzed over our heads. We saw that our guns had come up, and had got into action. With another ring-

ing cheer we pushed forward, and the enemy fled precipitately.

So ended the Battle of Aherwa, in which our loss was about one hundred killed and wounded.

We were so jubilant at our success that we forgot our fatigue, and we would willingly have pushed on to Cawnpore, which was in sight of our advanced post, but Havelock deemed it prudent to wait, and so we bivouacked for the night. We fell asleep full of hope for the morrow, anticipating the joy of liberating our gallant countrymen, with the women and children.

Suddenly we were roused by a terrific explosion, which seemed to shake the earth. Jumping up, we saw that part of Cawnpore was on fire. The rebels had blown up the magazine, and were evacuating the city.

Next morning we were early astir, but what a wail of horror passed through the British camp! Our spies brought the news that not one of those we were so anxious to liberate was then alive. When the fiendish Nana heard we had captured the bridge over the Pandoo he was so exasperated that he immediately ordered the massacre of every prisoner—man, woman, and child—and from four o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th to nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th, the ghastly work went on. Then a wild roar of fury and indignation rose from among us, and loud, hoarse cries for vengeance burst from hundreds of angry men. No need now to urge us forward. We were fiends, not men, and we had to be held by strong discipline.

Who can tell the ghastly spectacle that greeted us when we entered the city! Soldier as I was, I sickened and fainted. It was the climax to the severe strain to which for a fortnight I had been subjected, and for several days I lay in hospital, weak and delirious.

(To be continued.)

BASIL WOOLLCOMBE, MIDSHIPMAN.

BY ARTHUR LEE KNIGHT,

Author of "*The Cruise of the Theseus*," "*The Gunroom Heroes*," etc.

CHAPTER III.—A LETTER ARRIVES FOR THE ADMIRAL.

THE next morning, as Admiral Woolcombe was taking what he called his "quarter-deck walk" on the terrace before breakfast and enjoying the fresh balmy breeze which seemed to be wafted straight up from the sea, he spied his two sons, in company with Rajah and Seamp, making their way up through the park equipped with fishing-rods and baskets. At the same moment the breakfast-bell rang out its welcome summons.

"Just in time, my lads, just in time," sung out the admiral, as his two handsome boys ran up, their eyes as bright as crystal, and their cheeks glowing with health and their contact with the keen morning air. "Have you had any sport? I trow not this clear weather."

For answer the boys opened their baskets, and each showed a brace of dainty trout of about half-a-pound weight glistening in the cool grass on

which their shapely spotted bodies rested.

"Come, that's worth getting up early for," observed the admiral. "I thought you would have been whipping the stream to no advantage this morning, but you see I underrated your skill as fishermen. Now let's go in and refresh the inner man, for you must be as hungry as hawks."

"I say, dad," began Basil, as he dived into the recesses of a chicken-pie, "how am I to manage about getting into a seagoing ship?"

"Well! a good deal depends upon your own ideas on the subject. The Admiralty have abolished seagoing training-ships, and a very good thing too, so you've only to take your choice of the Channel Fleet or a foreign station."

"I should much prefer a foreign station," answered the midshipman; "no-

body likes to be bottled up in the Channel Fleet, and besides that, I want to see something of the world and go where there will be lots of adventure and prize-money, and all that sort of thing."

The admiral smiled. "If you're going in for prize-money," he remarked, "you must go to the East Indies in a small craft and knock about the East Coast of Africa. You may manage to scrape a few rupees together before you're invalidated home; and then there's the honour and glory of the thing!"

"Now you're getting sarcastic, father," laughed Basil; "for my part, I think it would be jolly fun fighting those horrid Arab slave-dealers. Our first lieutenant in the *Britannia* told us a lot of yarns about it, and he made a good haul of prize-money."

"You shall not go to the East or West Coast of Africa with my consent," said Admiral Woolcombe, firmly; "you'd be

down with sunstroke or fever every other week; get nothing to eat but salt junk and biscuit, and barring your own shipmates the most civilised person you would encounter during the whole commission would be one of those semi-barbaric African potentates whose costume consists of a tall hat and pair of Wellington boots (with perhaps a white choker thrown in), and whose idea of a square meal is a dainty plump midshipman just out from England, whose well-fed corpus has been roasted to a turn by one of the members of his dusky harem?"

Basil laughed. "Well, I don't think his majesty would find me very dainty or plump," he said, "and I really don't care about the East Indies, dad. I think I'd like the Pacific or Australia; or the West Indies wouldn't be bad, perhaps."

"Why not the Mediterranean?" suggested the admiral.

"It's a jolly station, I expect, in most ways," answered the midshipman, in a hesitating manner; "but don't the fellows get an awful lot of drill out there?"

"Well! upon my word, you youngsters of the present day have got a pretty good notion of looking after No. 1! The fact is you want to get on a station where you'll have lots of adventures and no drill, eh?"

"Oh! I shouldn't mind a *little* drill," said Basil, composedly, "but not to be for ever manning and arming boats, and shifting topmasts and jibboom."

"I'll do my best for you, my dear boy," said the admiral, smiling; "I certainly should have liked you to be in the Mediterranean, for the flag-captain is an old chum of mine, and in the summer holidays perhaps Freddy and I would have taken a run out in a yacht to have a look at you."

"I say! that would be jolly though, wouldn't it?" exclaimed Basil, with sparkling eyes. "I think I'd like to go to the Mediterranean after all."

"I'll write to Lord Suaviter to-day," said the admiral, "and ask him what he can do for you. It was he, you know, who got you your nomination, and he is a bosom friend of the present First Lord's. Of course, there may be no ships fitting out for the Mediterranean, and no vacancies in the vessels that are out there; you must take your chance of that."

"All right, dad, only ask Lord Suaviter to try for another foreign station if that's the case, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll do that certainly, putting a veto at the same time on the East Indies or the West Coast of Africa."

"Thanks, father, it's awfully good of you to take so much trouble. Come along now, Freddy, let's go and mark out the lawn-tennis courts; it's quite fine enough to play, and we must find Robert to mix some whiting for the marker."

"Poor Robert!" exclaimed the admiral, as the previous night's scene recurred to his memory; "I haven't seen him this morning, but expect to find that his hair has turned white from the fit of terror he had on encountering us in the passage. Ha, ha, ha! I as nearly as possible brained the worthy soul, didn't I, Basil? And what did you think of the terrible ghost when he came to your bedside, Freddy, eh?"

But Fred Woolcombe didn't relish being chaffed on the subject of the ghost, and before his father had finished speak-

ing was half-way to the tennis-lawn, thinking to himself how much he should like to be going to sea with his brother, and resolving with boy-like eagerness that when old enough he would be a sailor too.

A few days later Admiral Woolcombe received a letter from Lord Suaviter which ran as follows:—

"293, Park Lane, W.

"Dear old Shipmate,—Immediately I got your letter I trotted off to the Admiralty, though I had not had my morning cigarette or opened the 'Times,' and requested to see the First Lord. I did this because I knew that he was an early bird, and was going down to the naval review at Spithead later on. I was shown up at once to his private room, and on the way thither I met Admiral Martinet, who is trying his best to get the China command. 'Good morning!' says I. Martinet shook my hand effusively, and his stern features (you've seen them often enough in the old Retribution) relaxed in a wonderful manner. 'Good morning, my lord,' says he; 'I've just had an audience of the First Lord, but he is in a vile temper, having been studying steam tactics ever since five o'clock this morning.' I looked hard at Martinet when he said this to see if he was joking, or had gone off his chump, but he was evidently serious. 'Studying steam tactics,' exclaimed I; 'who ever heard of a First Lord spending his time in that way? Is he going to take command of the China Squadron himself, and make you First Lord; or have the Treasury officials driven him mad? If the latter, he ought to be watched, or he may hang himself with red tape!' 'I couldn't for the life of me make out at first what made him seem so grumpy and preoccupied,' says Martinet, lowering his voice; 'but at length I got at the truth, for he was not sorry to broach the subject to a professional man and ask his advice. It seems that the Earl of Court Royal, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, only returned from Osborne yesterday, whither he had gone for the purpose of having an audience of Her Majesty. Court Royal, as you know, is a bit of a wag, and thought he would get a rise out of the First Lord, who, as is well understood, knows as much about ships and nautical matters as I do about keeping a shop. Well! he found his opportunity that very evening, for he met 'our mutual friend' at a dinner-party at Lady Toadymore's, and after the ladies had withdrawn from the table, proceeded to inform him that the Queen had seemed very much interested in the forthcoming review at Spithead, and had asked many questions about it, expressing her regret that she understood so little about naval tactics, and so might lose a good deal of the interest connected with the sham-fight which was to come off up Porchester Creek. Her Majesty had particularly inquired—so Court Royal hinted—as to whether the First Lord was coming down to the review; and upon the earl assuring her that he was certain to do so, the Queen brightened up and said, 'Oh! that will be delightful! I shall ask him to come on board the Osborne and join our party, and of course he will be able to explain everything to us so nicely. Do you not think it ought to be arranged that the First Lord should always take command of the Reserve Squadron in the summer? I am

particularly anxious to understand the intricate naval manœuvres of the present day.' You may imagine," continued Martinet, "the effect this communication had upon 'our mutual friend.' To use a vulgar phrase, he's in a regular funk, and as he's not been over and above civil to me, I piled on the agony a bit. You'll see how pale and distraught he looks when you're shown in presently. If you can put in a good word for me about that China command, Lord Suaviter, I shall be eternally obliged to you. I know your influence in that quarter."

"At first I thought I had better retire and seek an interview at a more propitious time, but on second thoughts I made up my mind 'to beard the lion in his den,' and try and get him into a good humour by laughingly minimising the responsibility he would incur at the review, and vaguely hinting that my Lord Court Royal was fond of a joke at other people's expense. I succeeded admirably, and in the end the First Lord—august personage that he is—shut his book of tactics up with a look of great relief, and actually flung it to the other end of the room! 'If that fellow Martinet,' said he, savagely, 'thinks he's going to get the China command, he's consumedly mistaken; I'll send him to the West Coast if I get a chance! And now, my dear Suaviter, what can I do for you?'"

"I then brought your little business on the *tapis*, and mentioned Basil's wish to be appointed to a ship on a foreign station. 'Is that all you want, a midshipman's appointment?' asked the First Lord, and then he made a note of your boy's name and wishes. 'You may depend upon my seeing to it,' he remarked. 'Come and dine with us to-morrow night, and I'll tell you all about the review; yes, and I'll ask Court Royal too, and see if I can't make some fun out of him.'

"You'll hear from me in a few days as to Basil's appointment. Sorry a heap of engagements obliges me to decline your hospitable invitation to Wyld Court for the present, but when I can I'll run down and see you. Love to your dear boys and Marjorie."

"Your sincere friend and old ship,

"SUAVITER."

"You're pretty sure of a good ship, Basil," said the admiral, as he finished reading the letter aloud and returned it to its envelope; "but I don't like the idea of losing you for three or four years, which will be the case if you go to any of the distant stations."

"Perhaps it will be the Mediterranean, though," answered the middy, putting an arm affectionately through the admiral's; "and then you'll come out in a yacht and cruise about with the fleet, and have no end of fun. Fred and I are going out for a ride, dad; you'd better come too, and we'll go and have a gallop on 'Lambert's Castle;' there's such nice turf there, and the day is perfect."

"Well, I don't think I *can* resist that proposition," said the admiral; and shortly afterwards the trio might have been seen cantering in the direction of the lofty hill covered with gorse, heather, and springy turf, known as Lambert's Castle, and from which on a clear day the view, stretching away to all points of the compass, and including the distant range of Dartmoor and the Isle of Portland, is superb.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

W. S. BASSETT.—1. Pebbles gradually get smaller owing to the constant attrition. When they fell out of the cliff they were rough and large, and have gradually been ground down to the size you see by the action of the waves, or running water. 2. See an article on the Armstrong Gun Works in the "Leisure Hour" for November, 1885.

TELEGRAPHIST.—The weekly numbers of the current volume are always kept in print.

FORS'LSHEET.—The headquarters of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers is at 35A, Great George Street, Westminster. Inquire there personally or by letter.

AN OLD BOY.—In the seventh chapter of Ezra, verse twenty-one, all the letters are present except j, which is reckoned as i; q is in require. We had articles on Cross-country Running in our first volume, and will continue the subject in due time.

CYCLIST.—The colouring used on tricycles is japan, not paint. For japan you should mix the colour very thin with varnish. For black try ivory-black or lamp-black with shellac varnish; for white use flake-white; for blue use small or Prussian blue; for red try madder lake; for yellow use King's; for brown use umber. Always prime your work thinly first, and finish with a coat of clear varnish.

B. M. J.—The plate contained representatives of the same genera, and if you know the flowers surely there is no need to illustrate them? We have already had a coloured plate of all the British Birds; it was in the fourth volume.

BITING BILLY.—Take eight hours' sleep, work hard, and get as much exercise as you can. It is not the quantity, but the quality, of the work that tells.

A. McL.—If you refer to an article on Weaving in any of the encyclopædias in the Free Library you will probably find a list of authorities. We know of no really practical book.

F. B. S.—Twenty-nine runs have been got in an over under the following circumstances. In a match at Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, last July, a Mr. Reid went on for the Brunswick Club, and bowled three wides, which went to the boundary for four each, and another wide, which went for one; and then he bowled his four balls all to leg, each of which was hit away for four! It is almost needless to say that the Brunswick did not have an innings that day.

SUBSCRIBER.—There are several Guarantee Assurance Companies, and you will find them duly given in the London Directory. Amongst others are the Bankers' Guarantee and Trust Fund, 86, King William Street; the Employers' Liability, 84, King William Street; the Guarantee Society, 19, Birchin Lane; the London Guarantee and Accident, 10, Moorgate Street; and the Ocean and General Guarantee, 42, Victoria Street, E.C.

F. M.—The professional records for 100 yards, quarter-mile, and half-mile are 10sec., 43½sec., and 113½sec. respectively. The amateur records for 100 yards, quarter-mile, and mile are 10sec., 48½sec., and 4min. 18½sec. respectively. Trains have been driven eighty miles an hour.

J. W. COOPER.—Try Steveus's Model Dockyard, Aldgate; Bell, Model Dockyard, Fleet Street; Bateman, model engineer, of the Strand, Cheapside, or Holborn; or Hamley, corner of Great Turnstile, Holborn.

F. HEWETSON.—Mulready envelopes are on sale by all the stamp dealers. See our monthly wrapper for advertisements.

VIVE UT VIVAS.—1. There are many lives of Handel, to be obtained through your bookseller. 2. There are 527 members of the House of Lords, and 670 members of the House of Commons. 3. The Earl of Liverpool was prime minister for nearly fifteen years, beginning in 1812, and he was "premier the longest" in this century. William Pitt was prime minister for over seventeen years, but his administration ended on St. Patrick's Day, 1801, so that you can hardly count him in. Most of our prime ministers have sunk into insignificance after a few years.

BINNACLE.—The diagrams of the spars and rigging of a full-rigged ship appeared in the April part for 1880. This was in the second volume, which is now quite out of print, and can only be obtained secondhand.

IRONMONGER.—If you mean wood engraving, a book on the subject is published by Bemrose and Sons, of Derby, and Old Bailey, London. It gives the particulars you require. You could get the tools from Melhuish, of Fetter Lane, who would quote price on your application.

SPECULATING RADICAL.—1. You should deposit your money in the Post Office Savings Bank, and buy your small portions of stock out of your account. Forms can be obtained from any post-office, giving full particulars. It is much the simplest way of investing small sums in the Funds. The variations in the price of Consols are so slow that the few hours lost while the advice is in the post will not make much difference in the amount of stock purchasable with your remittance. It simplifies the matter very much if, instead of investing £10 in Consols, you buy £10 worth of Consols at the market price. 2. The cutting is a mere election squib, written by one of your own side.

ENCYCLOPEDIA.—If you signed an order for the complete work you must take in all the volumes. You should be more careful in entering into contracts. When you buy books of canvassers you should complete the transaction at once; buy the one book or one part—and sign nothing.

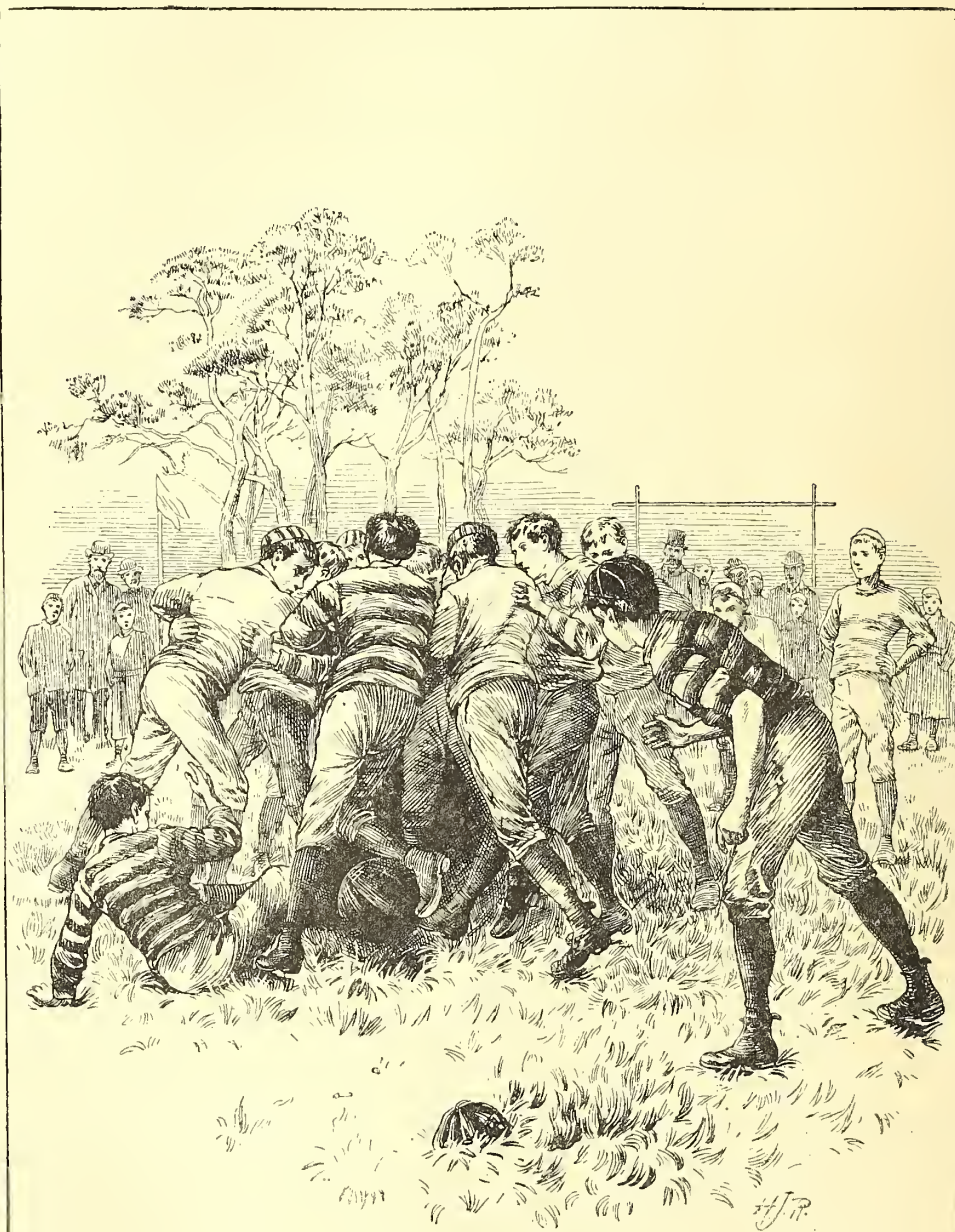
DOLICHOCEPHALIC.—1. Because it is probably a hen. 2. Depends on position. 3. Feed on seeds. Canary, linnet, and a little hemp and maw.

CAW CAW.—The song is a modernisation of the old ballad of the "Twa Corbies." You will find two or three versions in "Legendary Ballads" in Warne's Chandos Classics, price two shillings.

BLANDFORD CLUB.—Write for price list to Squintani, maker of the model press, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

A. CUMMING.—In the July part for 1883 there were articles by Dr. W. G. Grace on how cricket-bats are made, and which is the best way to treat them. They contain the information you require.

P. N. X.—1. The lens of the eye changes in curve either by shrinkage or distension. This alters the focus, and hence objects become indistinct on the retina. 2. Glasses should certainly be used as soon as the eyesight begins to fail. 3. Have nothing to do with an eyeglass, and then the difficulty as to which eye to put it in will not exist.



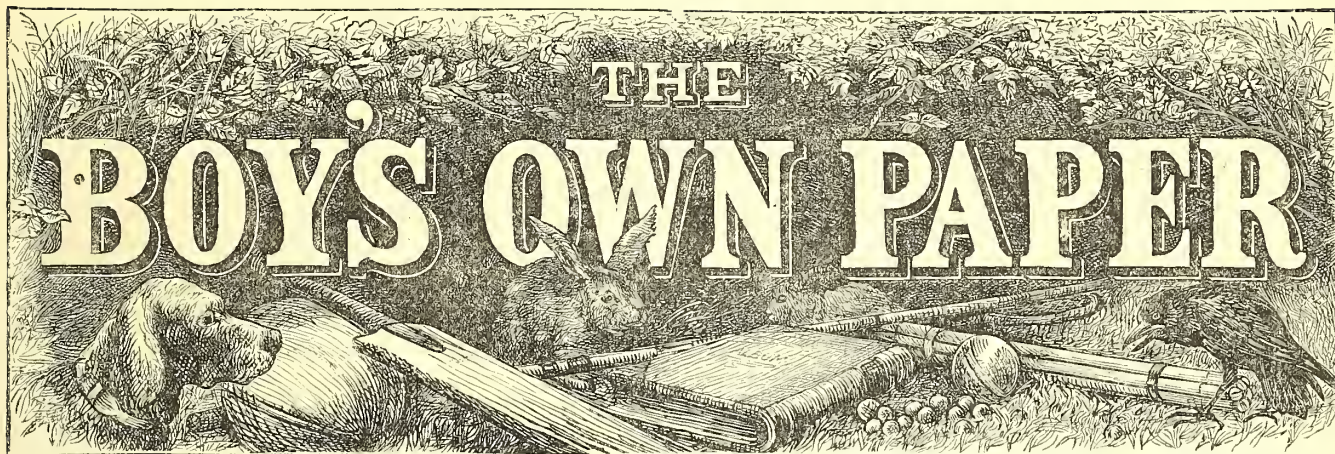
Hurrah for Winter!

CRICKETER.—How many more times is the same question to be asked? Why do you not read the laws. The law says "the striker is out if, in playing at the ball, he hit down his wicket." Nothing can be clearer. If you hit the wicket in striking at the ball you are out; if you hit it under any other circumstances you are not out.

BROWN EGG.—A little carbolic acid occasionally placed in the drawer in a saucer would take off the odour.

NAMEN.—The articles on polishing horn and bone were in the sixth volume, in the parts for December, 1883, and January, 1884.

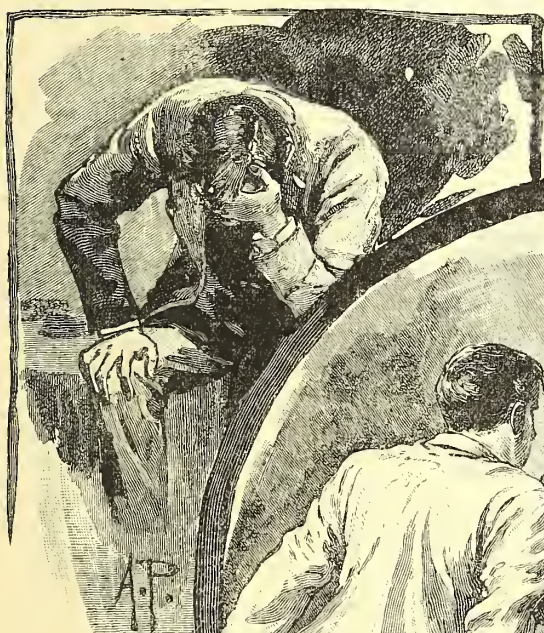
FALCONER.—1. The best books on Hawking are Peregrine's "Practical Falconry," and Salvin and Broderick's "Falconry in the British Isles." Peregrine eyesses are worth about thirty shillings each; Merlin eyesses about sevenpence; untrained goshawks about four shillings. 2. Not in this column.



No. 411.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



A Dog with a Bad Name.

A STORY

BY

Jacob Baines Reed

Author of "Reginald Cruden," "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.



"Nay, nay," said he, "one's enough."

CHAPTER IX.—A THUNDERSTORM.

JONAH was considerably astonished at breakfast on the following morning when Jeffreys, after casually inquiring after his headache, produced the knife and trowel.

"Isn't this your knife?" asked he.

Jonah's jaw dropped; he had missed the weapon himself, and knew where he had left it.



"Looks like it," said he, grabbing it hurriedly from his colleague's hand.

His manner attracted the attention both of Mrs. Trimble and Jeffreys.

"Why, Jonah, what's wrong?" asked the good lady. "I hope you've not been drinking and injuring any one by that knife?"

"I found it in Ash Lane, together with this trowel," said Jeffreys.

"What if you did? I suppose I can go and look for ferns if I like?" blustered Jonah, whom the unexpected discovery had quite upset.

"There are not many ferns there, I fancy," said Jeffreys, drily.

"Ah, you know the place, don't you? You know what is to be found there, don't you? Now, I'd like to know what you were doing there yesterday?"

"I walked home with Teddy and Freddy."

"And how came you to climb up on the top of the bank?"

"It really wouldn't interest you to know—any more than it would interest me to know why you climbed up it."

"I hope, young men," interposed Mrs. Trimble, to whom this conversation was Hebrew, "you have not been doing anything disgraceful. What bank are you talking about?"

"Shut up, ma, do! And look here, Jeffreys, you will have to drop being so precious thick with the Rosher. I don't choose to have the boys spoiled by you! They were quiet enough before you came. Mind that!"

Jeffreys, by way of reply, rose from the table and left the room.

"There!" said Jonah, after the door had closed behind him. "There goes your precious beauty! You'd laugh on the other side of your face, I can tell you, ma, if you knew all I do about him! 'Wouldn't interest me,' wouldn't it? My eye! it would interest *him* if he knew what I could tell!"

"Oh, Jonah, how shockingly you talk. I'm sure Mr. Jeffreys is a quiet, respectable young man. He kept the school in better order yesterday than I've ever known it. I'm quite certain he wouldn't rob a bank, or do anything so wicked!"

Jonah laughed irreverently and strutted off to the class-room.

Don't you rather pity the fellow, reader? He was in a terrible muddle. If Jeffreys had behaved like the ordinary owner of a guilty conscience it would have saved him (Jonah) so much worry. But when a murderer comes and brings a detective a knife and trowel which he has found on the fatal spot the day before—well, it puts the detective out, and gives him a headache.

Nor did it add to Jonah's happiness to see the looks of evident disgust with which the first class greeted his reappearance in the schoolroom. Their pleasant experience yesterday had demoralised them, and they settled down listlessly at Jonah's bidding like voyagers who, after a day in still waters, put out once more to the rough sea.

Teddy especially felt the hardships of the mighty deep. Jonah's eye transfixed him all day. If he spoke, if he fidgeted, if he looked about, the hand of the tyrant swooped down upon him.

He spent the greater part of the day standing on the form. The contents of his pockets (including some priceless marbles) were impounded; he had two columns of dates to commit to memory

before he could go home; and, hardest of all, because of a little blot, he was reduced to the ineffable humiliation of writing all his exercises on a slate!

It took all the big heart of the little fellow to bear up against this mountain of calamity, and had it not been for an occasional glimpse of Jeffreys' face, turned sympathetically in his direction, his courage might have failed him.

School closed, and still his dates were unlearnt. His legs ached with standing hour after hour on the narrow form, and his head, lifted three feet higher than usual into the heated atmosphere of the room, swam ominously.

Freddy, after waiting about dismally for half an hour, had gone home alone. The voices of boys remaining to play or talk in the yard outside had one after another ceased. Jeffreys himself had long since taken himself and his books elsewhere, and only Jonah was left to keep watch over his prisoner.

The boy made a tremendous effort to master the dates, but they went through him like water through a sieve. He could not even keep his eyes on the book, and when he turned them towards the master's desk, Jonah seemed to be half hidden in mist. He edged cautiously to the end of the form nearest the wall, where at least he might get a little support. It was a perilous voyage, for he was two feet away, and scarcely dare move at a greater rate than an inch a minute. He got there at last, nearly done up, and with a sigh of relief leaned his head against the cold plaster.

"Roshier, stand at the other end of the form immediately, and learn twenty more dates for being idle."

Alas, poor Teddy! He had held out long, and braved much. But his heart quailed now. He seemed glued to the wall, and the form all of a sudden seemed to contract into a tight-rope over a chasm.

"I'm so tired, sir, I—"

"Silence, sir, and do what you're told," thundered Jonah.

Teddy staggered forward half a step; but shrunk back before he had finished it to the friendly wall.

Trimble rose from his seat.

"Do you hear me?" he shouted, furiously.

"Stand where I tell you."

"Please, sir, I can't. I—"

Here Trimble advanced towards him, and Teddy, fairly unnerved and almost fainting, slipped down from the bench and burst into tears.

"That's it, is it?" said Jonah; "we'll see whether you can or—"

At that instant the door opened and Jeffreys entered the room.

It did not require the boy's sobbing appeal, "Oh, Jeff, Jeff!" to enable him to take in the situation at a glance. Nor did it need a second glance at the face of the intruder to induce Jonah to turn pale.

Jeffreys advanced without a word to the form, brushing Jonah out of his way with a swing that sent him staggering six paces down the floor, and putting his arm round Teddy, led him without a word from the room.

"Come along, little chap," said he, when they got outside, "come home."

The sound of his voice revived Teddy like a cordial.

"Do you hate me for blubbering?" he asked, anxiously; "wasn't it like a baby?"

"How long had you been up there?" asked Jeffreys.

"It was half-past one when he stood me up. I had only just been looking round to see where Freddy was; and oh, Jeff, I've got to write on a slate just because of a little blot. What's the time now?"

"Half-past five," said Jeffreys, putting on his hat, and swinging Teddy's satchel over his own arm.

"Are you coming with me, Jeff?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"Of course, you couldn't get home alone."

Great was the content of the little fellow as he left Galloway House with his hand on the strong arm of his tutor. Greater still was his surprise and content when, as soon as the streets were passed, Jeffreys took him up on his back and carried him the rest of the way to Ash Cottage.

"Thanks, awfully, old Jeff," said the boy, as they parted at the gate of the cottage. "What makes you so kind to Freddy and me?"

"I'm not good at riddles, Teddy. Good night," and he went.

Jonah, as he was not surprised to find, was expecting him in a state of high ferment. Jeffreys would fain have avoided an interview. For he was constantly discovering that he was still far from sure of himself. That afternoon his passion had been within an ace of mastering him; and at any time, he dreaded, something might happen which would undo all the penance of those last six months. He therefore resolved wisely in the present instance to avoid altercation as far as possible.

"Well, sir, and what have you got to say for yourself? Where have you been?" demanded Jonah, in tones of lofty bitterness.

"I have just taken Roshier home. After standing four hours on the form he wasn't fit to walk himself."

"Oh!" snorted Jonah, nearly bursting with indignation, "and pray how—"

"Excuse me, Trimble. If you and Mrs. Trimble wish me to leave I'll do so. If not, don't talk to me. I don't want it."

Poor Jonah nearly had a fit. He, head man of Galloway House, knowing what he did, to be spoken to like this by a stuck-up—murderer!

He had prepared a scene and had counted on coming to an understanding then and there. And, lo and behold! before he had well opened his mouth he had been ordered to shut it by the very being whom he had at his mercy. It passed Jonah's comprehension.

Jeffreys waited a minute to give him a chance of accepting his former alternative. Then, concluding he had decided on the latter, he betook himself to his own room and remained there.

Jonah, as soon as he could recover himself sufficiently to think at all, made up his mind that, come what would, he had had enough of this sort of life. With which conviction he crushed his hat on his head and sallied forth into the open air.

His feet almost instinctively turned in the direction of Ash Lane; but on this occasion they went past the fatal bank and brought their owner to a halt at the door of Ash Cottage.

"Is Mr. Roshier at home?" inquired he of the servant.

Mr. Rosher was at home—a jovial, well-to-do farmer, with a hearty Yorkshire voice and a good-humoured grin on his broad face.

"Well, lad, what is't?" he asked, as Trimble, hat in hand, was shown into the little parlour. "Man, it's the little school-maister."

"Yes, Mr. Rosher," said Trimble; "I should like five minutes' talk with you if you can spare the time."

"Blaze away, lad. A've got nothin' else to do."

"I'm rather anxious about your two dear little boys," began Trimble.

"Thee needn't be that; they're tight lads, and learn quite fast enough."

"It's not that, Mr. Rosher, though I hope they do justice to the pains we take with them."

"They nearly killed their mother t'other day on the tricycle," said Mr. Rosher, laughing like a young bull. "Was't thee or t'other young chap came to mend t'auld bone-shaker? 'Twas a kindly turn to the little fellows, and I'm sorry thee didn't stay to tea, lad."

"We always like to try to make them happy," said Jonah. "Indeed that is what I came to see you about. I'm sorry to say—"

"Thee's come to tell me why Teddy was blubbering when he got home. Thee'd better tell that to his mother," said the father.

"I'm so sorry to say," pursued Jonah, beginning to wish he was over his task, "my assistant-master is disappointing me. I took him on half in charity six months ago, but lately he has been having a bad influence in the school, and I thought it my duty—"

"Tut, tut! The lads have been cheerier this last six months than ever before—"

"Of course we try all we can to make them happy, and shield them from harm," pursued Trimble, "and I am glad you think we have made school happy for them—"

"And is that all thee's come to say?" said the bewildered parent.

"No, sir. Of course in school I can look after the boys and see they come to no harm; but after school hours of course they are out of my control, and then it is I'm afraid of their coming to mischief. My assistant, I hear, has been in the habit of walking home with them, and from what I know of him he is not a desirable companion for them, and I think it my duty to put you on your guard, Mr. Rosher. They should not be encouraged to see too much of him out of doors or bring him to the house."

"It bothers me why you keep the man if he's that sort!" said Mr. Rosher.

"What's wrong with him?"

"I'm afraid he's a bad character. I have only discovered it lately, and intend to dismiss him as soon as I get a new assistant."

"What dost mean by a bad character? Is he a thief?"

Trimble looked very grave.

"I wish it was no worse than that."

The farmer's jaw dropped.

"What?" said he. "Dost mean to tell me the man's a murderer?"

Jonah looked terribly shocked.

"It's a dreadful thing to suspect any one," said he, "but it would not be right of me to let things go on without warning you. I shall keep your boys under my own eyes all school time; and I advise you—"

"I don't want thy advice. Take thyself off!"

Jonah saw that to prolong the interview would only make matters worse. The good father was evidently roused; but whether against him, Jonah, or against Jeffreys, he could scarcely tell. He departed decidedly crestfallen, and more than half-repenting of his amiable expedition.

His misgivings were somewhat relieved next morning when Freddy and Teddy put in an appearance punctually at school time. Jonah considered it expedient under the circumstances not to refer to Teddy's mutinous conduct on the preceding day—a determination which afforded great comfort to that young gentleman, and which he put down by a mysterious process of reasoning to Jeffreys' good offices on his behalf.

Jonah, however, on this particular morning felt far from comfortable. It may have been the hot sultry day, or it may have been the general oppression of his own feelings, which gave him a sense of something—probably a thunderstorm impending. His class remarked that he was less exacting than usual, and even Jeffreys became aware that his colleague for once in a way was not himself.

The clock had just struck twelve, and the boys were beginning to look forward to their usual break in half an hour's time, when the schoolroom door suddenly opened and disclosed the broad figure of Mr. Rosher, followed at a timid distance by Mrs. Trimble.

Jonah's face turned pale; Freddy and Teddy opened their eyes to their widest. Jeffreys on hearing Freddy mutter "Father" looked round curiously to get a view of the father of his little friends.

Mr. Rosher recognised Trimble with a nod.

"I've coom, you see, lad. I want to have a look at this murderer fellow thee was talking about. Where is he?"

It was a thunderclap with a vengeance! Only two persons in the room guessed all it meant.

"Coom—trot him out, man," repeated the farmer, noticing the hesitation in Jonah's scared face. "Is that the chap yonder thee was telling me of?" added he, pointing to Jeffreys.

It was all up with Galloway House, and Jonah knew it.

"Yes," said he.

Jeffreys' face became livid as he sprang to his feet.

"Stay where thou art," said the brawny farmer, motioning him back. "Let's have a look at thee. So thee's a manslayer? Thou looks it."

A terrible pause followed—the pause of a man who struggles for words which will not come.

He looked terrible indeed; with heaving chest and bloodless lips and eyes like the eyes of a hunted wolf. At length he gasped,

"Liar!" and advanced towards the abrightened Jonah.

But the sturdy Yorkshireman stepped between.

"Nay, nay," said he, "one's enough. Stay where thou art and let him give chapter and verse—chapter and verse. He came to me last night and said thou wast a murderer, and I've coom to see if thou art. Thou looks one, but maybe thou'rt right to call him a liar."

"Ask him," gasped Jonah, "what he did to his old schoolfellow, young For-

rester, and then let him call me a liar if he likes."

"Dost hear, lad? What was it thee did to thy old schoolfellow, young Forrester? That's a fair question. Out with it."

If Jeffreys had looked terrible a moment ago, he looked still more terrible now, as he sank with a groan on to the bench and turned a sickened look on his accuser.

The dead silence of the room almost stunned him. He seemed to feel every eye that turned to him like a dagger in his heart, and there rose up in his mind a vision of that football field far away, and the senseless figure of the boy who lay there. Everything came back. The howl of execration, the frightened faces, the cap lying where the boy had flung it, even the chill autumn breeze in his face.

He knew not how long he sat there stupefied. The voice of Mr. Rosher roused him.

"Coom, now, dost thou say liar still?"

Jeffreys struggled to his feet, no longer furious, but still more terrible in his dejection.

"Yes," snapped Jonah, astonished at the effect of his accusation, and just wise enough to see that to add to or take away from the story would be to spoil it. "What did you do to your poor schoolfellow, young Forrester? Do you suppose we don't see through you?"

"Hold thy tongue, little donkey," said the farmer; "let's hear what he has to say."

For a moment it seemed as if Jeffreys was about to take him at his word and say something. But his tongue failed him at the critical moment, and he gave it up. He had caught sight of Teddy's eyes fixed on his in mingled misery and terror, and the sight unmanned him.

He moved slowly to the door.

They watched him, spellbound, and in a moment he would have gone, had not Teddy with a big sob made a spring forward and seized him by the arm.

"Oh, Jeff, it's a wicked lie; we don't believe it. Freddy, we don't believe it, do we? Father, he's been good to us; he never did anything unkind. Don't have him sent away!"

This appeal fairly broke the spell. Freddy was at his brother's side in an instant, and the rest of the school, had not Mr. Rosher motioned them back, would have followed him.

"Teddy and Freddy, my lads," said the farmer, "go to thy seats like good lads. Let him say yea or nay to what this—little—peacher says."

"Say you didn't, Jeff," implored the boys.

Jeffreys shook his head sadly.

"I can't," he said. "If he is dead—"

"Oh, he's dead," put in Jonah; "I can tell you that."

Jeffreys gave one scared look at the speaker and then hurried from the room.

Mrs. Trimble followed him up to his room.

"I don't believe it all," said she; "you never did it on purpose, you're not so bad as that. I won't believe it even if you tell me," said the good lady, bursting into tears.

Jeffreys put together his few books and garments.

"You're going," said she, "of course. It's no use hoping you won't. Here's two pounds you're owed—and—"

Jeffreys took the money, and kept her hand for a moment in his.

"You are kind," said he, hoarsely. "Good-bye, Mrs. Trimble."

He kissed her hand and took up his bundle.

At the foot of the stairs a boy's hand was laid on his arm.

"Oh, Jeff," whispered Teddy—he had stolen out of the schoolroom. "Poor Jeff! I know you aren't wicked. Say good-bye, Jeff. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Good-bye, little chap," said Jeffreys, stooping down and kissing the boy's wet cheek.

"But, Jeff, where are you going? When will you—"

Jeffreys was gone.

In the schoolroom meanwhile the inevitable reaction had taken place.

As the door closed behind Jeffreys, Jonah, hardly knowing what he did, gave vent to a hysterical laugh.

It was the signal for an explosion such as he had little counted on.

"Thou little dirty toad!" said the farmer, rounding on him wrathfully; "what dost mean by that? Hey? For shame!"

"Beast!" shouted Freddy, choking with anger and misery.

"Beast!" echoed the school.

Some one threw a wet sponge across the room, but Mr. Rosher intercepted it.

"Nay, nay, lads; don't waste your clean things on him. Freddy and Teddy, my lads—where's Teddy?—come along home. You've done with Galloway House."

"Why, sir," expostulated the wretched Jonah—

"Hold thy tongue again," roared the farmer. "Coom away, lads. Thee can take a half-holiday to-day, all of you, and if thy parents ask why, say Farmer Rosher will tell them."

"I'll have you prosecuted," growled Trimble, "for interfering with my—"

"Dost want to be shut up in yon cupboard?" roared the hot-headed farmer. And the hint was quite enough.

Galloway House on that day turned a corner. Farmer Rosher, who had sore doubts in his own mind whether he had done good or harm by his interference, spoke his mind freely to his neighbours on the subject of Jonah Trimble, a proceeding in which his two sons heartily backed him up. The consequence was that that worthy young pedagogue found his scholastic labours materially lightened—for a dozen boys are easier to teach than fifty—and had time to wonder whether after all he would not have served his day and generation quite as well by looking after his own affairs as after the most unprofitable affairs of somebody else.

(To be continued.)

THE CLIPPER OF THE CLOUDS.

BY JULES VERNE,

Author of "Godfrey Morgan," "The Boy Captain," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—ANOTHER DISAPPEARANCE.

THIS was not the first occasion on which, at the end of their stormy discussions, the members of the Weldon Institute had filled Walnut Street and its

neighbourhood with their tumult. Several times had the inhabitants complained of the noisy way in which the proceedings ended, and more than once had the

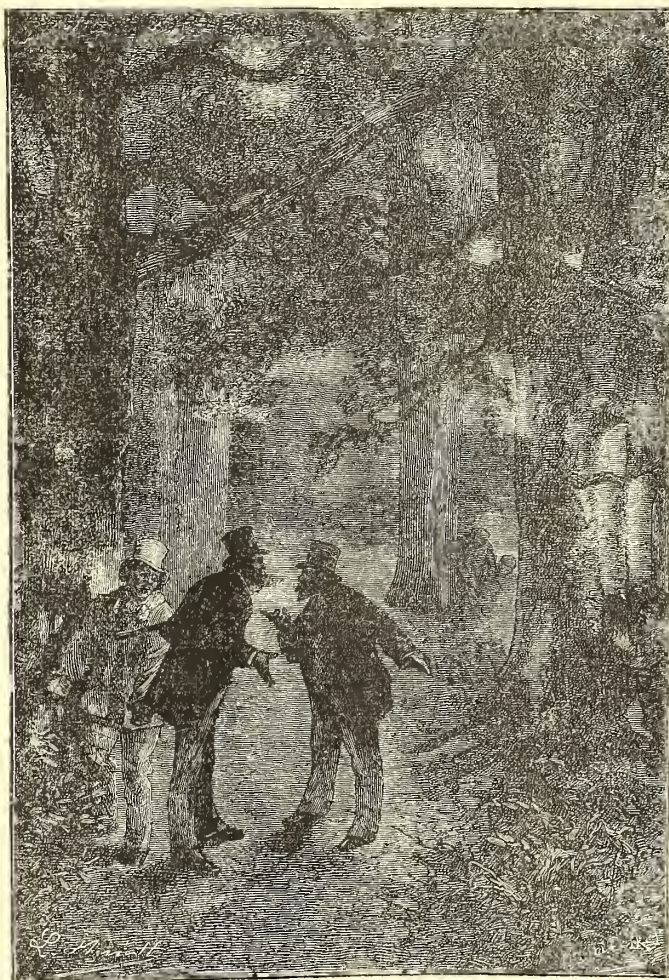
policemen had to interfere to clear the thoroughfare for the passers-by, who for the most part were supremely indifferent as to this question of aerial navigation. But never before had the tumult attained such proportions, never had the complaints been better founded, never had the intervention of the police been more necessary.

But there was some excuse for the members of the Weldon Institute. They had been attacked in their own house. To these enthusiasts for "lighter than air" a no less enthusiast for "heavier than air" had said things absolutely abhorrent. And at the moment they were about to treat him as he deserved he had disappeared.

And so they cried aloud for vengeance. To leave such insults unpunished was impossible to all with American blood in their veins. Had not the sons of Amerigo been called the sons of Cabot? Was not that an insult as unpardonable as it happened to be just—historically?

The members of the club in several groups rushed down Walnut Street, then into the adjoining streets, and then all over the neighbourhood. They woken up the householders; they compelled them to search their houses, prepared to indemnify them later on for the outrage on their privacy. Vain were all their trouble and searchings. Robur was nowhere to be found; there was no trace of him. He might have gone off in the Goahead, the balloon of the Institute, for all they could tell. After an hour's hunt the members had to give in and separate, not before they had agreed to extend their search over the whole territory of the double America that forms the new continent.

By eleven o'clock quiet had been restored in the neighbourhood of Walnut Street. Philadelphia was able to sink again into that sound sleep which is the privilege of non-manufacturing towns. The different members of the club parted to seek their respective houses. To men-



"They had reached the centre of a wide clump of trees."

tion the most distinguished amongst them, William T. Forbes sought his large sugar establishment, where Miss Doll and Miss Mat had prepared for him his evening tea, sweetened with his own glucose. Truck Milnor took the road to his factory in the distant suburb, where the engines worked day and night. Treasurer Jem Chip, publicly accused of possessing an alimentary canal twelve inches longer than that of other men, returned to the vegetable soup that was waiting for him.

Two of the most important balloonists—two only—did not seem to think of returning so soon to their domicile. They availed themselves of the opportunity to discuss the question with more than usual acrimony. These were the irreconcilables, Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans, the president and secretary of the Weldon Institute.

At the door of the club the valet Frycollin waited for Uncle Prudent, his master, and at last he went after him, though he cared but little for the subject which had set the two colleagues at loggerheads.

It is only by an euphemism that the verb "discuss" can be used to express the way in which the duet between the president and secretary was being performed. As a matter of fact they were in full wrangle with an energy born of their old rivalry.

"No, sir, no," said Phil Evans. "If I had had the honour of being president of the Weldon Institute, there never, no, never, would have been such a scandal."

"And what would you have done, if you had had the honour?" demanded Uncle Prudent.

"I would have stopped the insulter before he had opened his mouth."

"It seems to me it would have been impossible to stop him until he had opened his mouth."

"Not in America, sir; not in America."

And exchanging such observations, increasing in bitterness as they went, they walked on through the streets farther and farther from their homes, until they reached a part of the city whence they had to go a long way round to get back.

Frycollin followed, by no means at ease to see his master plunging into such deserted spots. He did not like deserted spots, particularly after midnight. In fact the darkness was profound and the moon was only a thin crescent just beginning its monthly life.

Frycollin kept a look-out to the left and right of him to see if he were followed. And he fancied he could see five or six hulking fellows dogging his footsteps.

Instinctively he drew nearer to his master, but not for the world would he have dared to break in on the conversation of which the fragments reached him.

In short it so chanced that the president and secretary of the Weldon Institute found themselves on the road to Fairmont Park. In the full heat of their dispute they crossed the Schuylkill river by the famous iron bridge. They met only a few belated wayfarers, and pressed on across a wide open tract where the immense prairie was broken every now and then by patches of thick woodland which makes the park unique in the world.

There Frycollin's terror became acute, particularly as he saw the five or six



"They were carried bodily off across the clearing."

shadows gliding after him across the Schuylkill bridge. The pupils of his eyes broadened out to the circumference of his iris, and his limbs seemed to diminish as if endowed with the contractility peculiar to the mollusca and certain of the articulata. For Frycollin, the valet, was an egregious coward.

He was a pure South Carolina negro, with the brain of a fool and the body of a nincompoop. Being only one-and-twenty he had never been a slave, not even by birth, but that made no difference to him. Grinning and greedy and idle, and a magnificent poltroon, he had been the servant of Uncle Prudent for about three years. Over and over again had his master threatened to kick him out, but had kept him on for fear of doing worse. With a master ever ready to venture on the most audacious enterprises, Frycollin's cowardice had brought him many arduous trials. But he had some compensation. Very little had been said about his gluttony, and still less about his laziness.

Ah, Valet Frycollin, if you could only have read the future! Why, oh why, Frycollin, did you not remain at Boston with the Sneffels, and not have given them up when they talked of going to Switzerland? Was not that a much more suitable place for you than this of Uncle Prudent's, where recklessness was never ending?

But here he was, and his master had become used to his faults. He had one

advantage, and that was a consideration. Although he was a negro by birth he did not speak like a negro, and nothing is so irritating as that hateful jargon in which all the pronouns are possessive and all the verbs infinitive.

Let it be understood, then, that Frycollin was a thorough coward.

And now it was midnight, and the pale crescent of the moon began to sink in the west behind the trees in the park. The rays streaming fitfully through the branches made the shadows darker than ever.

Frycollin looked round him anxiously. "Brrr!" he said. "There are those fellows there all the time. Positively they are getting nearer! . . . Master Uncle!" he shouted.

It was thus he called the president of the Weldon Institute, and thus did the president desire to be called.

At the moment the dispute of the rivals had reached its maximum, and as they hurled their epithets at each other they walked faster and faster, and drew farther and farther away from the Schuylkill bridge.

They had reached the centre of a wide clump of trees, whose summits were just tipped by the parting rays of the moon. Beyond the trees was a large clearing—an oval field, a regular amphitheatre. Not a hillock was there to hinder the gallop of the horses, not a bush to stop the view of the spectators.

And if Uncle Prudent and Phil Evans

had not been so deep in their disputing, and had used their eyes as they were accustomed to, they would have found the clearing was not in its usual state. Was it a flour-mill that had anchored on it during the night? It looked like it, with its wings and sails—motionless and mysterious in the gathering gloom.

But neither the president nor the secretary of the Weldon Institute noticed the strange modification in the landscape of Fairmont Park, and neither did Frycollin. It seemed to him that the thieves were approaching, and preparing for their attack; and he was suffering from convulsive fear, paralysed in his limbs, and with every hair he could boast on the bristle. His terror was extreme.

His knees bent under him, but he had just strength enough to exclaim for the last time,

"Master Uncle! Master Uncle!"

"What is the matter with you?" asked Uncle Prudent.

Perhaps the disputants would not have been sorry to have relieved their fury at the expense of the unfortunate valet. But they had no time; and neither even had he time to answer.

A whistle was heard. A flash of electric light shot across the clearing.

A signal, doubtless! The moment had come for the deed of violence!

In less time than it takes to tell, six men came leaping across from under the trees, two on to Uncle Prudent, two on to Phil Evans, two on to Frycollin—there was no need for the two last, for the negro was incapable of defending himself.

The president and secretary of the Weldon Institute, although taken by surprise, would have resisted.

They had neither time nor strength to do so. In a second they were rendered speechless by a gag, blind by a bandage, thrown down, pinioned and carried bodily off across the clearing. What could they think except that they had fallen into the hands of people who intended to rob them? The people did nothing of the sort, however. They did not even touch Uncle Prudent's pockets, although, according to his custom, they were full of paper dollars.

Within a minute of the attack, without a word being passed, Uncle Prudent, Phil Evans, and Frycollin felt themselves laid gently down, not on the grass, but on a sort of plank that creaked beneath them. They were laid down side by side.

A door was shut; and the grating of a bolt in a staple told them that they were prisoners.

Then there came a continuous buzzing,

a quivering, a frrrr, with the rrrr unending.

And that was the only sound that broke the quiet of the night.

* * * *

Great was the excitement next morning in Philadelphia! Very early was it known what had passed at the meeting of the Institute. Every one knew of the appearance of the mysterious engineer named Robur—Robur the Conqueror—and the tumult among the balloonists, and his inexplicable disappearance.

But it was quite another thing when all the town heard that the president and secretary of the club had also disappeared during the night.

Long and keen was the search in the city and neighbourhood! Useless! The newspapers of Philadelphia, the newspapers of Pennsylvania, the newspapers of the United States reported the facts and explained them in a hundred ways, not one of which was the right one. Heavy rewards were offered, and placards were pasted up, but all to no purpose. The earth seemed to have opened and bodily swallowed the president and secretary of the Weldon Institute.

(To be continued.)

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

By C. M. ARCHIBALD.

CHAPTER IX.—HAVELOCK'S ATTEMPTS AND FAILURES.—THE BATTLE OF BITHOOR.

WHEN I recovered I found that Havelock's column—1,500 strong—had pushed on for Lucknow; that they had had two successful engagements with the enemy, but their losses had been so great, and they were so much reduced by sickness, that they had been compelled to fall back, and that they were then lying at Mungulwar, on the opposite side of the Ganges, six miles from Cawnpore. The rebellion had spread to an alarming extent, and troops whose loyalty had been depended upon were now up in arms. Between Cawnpore and Lucknow the country was swarming with rebels. General Neill had arrived from Allahabad with reinforcements, but their number (not 300) was barely sufficient to fill the gaps in Havelock's column. He urged Havelock to remain at Cawnpore till the arrival of the reinforcements which were now moving up from Calcutta, but Havelock would not be deterred. "We must save Lucknow," was his answer, and he determined to make another effort. Accordingly Neill sent him all the men he could spare (about 260). I was anxious to join them, but the doctor would not allow me. Exposure, he said, in such weather, in my enfeebled condition, meant certain death.

Havelock pushed forward, but was again compelled to fall back, his force reduced by death and sickness to 1,000 men. Then news reached us that a rebel force, 4,000 strong, was marching on Cawnpore. Neill urged Havelock to fall back at once, otherwise Cawnpore would be captured, and our communications with Calcutta would be cut off. There-

upon Havelock prepared to return, but learning that a strong body of the rebels were pursuing him, he turned to meet them, and, after a desperate struggle, he defeated them.

On the night of the 13th of August the effectives of Havelock's column entered Cawnpore, and when I saw them next morning under arms on the parade ground I was startled at the change in their appearance. The 78th (what remained of them) had lost the fire and animation which had attracted me on their arrival in Calcutta two months before. They were haggard and jaded, and they had the sullen look of men who had been badly treated, while their eyes were keen and piercing. As I looked down the ranks of the 64th I missed many familiar faces. The survivors looked weary and despondent, and tears came in my eyes when I saw their pitiable condition.

When the parade was dismissed I joined the officers of the 64th, and, as I asked for one after another of those I missed, it was sad to be told, "He is dead," "He is wounded," or, "He is down with cholera."

I soon found that, both in the 64th and the 78th, there was a strong feeling with many against Havelock. Despite the warnings of experienced men, he had boldly taken the field during the worst season of the year, when the monsoon was raging, the rivers and roads in many places impassable, and the fields flooded with water; and he had gone, too, without a single tent or any proper covering for his men. Even had the weather been favourable, it was no light task to

take the field against a force about thirty times stronger than his was, and to try to pass through them. But he would not be dissuaded. It was his duty, he contended, to relieve Lucknow, and he would try it, whatever the cost. "If the worst comes to the worst," he said, "we can but die with our swords in our hands." The men, however, got disheartened. Toilsome marches by day, sleeping in wet fields at night, fighting against greatly superior forces in strong positions, soon told on their health and spirits, and cut many of them off.

Another danger now threatened us. Nana Sahib had collected an army of 4,000 men and was encamped near his palace at Bithoor, ten miles from Cawnpore. Their successes, and our weakness, had made the rebels confident, and they were flocking to the Nana's standard; but General Neill, who commanded at Cawnpore, thought it well to check their enthusiasm and hinder the further spreading of the rebellion. He proposed to Havelock that their combined forces should advance on the Nana's camp and deal him a crushing blow. Havelock agreed, and on the morning of the 16th all the available troops marched from Cawnpore.

The rebels were rash enough to fight with a deep river and a narrow bridge in their rear, and so, when we had stormed and taken position after position, and they saw that their only chance was to get to the bridge in time, every man left his neighbour to look to himself, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. It was a splendid chance for

cavalry, but the small handful we possessed was of little use.

Our great desire was to capture the Nana, but he escaped. We had the satisfaction, however, of looting and burning his palace.

Havelock was anxious to follow up our success, but Neill refused (he was Havelock's senior), declaring the men were too much worn out, and so we rested for the night, returning next day to Cawnpore.

CHAPTER X.—THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

HAVELOCK now abandoned the idea of relieving Lucknow without further reinforcements, and for these we waited at Cawnpore till the 19th of September, when we marched out, 3,200 strong. Two days later we fought the enemy at Mungulwar, and on the 23rd we stormed and captured the Alumbagh, a royal palace four miles from Lucknow, where the rebels made a determined stand. We rested next day, while the generals formed their plans.

With the exception of the Residency, in which the garrison was shut up, the whole of Lucknow was in possession of the mutineers, and their numbers (estimated at 50,000) so greatly exceeded ours that it was evident we could not hold the city, even if we should capture it. It was therefore resolved that we should fight our way to the Residency, and after effecting a junction with the garrison, bring them back to the Alumbagh.

The direct road to the Residency crossed a canal, at the bridge over which the enemy had placed some guns, and lined the opposite bank with infantry. After crossing the bridge (the Charbagh) the road was broad, but it was so strongly barricaded and entrenched, while the adjacent houses were loopholed for musketry, that the idea of approaching by that way was abandoned. It was finally resolved that we should storm the Charbagh bridge, and, after crossing the canal, turn to the right and fight our way through the streets to the garrison. It was a hazardous enterprise, but there was no help for it.

It was not my fate to share the glory and the danger of that memorable day, the 25th of September. The portion of the 64th which had come on from Cawnpore (the remainder had been left in

garrison), was detailed, along with portions of other regiments, to guard the wounded and the baggage, and we were inclined to envy our gallant comrades when we saw them march off.

Soon after the column had started the firing commenced—indeed, the 5th Fusiliers, who led, had to fight almost every step of the way, making repeated charges with the bayonet.

We spent the day anxiously, keeping a sharp look-out for the enemy, and trying to guess the fate of our comrades by the sound of the firing. We could hear that they had a prolonged and desperate struggle for the Charbagh bridge. Then there was a lull, followed by sharp musketry fire inside the city, and with a cry of relief we said to one another, "They've got in, thank God!"

As the day wore on we could hear from the direction of the firing that our gallant comrades were achieving their difficult task. When, late in the evening, the firing ceased we knew it was all over, and we sighed as we said one to another, "I wonder what it has cost?"

We saw no more of our comrades for two months. The mutineers had so effectually hemmed them in that all attempts to escape were futile. Getting anxious for our safety, surrounded as we were by hordes of rebels, they made a daring attempt to reach us, but they were driven back.

The rebels soon turned their attention to us, and tried their best to annihilate us, but being constantly on the alert, and by making frequent sorties, we held them in check, and finally, after besieging us for forty-nine days, they withdrew. Fortunately we had succeeded in opening communication with Cawnpore, from which supplies and reinforcements were sent us.

Meanwhile Delhi had been captured from the rebels, and all the troops which could be spared were ordered down to Cawnpore to join the column which was advancing, under Sir Colin Campbell, for the second relief of Lucknow. From thence they were pushed on to the Alumbagh. Among them came the 75th, and the following day I joined them, finding that, through losses at the siege of Delhi, I was now a lieutenant. My old regiment, the 20th, came up from Calcutta, and I was pleased to be among them once more.

On the 12th of November Campbell

arrived at the Alumbagh, where his column was concentrated, and on the 14th he advanced on Lucknow. For the second time I was fated to remain behind. The 75th were detailed to relieve the former garrison, consisting of detachments of the 64th, 78th, and the 7th Fusiliers, which were formed into a special battalion and attached to Campbell's column.

They had three days' hard fighting in the streets of Lucknow before they effected a junction with the garrison, who, meanwhile, had been fighting their way to meet them. Five days later the British evacuated the city, and on the 24th they arrived at the Alumbagh.

But a gloom was shed over their triumph. That morning, just when his task was accomplished, Havelock succumbed to an attack of dysentery, and his body found its last resting-place in the garden of the Alumbagh.

In the crowd of women and children brought in from Lucknow, there was one face which riveted my gaze. It was pale and haggard, and bore traces of deep suffering, but the features had, years before, been stamped on my memory. I started, and my heart throbbed fast, as I recognised my first love. She did not see me, and I could not speak to her, as I was on duty. Next morning I sought her. Who can describe our feelings when we met, and how can I describe the hopes that inspired me, when I learned that she might yet be mine? She was now a widow. Four months previously her husband had died from fever.

But my happiness was brief, my hopes were soon crushed. We parted a few days later, I to face the enemy, she to proceed to Calcutta. I saw her no more. Worn out with long-continued suffering, she died on the way.

I remained in India for several years, and when I obtained my majority I retired on half-pay, receiving, soon after, the adjutancy of a country Volunteer Corps.

I have often considered that the pleasure of a soldier's life is outweighed by the sacrifices he has to make, and the dangers and the chances he has to run; and, unless a man is prepared to run the risk and to take his chance, I say, as I said before, "Don't be a soldier; it's a poor life."

(THE END.)

BASIL WOOLLCOMBE, MIDSHIPMAN.

BY ARTHUR LEE KNIGHT,

Author of "The Cruise of the *Thesens*," "The Gunroom Heroes," etc

CHAPTER IV.—A SCOTCH GUNNER.

FOR some days Basil looked out anxiously for the postman, but for more than a week that official brought no letter from Lord Suaviter. Then at last, when the middy's patience was nearly exhausted, a hurried scrawl came for the admiral saying that his son's appointment was being made out for the *Narcissus*, a powerful frigate then fitting out at Portsmouth as flagship for the Cape station, Commodore Sir Doughty Deedes having already hoisted his broad pennant

on board. A few posts later came the official notice from the Admiralty, and Basil had to hurriedly make arrangements for joining his ship, for she was reported as almost ready for sea. The admiral had intended accompanying his son to Portsmouth, so as to see as much of him as possible, and inspect the ship which was to be his floating home for so long, but at the last moment some important business cropped up, and the old officer had to remain behind, promising

to set off for Portsmouth as soon as the unexpected affair should allow of his leaving home.

Basil travelled to the great naval port by the South-Western Railway, and on changing at Salisbury took his place in a carriage which was occupied by one passenger, who had only a few seconds before taken a window seat, and was making himself comfortable therein. This individual was tall, thin, and bony, but his weatherbeaten face had a kindly expres-

sion which almost always impressed strangers in its favour. His age might have been anything between forty and fifty, and his general appearance was that of a sailor, and a sailor who had gone through some hardships, as was attested by the deeply-furrowed lines in his forehead and at the corners of his mouth. The face was clean-shaven with the exception of whiskers, the eye clear and blue, hair sandy, and the nose very large and prominent. Though carefully dressed, Basil saw at a glance that his travelling companion was not a gentleman, and he was just revolving in his own mind all sorts of conjectures about his *vis-à-vis*, when the subject of his

Mr. Farquhar had sailed with Admiral Woolcombe when the former was a gunner's mate and the latter was captain of the Retribution, at that time flagship on the south-east coast of America. The gunner was delighted to hear that there was a chance of seeing Admiral Woolcombe on board the Narcissus, and he and the middy soon became fast friends.

"Ye'll be surprised, nae doot, Mr. Woolcombe," observed Mr. Farquhar, after an interval of silence, "to see me in plain clothes, but the thing stands this gate, ye see. I winna for the life o' me gang on leave in uniform if I can help it, for it seems to clap a stopper on one's feeling o' freedom and enjoyment. Cap-

Basil was eager to find out something more about the officers and ship, but at that moment the train steamed into Portsmouth station, and conversation was necessarily checked.

"I hope ye winna tak' it as a liberty, but will ye be joining in a cab down to the Hard, Mr. Woolcombe?" queried the gunner as they began singling out the luggage; "it'll save us baith saxpence; and as ye ken, nae doot, we say north of the Tweed, 'Every mickle maks a muckle.'"

"I'll drive down with you, Mr. Farquhar, with pleasure," said the middy, making a sudden dive after his portmanteau to hide the smile he felt it impossible to



"I ken weel that ye'll be going to join some ship the day?"

thoughts, laying down the "Glasgow Free Press" which he had been reading, gave a keen look at the midshipman, and accosted him in a voice which bore a strong Scotch accent.

"Gude mornin', young gentleman; I ken weel enough that ye'll be going to join some ship at Portsmouth the day?"

"Yes, I am," answered Basil; "I've been appointed to the Narcissus; she is going to sail in a few days for the Cape of Good Hope, I believe."

"Eh, guide us! We'll be shipmates for mony a braw day, then," ejaculated the stranger, "for I'm James Farquhar, the gunner of the Narcissus, and if I daur venture sae muckle, young gentleman, may I ask your name?"

Basil having informed the Scotch gunner of his name, it soon transpired that

tain Croker gave me two days' leave to gae hame and see my sick mother. I changed suits at my brother's house in Portsea, and I'm e'en thinking I'll do the same on my way back."

"Is Captain Croker the commander of the Narcissus?" asked Basil; "and is he a nice man?"

"Well, he's what I should call a rum un," was the answer; "that I'll take my aith to, but ye ken weel enough that a warrant officer mauna say too much agin his superiors. In my puir mind he's crackit"—here the gunner significantly touched his forehead—"and now ye ken as muckle aboot him as I do, for I never sailed wi' him before. The first lieutenant is ane o' the right sort—a Scotchman, Sinclair by name; all the youngsters in the gunroom like him."

check; then, having recovered his gravity, "I have to call in at my outfitters', Chesterman and Dirkall, to find out if they have sent my things on board or not. Their shop is on the Hard, isn't it?"

"It is," said the gunner, hailing a cab; "I ken them weel. And what's more, my brother lives close by, so I'm e'en thinking that I'll be changing into uniform the while you're claverin' wi' Chesterman and Dirkall, and then we'll see if we canna come across ane o' the Narcissus's boats to tak' us off to the ship, for the watermen wad leave us without a bawbee in our pockets if they had to sail us out to Spithead."

In a few minutes Basil had transacted his business with his outfitters, and on emerging from the shop perceived Mr.

Farquhar, dressed in a warrant officer's frock-coat, stalking along the Hard, followed by an obsequious crowd of wherry-men, each begging him to try their own particular boat, the qualities of which as a good sea-boat, renowned for speed and safety, they extolled to the skies. They fell back disappointed when the gunner disdainfully waved them aside and expressed his intention of waiting for a ship's boat.

Just as Basil joined his new friend, a young midshipman, evidently on duty, and with a dirk on, hastily emerged from the dockyard gates and hurried along the Hard as if in search of some one.

"We hae ken'd ane anither before, I'm thinking, Mr. De Lisle," observed the gunner, facetiously, addressing the middy who was hurrying past him in an unobservant manner. "Hae ye got the second cutter in the dockyard, and what are ye sae fashed aboot?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Farquhar; I didn't see you," responded the midshipman. "The fact is, I'm rather in a fix. One of my crew, Simmons, managed to slip away whilst we were getting some of the boatswain's stores down to the boat, and I can't find him anywhere; and shall get in a jolly row from the commander if I go on board without him."

"Don't fash yoursell sae muckle aboot the matter, youngster," said the good-natured gunner. "In my puir mind we'll find him at the bar of the Cock and Bottle round the corner. This is Mr. Woolcombe, just coming aboard to join your mess, and maybe you'll gie us a passage off to the auld clipper if you're not laden down to your boat's gunwale."

De Lisle, who was a refined, gentlemanly-looking boy, shook hands warmly with Basil, and said he should be most happy to give him and the gunner a passage off, but he must first find his missing man.

In response to this, Mr. Farquhar turned sharp off to the right, and beckoning to the boys to follow him, passed at a rapid pace down a narrow alley, which eventually led into a broader but very dirty street, where gin-shops and cheap lodging-houses seemed to abound. Stopping at one of the former, which bore the sign of the Cock and Bottle, the gunner dived into the unsavoury interior, which reeked of gin and tobacco smoke, and before the middies had time to follow him, reappeared in the doorway, holding the truant Simmons in a grip of iron, whilst he addressed him in forcible words of reproach and contempt. The bluejacket—who was already half-seas over—attempted at first to throw off the gunner's grasp, and asked him with a thick utterance to take his coat off and fight it out like a man, but Mr. Farquhar, who was immensely muscular and powerful, shook him as a dog would a rat, and announced his intention of running him down to the water's edge and giving him an enforced ducking if he did not walk down quietly to the boat; and the man, who was sober enough to understand the threat, and felt thoroughly cowed by the gunner's rough-and-ready method of tackling him, complied with a reluctant and sullen air, and in a few minutes the whole party passed through the great portals of the dockyard, which were jealously guarded by several policemen, and then, guided by De Lisle, soon reached the wharf, where the cutter, with

the rest of her crew in charge of the coxswain, were anxiously awaiting their midshipman's return.

The coxswain, a smart-looking, handsome seaman, looked relieved when he saw the missing man, but accosted him in rather a rough tone.

"Well, where have you been sloping off to, you filthy young swab? You're not fit to pull an oar in a man-of-war's cutter; you ought to be in a collier brig. That's the sort of craft for the likes o' you, you lazy, drunken son of a gun. You'll not pull an oar again in this boat, my hearty, so put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"I'll stay in the boat till the commander tells me to go out of it; it ain't no business o' yours," answered the half-tipsy sailor, with a malignant look at his mentor, who was one of the smartest petty officers in the ship.

The coxswain did not answer, but catching up a piece of stout rope that lay on the jetty close by, he laid it across the man's back with hearty goodwill, remarking, "I'll teach you to give me any of your lip, you rascally sea-lawyer. I suppose you don't know that Mr. De Lisle has been looking for you everywhere, and that you've been keeping the rest of the crew away from their suppers whilst you were swilling yourself stupid in a grog-shop, you drunken son of a sea-cook. Wait till I get you on the lower-deck and the master-at-arms ain't by. I'll teach you civility then, or my name's not Jack Stretcher."

De Lisle now interposed.

"Let him get into the boat now, Stretcher," he said. "I'll report him to the commander directly we get on board, whether it gets me into trouble or not. Jump into the cutter, Simmons, and toss your oar up."

"If I'm to be turned out of the boat, I won't pull, hanged if I will," said the man, doggedly, and with a dangerous look in his leering, bloodshot eye.

"Do you dare to disobey my orders?" exclaimed De Lisle, flushing angrily at hearing this mutinous answer; "get into the boat at once, or I'll have you put under arrest directly we reach the ship."

For answer, Simmons convulsively clenched his fist and rushed at the young midshipman, evidently with the intention of knocking him down. So sudden and unlooked-for was the movement, that the coxswain, who was nearest him, had not time to grasp the mutineer, but Basil, who was standing on one side, put his foot out as the ruffian rushed past him, and very cleverly tripped him up, when he fell headlong and with a heavy thud to the ground. In an instant he was in the iron grasp of Mr. Farquhar and the coxswain, his legs and arms were bound with some stout rope, and he was bundled unceremoniously into the boat, where he lay growling and muttering in a diabolical manner.

"I say, you're a brick, Woolcombe," said De Lisle, emphatically; "I never saw a thing more neatly done. The fellow went over like a ninepin, and I don't believe I could have withstood that ugly rush of his, it was so sudden and determined."

"He's good for four dozen, I'm e'en thinking," observed the gunner; "I wadna be in his brogues for something. Now, I suppose, we can shove off to the saucy Narcissus, Mr. De Lisle, if ye'll be kind enough to gie us a passage," and

without waiting for the middy's answer, Mr. Farquhar jumped into the boat.

"Come along, Woolcombe," said De Lisle to his new messmate, "make yourself comfortable in the stern-sheets and we'll soon have you on board. There's a fair breeze outside the harbour which will take us out to Spithead in no time."

"How about our luggage?" asked Basil, suddenly remembering that it had all been deposited at Chesterman and Dirkall's, "we left it at my outfitters'."

"I'm what ye wad ca' preceesely a fule," exclaimed the gunner, bringing his fist down on the gunwale of the boat; "I'd clean forgot all aboot it, and I'm muckle afraid ye'll hae to pull roond to the Hard for the gear, for it would be ferry awkward to gae on board without it, Mr. De Lisle, wadna it noo?"

"The pinnace is coming ashore for liberty men at four-bells," put in Stretcher; "couldn't they bring off the baggage, sir?"

De Lisle looked inquiringly at the gunner.

"To be sure, to be sure," said the old Scotchman, "what wad be better! and we'll be no giving you trouble, my lad, and the gear'll be safe eno'."

"Shove off forward!" ordered De Lisle, authoritatively.

The two bowmen, who were standing up with their boathooks in their hands, gave the cutter's bow a vigorous shove off from the wharf, the remainder of the crew tossed their oars up, the coxswain assumed the tiller, and the boat slowly glided away from the jetty. Then as soon as she was well clear of all obstructions the oars fell with a spontaneous splash into the murky green waters, and in obedience to the order "Give way together, lads," given by De Lisle, the men bent their sturdy backs, the quivering blades buried themselves under the surface of the tranquil waters of the harbour, and the boat sped along at an exhilarating pace, happily aided by the strong ebb tide then running, and which sweeps out through the narrow entrance under the frowning guardian forts like a millstream, as is likely to have been impressed upon the memory of any one who has tried to impel a boat against it. Its velocity is something extraordinary.

"White, you'll take charge of Simmons instead of getting your oar out," said De Lisle, addressing one of the bowmen, "and take care he doesn't try to jump overboard. Fagg, you take Simmons's oar."

"I wadna gie muckle for his life, if he tries that game on," observed the gunner, sententiously. "I dinna ken as I ever tried swimming with my arms and legs tied, but I'm sure it wad be a ferry difficult operation. He'd be thraving his life awa in my puir opeenion."

De Lisle winked at his new messmate as the gunner gravely delivered this ironical speech, and then asked Basil if he had ever been at Portsmouth before.

"Never," said our hero; "but I've always been awfully anxious to see it."

"That's the Victory," said De Lisle, pointing with his dirk to an ancient-looking three-decker they were just passing, whose giant sides, relieved by the three lines of chequered portholes, seemed to tower high into the air above them; "she's the flagship now, but the port-admiral lives on shore."

Basil gazed with awe and reverence at the noble old ship as the tide swept

them rapidly by her, and his mind reverted to all the stories he had heard and read of Britain's great naval hero.

"Hullo! De Lisle, how are you? Can't you come on board and see me?" sung out a boyish voice suddenly from one of the stern ports of the great line-of-battle ship.

"Can't possibly, old man," returned De Lisle, waving his hand to a young midshipman, who was leaning his head and the greater part of his body out of one of the gunroom ports, at the imminent risk of falling overboard; "I'm away on duty, and must get on board at once. Can't you come and dine with me to-morrow, we sail the day after?"

"All right, I'll come if I can," was the response, and in another moment they were out of earshot.

"An awfully jolly fellow, that," explained De Lisle; "we were together in the *Britannia*, and always great chums. He's borne on the books of the *Victory* now, waiting for a ship. Very slow sort of life, he says."

"There's the pinnace, sir," put in the coxswain, touching his hat and pointing down the harbour; "we'd better give 'em a hail and let them know about the gear they have to call for."

The cutter being steered so as to pass close to the pinnace, a message was easily conveyed as to the baggage left behind, which the sub-lieutenant in command promised he would call for and bring off, whereat Mr. Farquhar looked much relieved, for he had been inwardly chafing at having parted with his belongings, especially as there was a bottle of real Glenlivet whisky stowed away carefully in one of the boxes, which he was bringing back for the gratification of his brother warrant-officers, the boat-swain and carpenter.

As the cutter was nearing the *St. Vincent*, a three-decker training ship for boys, moored near the mouth of the harbour, and De Lisle was thinking of stepping his mast so as to perform the rest of the distance under canvas, a handsome galley shot out from the Gosport side, and with long, swinging strokes, pulled out seawards in a line almost parallel with the one pursued by the cutter. A middle-aged, stout, rather red-faced man sat in the stern-sheets holding the yoke-lines; his uniform frock-coat bore on its breast innumerable ribbons and orders, and the abundance of gold lace on the sleeves betokened the high rank of the wearer, as did the sparkling oak-leaves on the broad down-turned peak of his uniform cap, which latter was pulled forward considerably, and threw his face somewhat into shadow. The boat was a perfect model of beauty, painted a dazzling white, and fitted up in a most expensive and sumptuous manner. The crew were in perfect keeping with their surroundings, being bronzed, stalwart, and handsome men, who looked fit to go anywhere and do anything, and they sent the white galley spinning along at a pace that bid fair to soon outstrip the more heavily-weighted cutter, which was, nevertheless, by no means a slow boat; but she was now labouring under the disadvantage of being short of her complement of oarsmen.

"Is that no the auld commodore himself?" asked the gunner, suddenly, as his eye fell on the approaching galley; "ye must stand by to toss your oars, my lad, or ye'll be hauled ower the coals by

the auld gentleman, tak' my word for it!"

"I really didn't recognise him at the moment," answered De Lisle, hurriedly; "he has such a habit of wearing his cap over his eyes that I verily believe one of them is a glass one, and he doesn't want people to find it out! Stand by to toss your oars, men, as the commodore passes! Oars!"

Up flew the oars, being held rigid and upright between the men's knees, whilst, according to naval etiquette, the gunner and the two midshipmen rose for a moment in the stern-sheets and doffed their caps.

The commodore returned the salute in a dignified manner, and then telling his crew to lay on their oars, hailed in a deep sepulchral voice, that seemed to come from somewhere in the region of his boots, "Is that one of our cutters, and who is the midshipman in charge?"

De Lisle sprang to his feet again and took his cap off. "This is the second cutter, sir," he answered, "and I'm in charge of her."

"But who are you, sir?" exclaimed Sir Doughty Deedes, testily; "do you imagine I know all my midshipmen by sight already, and why are you pulling two oars short?"

"I'm Mr. De Lisle, sir," answered the middy, beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable at this questioning on the part of his superior; "I'm sorry to say that one of my crew managed to slip away whilst we were at the dockyard, and as he returned in a tipsy state, I have been obliged to tell a man off to take charge of him."

"That looks like laxity on the part of the midshipman of the boat," returned Sir Doughty, severely, "but of course the commander will inquire into the case and hear what you have to say about it."

"If I may tak' the liberty as an auld shipmate, Sir Doughty," exclaimed the old gunner, standing up with his cap in his hand, "the thing stands this gate, ye see; the preceese way o' it in my puir opeenion, if I may daur venture sae muckle—"

"There is no necessity for you to explain, Mr. Farquhar, thank you," broke in the commodore, frigidly; "perhaps Mr. De Lisle is not to blame, but Captain Croker will see to that. Let the man be sent on the quarter-deck directly he arrives on board."

And telling his crew to give way, Sir Doughty—who had to make a great effort to preserve his gravity—quickly glided out of earshot; and then shortly after, having hoisted a lug-sail, the galley was soon only distinguishable as a white speck upon the heaving waters that stretched away to the Isle of Wight, which natural breakwater was now fast assuming a purple colour as the exquisite and varied tints of sunset suffused the western skies, and made the whole scene one of fairy-like loveliness. The sea was just lively enough to give freshness and motion to the picture, and this effect was assisted by the appearance of a man-of-war brig and two or three yachts, which, under clouds of snowy canvas, appeared to be making for Cowes, whilst a rakish-looking steamer coming from Ryde, crowded with passengers, and pouring out volumes of black smoke, looked in the distance as if she must infallibly cut one of them down to

the water's edge. In the roadstead at Spithead—guarded by its granite forts bristling with heavy artillery—lay several men-of-war, with their tapering masts and yards clearly cut against the evening sky; whilst behind them the beautiful island lay tranquilly, her woods, meadows, and low but picturesque hills wrapped in the soft purple haze that so frequently announces the decline of day in our humid climate.

Immediately the cutter had cleared the mouth of the harbour, and the influence of the breeze could be felt, De Lisle ordered the oars to be laid in; the dipping-lug was hoisted, and with a flowing sheet the boat snored through the gleaming carmine-tinted waves like an impatient racehorse speeding over the course with its distant goal in sight. I know of no motion so exhilarating as that of a fast boat, well trimmed and properly steered, dashing through the foam-flecked waves of a freshening sea, and heeling over gallantly to the influence of a steady breeze.

"The auld commodore was in a bad humour, I'm thinking," observed the gunner, after a lengthy silence, during which he had been absently leaning over the gunwale, as if to conjecture at what speed the boat was going; "he looked as red and angry as my father's auld 'bubblyjock' that used to stalk about our farm in the Hielsands, and was the terror of us bairns; it wadna hae vexed me half sae muckle, but that I'm an auld shipmate o' mony years' standing."

"What ship were you in together?" asked Basil.

"'Twas in the auld *Queen*, mony years ago now," answered the old gunner, lowering his voice so as not to be overheard by the crew. "Sir Doughty was her commander then, and a ferry smart officer too. I was a gunner's mate, and used often to practise the young gentlemen at gunnery and singlestick, and they were as fond o' me as my own bairns might be, though I say it that shouldna. Well, I dinna ken, Mr. De Lisle, if ye know onything about our chief's history, but ye hit the right nail on the head when ye remarked just noo that he'd bent a glass eye. It's as true as Gospel, and it's mysell knows all about it, for I was close at hand when the thieving callant of a Fijian stuck his spear right through Commander Deedes's right eye, and he fell to the ground covered wi' blood. All hands thought he had slipped his cable and made sail for anither world, but on carrying the body on board, the surgeon set to wi' a wull, and soon brought his senses back to him. The brain hadna been touched, ye ken, but the eyesight was gane for ever, and he wasna out o' the sick list for mony a lang day. Some months later we called at Sydney, and there the commander cam across a clever mon that dealt in glass eyes and sic like baubles, and had his figure-head made ship-shape again, so that ye can hardly tell the starboard blinker from the port one."

"Oh! but you haven't told us half the story, Mr. Farquhar," broke in Basil, with a disappointed look; "what were you doing on the island, and what became of the man who speared the commodore?"

"Eh! ye want me to spin you a yarn," returned the gunner knowingly, "but that winna do, my lad, for here we are close alongside the auld *Narcissus*; and

the story is a lang one and an exciting one too for the matter o that. Maybe I'll be telling ye the story ane o' these fine days if ye remind me aboot it."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Farquhar, I shan't forget your promise."

"And mind, I must be there too," put in De Lisle, "that would be only fair."

"Boat ahoy!" hailed a marine sentry who was stationed at the *Narcissus's* port gangway and could not well distinguish

the cutter in the now fast-gathering gloom.

"*Narcissus*," answered De Lisle promptly. "Stand by to lower the fore-sail! Bowmen get your boathooks ready! Stand by to fend her off!"

"Boat answers *Narcissus*, sir," sung out the sentry to the officer of the watch who was pacing the poop.

"Very good. Midshipman of the watch, see the side-boys ready, and send

the messenger-boy to tell the boatswain the cutter is coming alongside with some of his stores."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Amid the slight bustle occasioned by these orders the second cutter doused her sail and dashed alongside the huge frigate, whose hull and spars looked almost gigantic in the dusky twilight.

(To be continued.)

IN SEARCH OF THE JEANNETTE.

PART II.

To guide the traveller in winter, when the deep snow obliterates all traces of the road, there are placed along the roadside piles of stones, from eight to ten feet in height.

Although the temperature is not remarkably low, the weather in winter is stormy and disagreeable. The winter of 1880 and 1881 was the coldest that had been experienced in twenty years. Reykjavik Harbour was then frozen for a short time. The official record of temperature, recorded hourly, shows that the mean temperature (day and night) for the year ending May 31st, 1881, was 36.7° Fahrenheit. The mean for January, 20.84°, and for July, 57.20°. That winter the sea between the north coast and Grinsea Island, fifteen miles distant, was frozen. No grain grows in Iceland, and fir-trees imported from Norway do not attain a height of more than three feet. It is stated that at one time grain was produced, but the soil now freezes to so great a depth that it does not thaw

sufficiently during the short summer. The soil of the flat lands is broken up into small hummocks (caused by the frost) in groups and regular rows. The short grass growing along the banks of the streams affords pasture for sheep and ponies. Wool is exported. The sheep are not sheared in the ordinary manner, the wool being pulled off by the handful, leaving a coat of coarse, hair-like wool remaining. It is not a painful operation, for the wool, if allowed to remain until warm weather, would drop off. The Icelandic ponies resemble the Shetland, but are heavier bodied. They are exported in large numbers to Scotland and Denmark.

The codfish banks to the south and east of the island, which were known to the ancient Britons, still afford employment to a large majority of the inhabitants of the coast. In 1881 five and a half million fish were exported to Europe. The fish heads, which are used for home consumption, may be seen hanging

in festoons on the palings along the roadside, undergoing the drying process. Every portion of the cod is utilised; the liver yields oil, the head, boiled to a jelly, affords food, and the hard bones are used as fuel by the poorer classes.

Another industry peculiar to Iceland is the preparation of eider-down. The eider duck frequents the low islands of the harbours in the spring, and builds its nest in the hollows formed by the hummocks. We visited the largest eider farm, on an island of about two square miles in extent, opposite Reykjavik, where a keeper has a good-sized house. The ducks are not fed, and occasion no more trouble than is necessary to collect the down. They are protected by law, and the penalty for shooting one is £15, at least that is the amount a Danish officer had to pay not long since. The nest is built with an under layer of seaweed and small sticks, lined with down plucked from the breast of the female. The



A Finn.



Lapland Girls.



Respectable Laps.



A Laplander.

first nest is robbed of its down, when the bird again plucks herself and relines the nest; if

they then seek another breeding-place. The down is dressed by placing it upon strings of

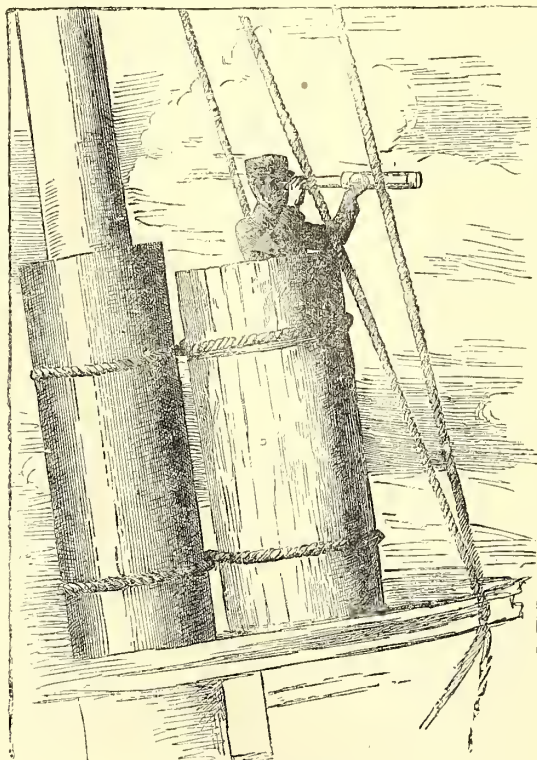
bling a semicircular chopping-knife. This operation is repeated several times, until all foreign substances are removed, the down falling into a trough as it passes between the strings. In colour it is a greyish-brown, similar to that of the duck. The drake is white, with a triangular breastplate of greenish-black feathers. When pure, which it rarely is after exportation, the down is the softest and most elastic of substances, and so light that two pounds suffice to fill a bed-spread of several inches in thickness. The eider duck is about the size of the mallard, and the eggs, which are very palatable, a trifle larger than those of the domestic species.

With a population of only 70,000, Iceland is 5,000 square miles larger than Ireland. The educational facilities are much better than would be expected, considering geographical position and other circumstances. The first printing-press was imported early in the sixteenth century, and the first book was printed in 1531, by John Mathieson.

On the 15th of July our voyage was continued along the south and east coasts of Iceland, passing rugged mountains and glaciers, the ice-cold torrents pouring from the ravines influencing to a perceptible degree the temperature of the water ten miles at sea.

At Reykjavik, although it was daylight during the twenty-four hours, the sun had set for a short time at midnight, but as we crossed the Arctic circle and sighted the iron-bound coast of Norway, the midnight dusk gradually grew shorter, until, when we arrived at Hammerfest, July 24, the sun set for the last time the rest of the summer was a long, long day.

The mountains of the Norwegian coast are rugged and bare, except a growth of moss on the foot-hills. They rise to a height of from 1,500 to 3,000 feet, even in summer mottled by patches of snow. The scenery is impressive, but the lack of verdure makes it of rather a dreary character. Although the northernmost city in the world, the harbour of Hammerfest (N. lat. 70° 40') never freezes,



The Crow's-Nest.

this be also taken the drake supplies down for a third, which, if similarly treated, appears to exhaust the patience of both, for

raw hide stretched in parallel rows, about an inch apart, upon a square wooden frame, and rubbing it with a wooden instrument resem-

owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream and rapid tides; still the temperature in winter falls below zero, and heavy snow-storms prevail, almost burying the town; while from about December 15th till January 15th there is only twilight between the hours of 11 A.M. and 1 P.M. The winter of 1880-81 was exceedingly severe, with a very low temperature, and although the snow was not as deep as usual, it still blocked the streets in May, and in July it filled the ravines behind the town, in one place forming a snow bridge over a mountain torrent, which came foaming from beneath it in a series of cascades.

The town is on a mountain side, with streets at considerable incline, and the houses, built of wood, present a marked contrast with the tidy appearance of those of Reykjavik.

Weekly communication, *by steamer*, is had (in summer) with the southern ports and with Vardo on the north, while the hotel enjoys then the patronage of a few tourists who come, presumably, to witness the midnight sun and view North Cape, seventy miles to the northward, the northernmost point of Europe. A telegraph line to London and intermediate points links it with civilisation. We employed here an ice-pilot, and had made and erected on the foretopgallant cross-trees a crow's-nest. It is built up of staves, like a barrel, with straight sides, or, perhaps, more resembling an inverted churn, six feet in height, and is used by all Arctic cruisers to protect the look-out on his airy perch.

Laplanders visit Hammerfest in summer to trade. Quite a number of both men and women waddled about the town without any apparent object. Samoyens from the northern coast of Siberia were there also, but only a few got so far south. Fortunately the illustrations do not make manifest that which might shock the senses of the fastidious, for they are in appearance the filthiest people to be found, not even excepting the Esquimaux.

For vessels bound for the Polar Seas, Hammerfest is the last inhabited stopping-place, for on neither Bear Island, Spitzbergen, nor Franz Josef Land are there any human beings. Nearly all the famous Arctic explorers searching for the North-East Passage and the route to the Pole, have made their final preparations here, and many well-known walrus-hunters, who lend their aid to geographical science, sail from here yearly.

With a population of about two thousand, engaged principally in fishing, where the sun does not appear above the horizon in mid-winter, and industries are at a standstill for four or five months in the year, it is not surprising that a large percentage of the people are in needy circumstances. The scanty earnings of summer are exhausted long before the breaking up of the northern ice renders it possible for these hardy hunters and fishermen to resume their occupation of privation and danger, and it often becomes necessary for the merchants, a few of whom own all the fishing vessels, to contribute to the sup-

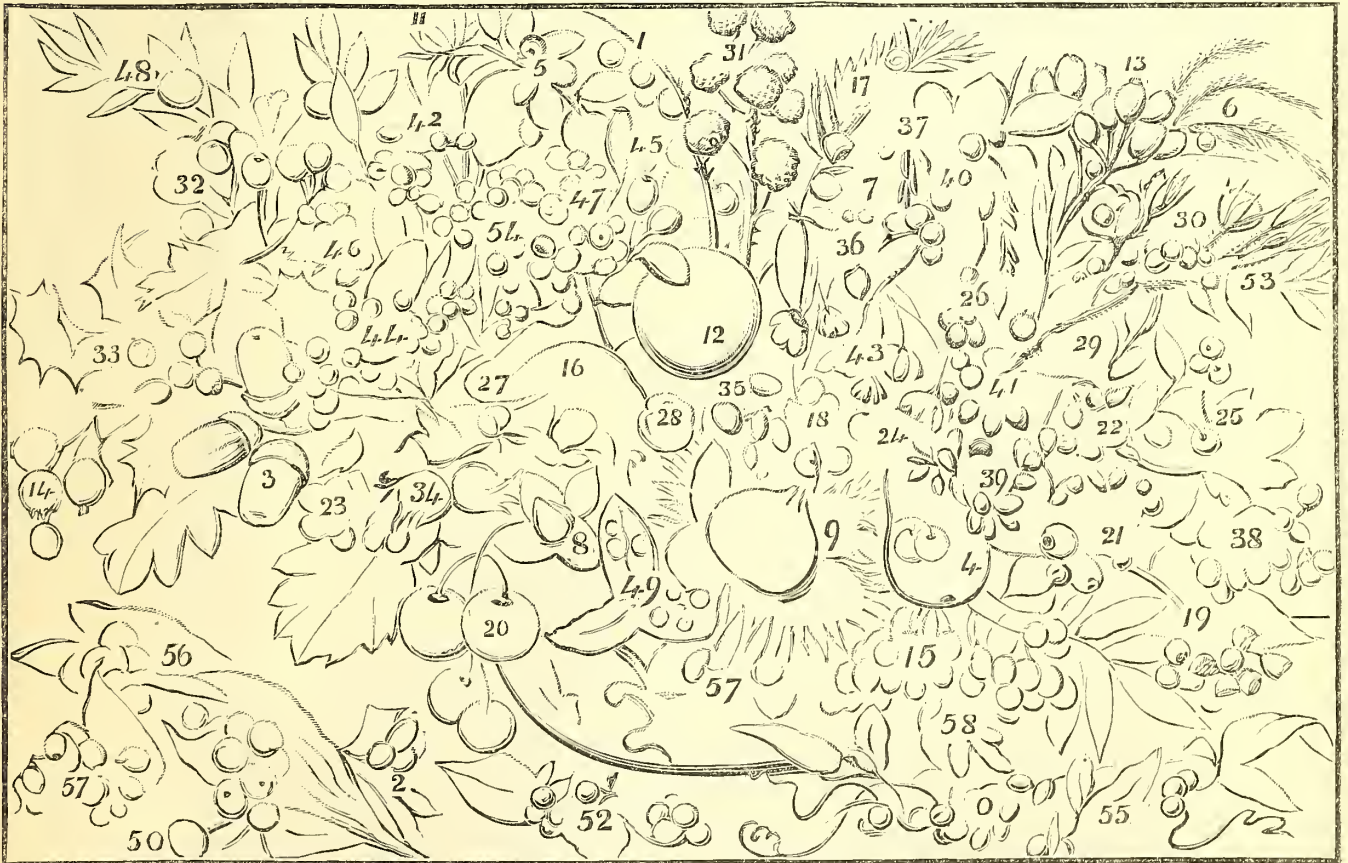
port of their *employés* to prevent actual starvation.

It is not an unusual occurrence for families to be left destitute by the loss of the vessels and their crews. The previous summer three walrus-hunters passed through "Matotschkin Sehar," a narrow strait which divides Nova Zembla, where they were beset, and had not returned or been heard from when we left, on the 16th of September. The poverty of their equipment makes it very doubtful if they survive through the winter. The story of shipwreck and life lost may be repeated almost every year. In 1872 Mattilas, an aged and widely-known hunter and voyager, who had sailed his forty-ton sloop in Spitzbergen waters for forty-two summers, was beset late in September on the northern coast of Spitzbergen. He and a companion endeavoured to struggle through the darkness and storm of the succeeding eight months with no better protection than was afforded by two boats from their abandoned craft, turned bottom upward upon the beach and covered with skins and sails. Their bodies were found the following spring by Nordenskjöld, who had wintered near them. Five other vessels were crushed by the ice at the same time and place, seventeen of their crew travelling ninety miles over the ice to Cape Thorsden, in Ice Fiord, where they also perished from scurvy, a deadlier enemy than the cold.

(To be continued.)

OUR ENGLISH FRUITS.—See also p. 142.

[Key to Coloured Plate of Monthly Part.]



1. Lily of the Valley (*Convallaria majalis*).
2. Spurge Laurel (*Daphne laureola*).
3. Acorn (*Quercus robur*).
4. Pear (*Pyrus communis*).
5. Cotoneaster (*Cotoneaster vulgaris*).
6. Asparagus (*Asparagus officinalis*).
7. Red Currant (*Ribes rubrum*).
8. Beech (*Fagus sylvatica*).

9. Chestnut (*Castanea vulgaris*).
10. Baneberry or Herb Christopher (*Actæa spicata*).
11. Herb Paris (*Paris quadrifolia*).
12. Crab Apple (*Pyrus malus*).
13. Wild Service Tree (*Pyrus torminalis*).
14. Whitebeam (*Pyrus aria*).
15. Mountain Ash (*Pyrus aucuparia*).
16. Medlar (*Mespilus germanica*).

17. Yew (*Taxus baccata*).
18. Mistletoe (*Viscium album*).
19. Ivy (*Hedera helix*).
20. Arbutus (*Arbutus unedo*).
21. Whortleberry or Bilberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*).
22. Bleaberry or Bog Whortleberry (*Vaccinium uliginosum*).
23. Cowberry (*Vaccinium vitis idæa*).

[See over.]

24. Cranberry (*Vaccinium oxycoccos*).
25. Bearberry (*Arctostaphylos uva ursi*).
26. Crowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*).
27. Juniper (*Juniperus communis*).
28. Cloudberry (*Rubus chamaemorus*).
29. Stone Bramble (*Rubus saxatilis*).
30. Dewberry (*Rubus cæsius*).
31. Blackberry (*Rubus fruticosus*).
32. Hawthorn (*Crataegus oxyacantha*).
33. Holly (*Ilex aquifolium*).
34. Hazel (*Corylus avellana*).
35. Bird Cherry (*Prunus padus*).

36. Sloe (*Prunus spinosa*).
37. Barberry (*Berberis vulgaris*).
38. Guelder Rose (*Viburnum opulus*).
39. Wayfaring Tree (*Viburnum lantana*).
40. Buckthorn (*Rhamnus catharticus*).
41. Sea Buckthorn (*Hippophaë rhamnoides*).
42. Dogwood (*Cornus sanguinea*).
43. Spindle Tree (*Euonymus europæa*).
44. Elder (*Sambucus nigra*).
45. Dog Rose (*Rosa canina*).
46. Honeysuckle (*Lonicera periclymenum*).
47. Privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*).

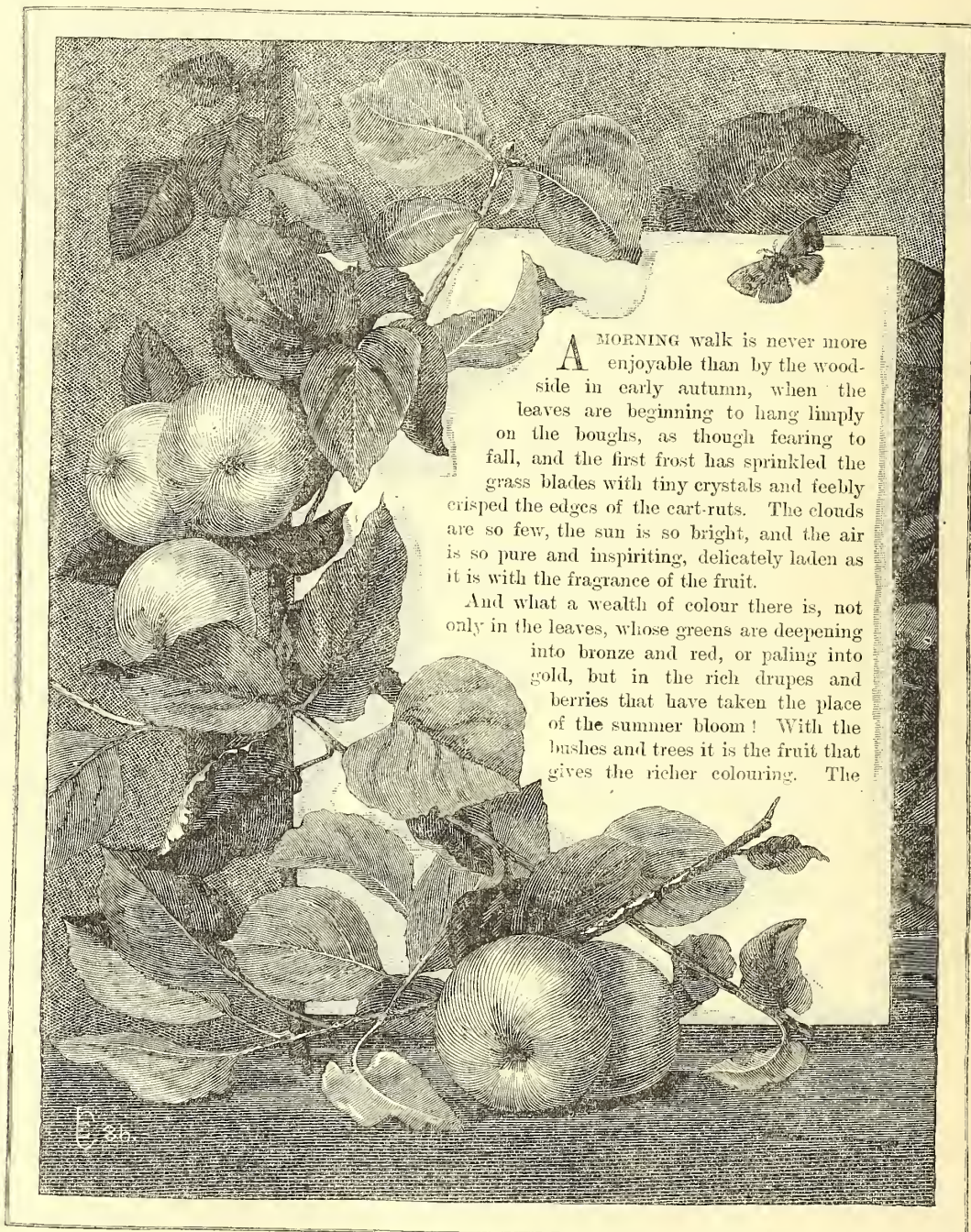
48. Butcher's Broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*).
49. Gladdon Iris (*Iris foetidissima*).
50. Deadly Nightshade or Dwale (*Atropa belladonna*).
51. Woody Nightshade (*Solanum dulcamara*).
52. Black Nightshade (*Solanum nigrum*).
53. Mezereon (*Daphne mezereum*).
54. Arum (*Arum maculatum*).
55. White Bryony (*Bryonia dioica*).
56. Black Bryony (*Tamus communis*).
57. Strawberry (*Fragaria vesca*).
58. Alpine Bearberry (*Arctostaphylos alpina*).

OUR ENGLISH FRUITS.

BY W. J. GORDON,

Author of "Among the Wildflowers," etc., etc.

(See our Coloured Plate.)



A MORNING walk is never more enjoyable than by the wood-side in early autumn, when the leaves are beginning to hang limply on the boughs, as though fearing to fall, and the first frost has sprinkled the grass blades with tiny crystals and feebly crisped the edges of the cart-ruts. The clouds are so few, the sun is so bright, and the air is so pure and inspiring, delicately laden as it is with the fragrance of the fruit.

And what a wealth of colour there is, not only in the leaves, whose greens are deepening into bronze and red, or paling into gold, but in the rich drupes and berries that have taken the place of the summer bloom! With the bushes and trees it is the fruit that gives the richer colouring. The

flowers as a rule are mere patches of green and mealy white, for which the berries in their purple and scarlet come to make amends.

Exceptions of course there are. There is the welcome blackthorn, earliest of the commoner shrubs to be noticeable by the many, the same blackthorn that in our autumn ramble

we see covered with the indigo sloes that we all must taste, to the serious inconvenience of our tongues from their exceeding roughness. Similar to it in blossom is the bullace,

though its flowers are in pairs, and its leaves, when they come, will have their under-sides far downier. Like at first sight to the black-thorn, but distinguishable by its leaves being present with the bloom, is the may or hawthorn-tree.

"The hawthorn's knotted branches frown,
As when they formed that cruel crown
With which the Roman and the Jew
Did mock the Saviour neither knew;
Symbol of hope, thy charms we sing,
To greet each bright returning spring;
For man is ever glad to see
The blossoms of the hawthorn-tree."

Now the white blossoms have given place to the russet haws which cover the hedgerow, thrown into greater prominence by the brightest and most beautiful berries our flora boasts, the pink and saffron angles of the spindle-tree, or by the luscious purple of the boy's own fruit—the blackberry.

"The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble, back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossom hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er
In freedom and in joy."

And in the same hedge we may find, if it be in Surrey, the medlar, the crab-apple, and the wild pear, and the hazel-nuts just veining with brown and telling of the ripeness that assuredly they will never see!

And beyond may be a grand old awkward oak with a rich crop of acorns, a smooth-leaved beech with gallons of mast, whose deep brown contrasts boldly in the sunlight with the rounded lavender limbs. Apart from them, always apart from them, as if seeking admission to the full honours of a Britisher, there stands a well-built chestnut whose well-guarded fruit is so seldom worth the time spent in its skinning.

Under the shadow of the hedge is a group of three or four arums, whose knot of red berries is so tempting and so dangerous; and away to the right we come on a specimen of the purple fruit of Herb Paris, the only four-leaved plant in these islands. Farther is the woodman's cottage backed by two red-berried hollies, and girt with a privet hedge dotted with the clusters of purple fruit. In the garden are currants and gooseberries, and in front of the window is a spurge laurel bearing the bluish-black berries that are poisonous to all animals save those with wings. Daphne's gifts are not always appreciated!

"Let laurel spurge coquetry give,
For there the smiles of Daphne live,
Who, famed in ancient story
As having won Apollo's love,
And calling on the gods above
A hiding-place to give her,
Did vanish 'neath its friendly screen
To rest amid the laurel green,
And leave her love for ever!"

Close to the Daphne is a Welsh cotoneaster whose native home is on Great Orme's Head; and the patch of asparagus may have come through much tribulation from the island in Kynance, the loveliest of the Cornish coves. There is a good-sized barberry bush, it might well be called a tree, covered with its orange cylinders, guarded by their peculiarly malignant spike; and at the corner is an elder flourishing exceedingly and patched with great masses of berries, whose destiny is wine.

Through the wood let us go under the firs and larches, and out into the sunnier glades, where the autumnal tints are more evident. Here is a bird-cherry, but its fruit only is

shown by a few stragglers, and here a red-berried white beam. Along the patch of under-wood are some dozen plants of the black nightshade, whose black berries take the place of its white flowers, with much the same habit as do the red berries of the woody nightshade replace the purple flowers. The deadly nightshade, the dwale, is not here; it is fortunately much rarer than people suppose, and except by the side of the lake in the park at Arundel we have never met with it. The dwale is one of the dangerous classes of whose reformation there is no hope. That all may know him let us give his description. A herbaceous stem about a yard high, oval leaves in pairs of one large and one small, cruel drooping lurid purple bell-shaped flowers, and berries shining black and almost as big as cherries. Should any plant bearing the above description be met with, you are earnestly requested to leave it alone. Eat of its berries, and your only chance of survival consists in immediately drinking strong vinegar by the quart!

Standing well out in the sunshine is a subject that would make the fortune of an artist in tapestry. It is a wayfaring tree, whose broad woolly leaves, passing from green to brown through every tint of olive, have their masses broken by handfuls of waxen berries that show us all the grades between the light red and black; while clinging to the branches and waving from the summit are the heavily-fruited vines of both the bryonies. The white bryony has its faded palmate leaves almost of straw-colour, while the heart-shaped leaves of the black bryony are deep full bronze; the colours of the berries of both are much the same, but the fruit of the black creeper is larger and juicier, and seems to have placed itself wherever possible in front of the black ovals of the wayfaring tree so as to sun itself at its best.

A beautiful group of a humbler type is given us in a clump of stone-bramble, with which a honeysuckle has joined company and put forth its red curranty berries as a contrast. Behind it is a mountain-ash with its sage-green pinnate leaves capped with flakes of orange. And close to it, the picture of gracefulness, is a light quivering aspen, reminding us in every movement of its beautiful legend.

"For fear, the aspen, pallid and weak,
Which sighs by the moorland side,
And gave the wood for that hallowed cross
On which the Saviour died,
Which stood erect while its fellow-trees stooped,
Till its merited punishment came,
And since the doom of that terrible day
Has quivered and bent with shame."

Before we get out on the main road and cross to the down we pass a wild service-tree in fair fruit bearing its small greenish-brown spotted boxes. Judged by the fruit alone how difficult it is to realise that one genus can contain such varied forms! Who has not heard without surprise that to Pyrus belong things so unlike as the pear, the apple, the wild service-tree, the white-beam tree, and the mountain ash!

By the roadside, dark and almost black in foliage, is a fine old yew, whose trunk seems to be built up of many bones. It looks aged and gloomy enough!

"The yew-tree of sorrow,
Whose leaves on the morrow
That under their shade
The Christ-mother weeping
Had watched her Babe sleeping,
Were evergreen made."

It bears a score or so of bright rose-coloured berries with green centres set deeply into them. The berries are not satisfactory eating, but they do no one harm providing the centres are not swallowed.

Through the black-fruited dogwood hedge we find our way on to the down. Away across the valley is the long range of woodland in which the whortleberries grow so

freely as to give the place their name. Around us the smooth slope of the chalk hill is dotted with upright juniper bushes, whose light green berries are just taking on their purple blush. Below are a few yews, and in places the slope has been cut into, and the white scars reveal the chalk beneath. Behind on the hill-top is an old farmhouse covered with ivy, and by its side is a gaunt angular oak with the ivy on it much higher than its own foliage.

"Look how the faithful ivy
To the sturdy trunk is clinging,
Which, riven by the lightning stroke,
Has fallen to the ground;
Sweet memories of friendship
Its waxen leafage bringing,
Since he whom Bacchus loved and mourned
The wine-god's altar crowned.
Look how it clothes the ruin,
The fiercest winter braving,
Its leaves a mass of angles
While they cluster in the gloom;
Until it caps the summit,
And then, in freedom waving,
Its leaves round off their pointed wings
To circle 'neath the bloom."

The bloom has now given place to the black conical berries, but the general description may stand.

Down the combe we get again among the hazels and the dog-woods, which here and there are broken by the dog-roses with their hips of crimson and gold. Rich they are in colour and graceful in shape, perhaps the most decorative of all our native fruits. Again we meet with the wayfaring tree with its clusters of black and red, and now close to it is its far fairer sister, the happy-looking guelder rose,

"Whose fragrant blossoms, drenched with dews,
Are grateful as their own good news,
Whose brilliant berry's crimson shades
The maiden's spirit still pervades,
As when for resting-place it chose
The ever lovely guelder rose."

With the part in which this article appears there has been given a coloured plate of our chief wild fruit and berries. The general arrangement of that plate is that the peculiarly hurtful fruits are arranged in the foreground, while the vase contains only such as are innocuous. Among these, however, are the arum, which is "not recommended by the faculty," and several others which, though they may do no harm, can certainly do no good. With berries it is much the same as with funguses—on no account eat them unless you know. We give on page 141 the key to the plate; the list of its contents gives both the botanical and popular names, but the popular names vary in different districts, their changes strangely enough seeming to be limited by the frontiers of the minor kingdoms of old England.

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

DECEMBER.

THE POULTRY RUN.—All repairs ought to be ere now completed. Only those boys who merit success have any right to expect it. Dirty runs, unclean fowl-houses, leakage from roof, and draughts through door-chinks, are all fruitful sources of disease among our feathered favourites; and, as we said in our last article, badly arranged, too thin or dirty perches, are also very likely to cause trouble to the fowls and grief to their owners.

Now we have mentioned the word "draughts," and must therefore add a few lines on the subject of ventilation, for the two terms ventilation and draughts must not be confounded together. What is meant by a draught is a current of air blowing directly upon any one, whether a human being or one of what we are far too fond of calling "the lower animals." Why should such a current breed mischief? This question is best answered thus: There is what is called animal heat generated constantly in the body, from the food we eat and the air we breathe; it is this animal heat that carries on the process of living and doing—in

other words, it is the source of all life and force. Now whenever this is lowered a loss of balance takes place in the body, and the vital internal organs are apt to become congested, and the consequences may be fatal. We have said that this animal heat is generated in the body from the food we eat and the air we breathe, and thus is accounted for the fact that an animal is far less likely to be attacked by illness while exposed to cold and wet if the stomach be not empty, because the heat generated makes up for that absorbed externally from currents of air or draughts. From this we learn a useful lesson, and we feed our fowls last thing at night, in winter at all events, with a few handfuls of hard stuff, which will be gradually digested as the night goes on, and thus shield the birds from the evil effects of cold.

Well, a current of cold air blowing directly on our fowls simply feeds itself on their animal heat. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

But without fresh air this animal heat will not be so readily generated, hence the blessing of scientific ventilation. We may be dwelling longer this month on "The Poultry Run" than on other departments, but this subject of ventilation appeals to fanciers of all kinds of stock alike as well as to those of fowls; so breeders of pigeons, rabbits, and birds may also read and learn.

Place your ventilators, therefore, in such a position, whether in doors or windows, that the wind will not blow directly across your perching fowls. But in order to make assurance doubly sure, it is best to have the ventilating spaces covered over with pieces of perforated zinc or sheets of iron gauze; thus a draught will be impossible, and you will not have sickly fowls, with pale faces and drooping combs.

Combine scientific ventilation with cleanliness and proper food; let this last be of a nourishing, stimulating nature in winter—meaty scraps, morsels of suet, and the bits from the table; give shelter from rain and high winds by day, and then, if your fowls are really of a winter-laying stock, and not too fat, you will be rewarded with many a milky egg for breakfast even when the snow lies white on roof and road.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Pigeon readers, please read the foregoing hints to your friends of the poultry-run. And what shall we say to you this month? Let us see. Your loft is all repaired, disinfected, whitewashed, and gravel-bestrewn, and, one way or another, it is as clean and sweet as a new watch. You use Sanitas powder now and then, because it is savoury and not poisonous; you give plenty of food of the best, neither dusty nor worm-eaten; on frosty days you do not even begrudge your croodling pets a handful or two of hemp; you have salt-cat, and hoppers that cannot be soiled; and you have comfortable perches, so arranged that one bird cannot defile another; and you keep your food in nice boxes that the mice can't enter. Besides, you never forget to look over your stock—now needed down to a comfortable minimum of the *crème de la crème*—to see that none are moping or seeming sick.

Well, if you have done, and do do all this, there is little more for us to say, except that you may now profitably study the points—show properties—of the breeds you go in for, and begin to consider the subject of future mating, though the season is far ahead. So do your duty, and so may you prosper.

THE AVIARY.—*Canaries.*—Feed well, and let the canary-seed be fat, glittering, and free from dust. We are convinced that a deal of disease arises from dirty seed. If procurable, give a little chickweed, but not too damp, and some plantain spikes. A bit of apple or boiled carrot, a tiny morsel of bread-and-butter, or a lump of sugar, will rather do good now than otherwise, by giving employment to the bird's mind.

A little egg and biscuit-crumbs will also do good in frosty weather, but hemp—no, no! Keep the cages sweet and clean, and always make it a rule to attend to your favourites before you sit down to breakfast. You will have a better appetite, and a much better digestion, if you do so.

What you have during cold weather especially to avoid is badly-ventilated rooms, hanging the cage above the level of burning gas, smoke, steam, damp, and draughts.

Foreign Birds.—The same rule holds good as with canaries, but only the hardier and well acclimatised birds should be out of doors, and the aviary should be well protected against whistling winds and driving snow.

THE RABBITRY.—What breeds snuffles, and skin complaints, and bad ears, and wasting in rabbits this month? If we answer this question you will know what to avoid. Draughts, to begin with. A rabbit must have a retiring room in winter, and a cosy, dry nook it ought to be. Look at bunny in the wild state; how far "ben" her hole she gets away into the farthest, cosiest corner, where she snuggles among the dry brown earth with perhaps some wool around her. Whenever she feels the place getting too hot she hops out; so let your bunnies have one part of the hutch cosy, dark, and dry. Damp breeds disease: moral—spare not the bedding. Want of judicious food. Give cereals as well as roots; water if wanted; and on cold, cold days a mash.

Spend your spare time in manufacturing new hutches. A boy will never hurt by learning to be a carpenter. What would Robinson Crusoe have done, we wonder, if he had not been Jack-of-all trades?

THE KENNEL.—Feed well, regularly, and carefully. Dry your dog when wet before he goes to kennel. Turn the back of this to the prevailing wind. Do not let him lie before the fire if a house-dog, nor on cold kitchen flagstones. Bedding: oat straw is the best; next come deal shavings. Do not wash when the wind is blowing, but choose a sunny day. Dust the day

before with Keating's insect powder to get rid of fleas, which worry a dog very much indeed, and often produce skin complaint.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—This is the empty season in the kitchen garden, bar parsnips, which are best left to the frost. Your roots are all up, and your celery is earthed up. But the garden should look tidy even in winter. Leave no rubbish about, but tidy borders, and tidy everything, and calmly wait for fine weather. It is a pity to have to do December work in January or February, instead of having the ground all ready for early sowing.

You can lay out new gardens now, however; and we know no greater pleasure than work like this.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—Still put down bulbs in fine weather, and generally study the mechanism of trellis-work, arches (rustic), and everything that will tend to future effect.



* * * The Special CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the B. O. P. is just ready, and may be obtained of all booksellers, price 6d. Every reader of our pages should make an effort to secure a copy at once, as the number cannot be reprinted, and the edition may be soon exhausted.

ALEXANDER MACK.—All astronomical telescopes show the image inverted; this is done to save the use of erecting glasses which absorb light, and consequently make the image faint. If you wish to make yours useful for terrestrial purposes, you must insert in front of the field lens, and about four inches from it, a lens of the same focal length; this will turn the image right way up. The blurring of the image is caused by the two lenses composing the eye-piece not being at the distance apart proper for their focal lengths. Measure these lengths very carefully, and you will find that they are not exactly one inch and two inches respectively. You must alter the distance between them accordingly by shifting the field lens till the image is clear and sharp; the distance apart of the lenses is regulated by their focal lengths. The image of the moon does not seem larger than the object when viewed through the telescope, because there is nothing to measure it by; but if you open the other eye at the same time you will see the real moon and its magnificent image at the same time. The new kind of glass you mention has a higher index of refraction than ordinary glass, which allows of the lenses having less curvature for the same power. Look the subject up in optics. Saturn's rings can be seen by aid of this telescope when you have corrected the eyepiece, but your eye will require to be trained or focused. That is, on first looking at the planet it will appear as an ordinary star, but in two or three minutes the rings will gradually become distinctly visible.

A WYGGESTONIAN.—The first-class counties are those recognised as first-class by the Marylebone Cricket Club, and they are those we mentioned. No amount of argument will prove it to be otherwise. The head of the cricket world is the M.C.C., and their judgment is final. If you read more of the history of cricket you will be interested in the curious ups and downs of county fortune.

E. L.—The BOY'S OWN PAPER first appeared on January 18, 1879. The first story was "My First Football Match," and it was by Mr. Talbot Baines Reed.

L. G. A.—Postal orders are procurable from almost every post-office. At every office where money-order business is done you can get them, and at over a thousand other offices they are also on sale.

C. M. BAKER.—Points of Belgian hare rabbits are briefly—weight, fourteen pounds if possible, usually under twelve pounds; ears pricked; eye bright and lively; colour: a hare grey over all body, feet, and legs, except white on belly.

LEO.—We have filed your letter, and will give hints for budding roses in due season.

STUDENT.—A division *per capita* is where the grandchildren take equal sums per head; a division *per stirpes* is where the sons take equal shares, and the grandsons share their father's amount amongst them. Thus, if a man had five grandchildren, two by his eldest son and three by his second son, and he left the children £5,000 *per capita*, each of the five would get £1,000. But if he left the £5,000 *per stirpes*, the children of the eldest son would get £1,250 each, and the children of the second only £833 6s. 8d. each.

H. TEMPLE.—Assistant Clerks in the Royal Navy are now only appointed from Greenwich School.

SMYRNIOTE.—1. You could Japan your engine, but ordinary paint would not stand. Any varnish-maker would sell you the Japan. 2. Apply to one of the coin dealers. 3. Only the indexes of the last volume are now kept in print.

L. NEWBY.—The system has long been superseded, and the book is only obtainable at the second-hand bookshops. Pitman's shorthand and variations from it are now in most use.

E. STEPHENOS.—We had an article on making hammocks in the second volume.

A. B.—The articles on egg-collecting were in the second volume, now out of print.

CUTTER.—The formula for tonnage measurement according to the present scheme of the Yacht Racing Association is $(L+B)^2 \times B \div 1730$. Hence a boat of seventeen inches water-line and five inches beam would be $22 \times 22 \times 5 \div 1730$.

R. H.—The standard book on the subject is "Stonehenge's British Rural Sports," price one guinea, published by Messrs. Warne and Co. It is by the editor and staff of "The Field," and includes all athletic and aquatic sports.

VITREOUS.—There is something defective in the insulation of the machine. You should take it to pieces, and carefully overhaul it. The bell may fail to ring owing to the battery power being insufficient.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—The articles on stuffing—"The Boy's Own Museum," as they were called—were in the November and December parts for 1880, and the January part for 1881. A good book on bird stuffing is published by Rowland Ward, 166, Piccadilly, price three shillings and sixpence.

A. GORDON.—A "faculty" vault is one that can be opened for burials on application to the faculty of the diocese. By the Intramural Burials Act many of the graveyards were closed, but a few of these vaults exist which can be used on special application.

W. P.—Cut your stick in winter, and treat it according to our article on Walking Sticks in the part for April, 1885.

C. A. R.—You should write to the maker for the book of the rules. Such games requiring special apparatus are of no interest, as they so soon go out of fashion. It might as well be called Greek as Chinese.

CANOEIST.—We should say, trust to no home-made canoe in rough water. Of those you mention the Canadian is the most seaworthy.

CHILD OF THE MIST.—1. The Black Watch were originally independent companies formed to keep the Highlanders in order. 2. They were not composed entirely of the Grant clan. 3. Svea is Swedish. 4. All the Monarch ships are of 5,000 tons. They are all of the same model.

F. W. P.—Our articles on Indian Clubs were in the fourth volume, in August and September parts for 1882.

J. H. CHATWOOD.—Were you to see the inside of an English concertina you would find the difference in the amount of work sufficient to account for the difference in price. It is the German imitation that has kept the instrument in the background. There are thousands who have no notion of a concertina with more than twenty keys. We can remember the time of concertina concerts and concertina bands. There is a tutor—Roylance, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square—who might give you some information.





THAT QUEEN

OF PERFUMES

For the Handkerchief. A single drop will perfume a handkerchief or even a room. A new bouquet of exquisite richness of odor, distilled from natural flowers. The most delightful, delicate and lasting perfume of the day.



ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM never fails to bring relief. The remedy for curing Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Pulmonary Organs.

Prices, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

BEARINE FOR THE HAIR. As a Dressing for the Hair, nothing can be more beautiful or agreeable than BEARINE. It is elegantly perfumed, and renders the Hair soft, pliant and glossy.

Sold by all Druggists
Price, 50c. per bottle.

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is adapted for the cure of Liver Complaints and Bilious Disorders, Acid Stomach, Sick Headache, Constipation or Costiveness and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the Stomach or Bowels.

Price 25c. per bottle.

Externally, It Cures—Boils, Felons, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Sprains, Swelling of Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc.

Price, \$1.00 per bottle or six bottles for \$5.00

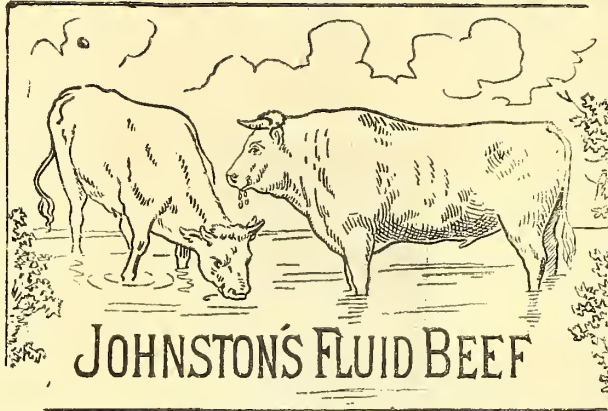
CAMPBELL'S TONIC ELIXIR, a particularly recommended in Dyspepsia, general debility, or in Females and Children.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. (LIMITED,) MONTREAL, P.Q

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA FOR ALL THE PREPARATIONS ADVERTISED ON THIS PAGE.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

The Only Preparation
of the kind which
contains the Nutritious
Properties of Beef.



The Only Preparation
of the kind
which has the power of
sustaining life without
the aid of any
other nutritious food.

It is the Finest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, Gravies and Sauces.

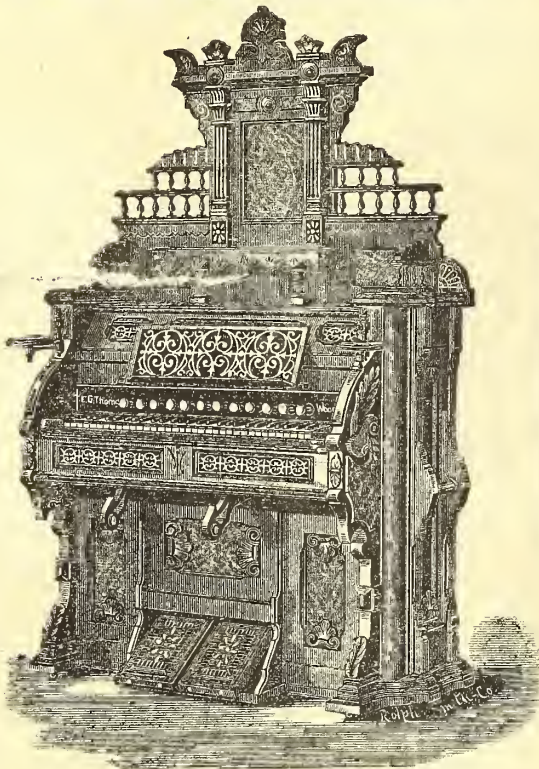
MANUFACTURED BY

THE JOHNSTON FLUID BEEF COMPANY,
OFFICES: 27 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

THOMAS ORGANS

Before the Public Half a Century.

UNEQUALLED TONE AND FINISH.



FINEST STYLES OF CASES.

PERFECT ACTION.

WE GIVE THE STRONGEST GUARANTEE IN CANADA.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue.

E. G. THOMAS & CO., - Woodstock, Ont.

cc
n
w
m
n
h
f
d
y
c
ce
sp.
cer
cola
Sp
hutel
carpe
we w
THE
Dry y
Turn t
let h
kitch
next c
is blov

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sen
to any baby whose mother will send us the
names of two or more other babies, and their
parents' addresses. Also a handsome Dia
mond Dye Sample Card to the mother and
much valuable information. Wells,
Richardson & Co., Montreal.



NEVER BE WITHOUT

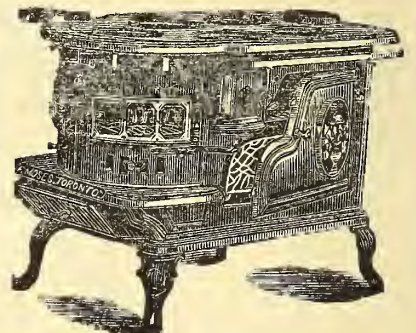
DUNN'S

THE
COOK'S
BEST
FRIEND

BAKING
POWDER.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

SCRIVEN, ENG.



Cheaper than the Cheapest,
Better than the Best,
MOSES' COMBINATION
Will put it to the test.

THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY OR RE-FURNISH

Should, before purchasing elsewhere, pay a visit to
F. MOSES, 301 Yonge St., Toronto,
and see his world-renowned

COMBINATION STOVE

Also a large stock of Self-Feeders, Cooking Stoves
and Ranges always on hand. Hardware, House
Furnishings, etc., etc.



Four Books in One! No Household is Complete Without It!

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF HOME AMUSEMENTS.



What most lives need is *more sunshine*. Let us banish care, have a good time, enjoy ourselves while we may. How much happier—how much better off—are those homes wherein the father and mother, and even the gray-haired grandparents, join with the children after tea in a merry game or other amusement, than those wherein reticence and reserve and chilly demeanor prevail. "But," you say, "what shall we do? We read until we are tired; and we long winter evenings!" We have published a book to answer this question, and a wonderful book it is. It contains 64 large 3-column quarto pages, neatly bound in handsome covers, and is filled to the brim with every conceivable thing for the enlivenment of home. It is in reality *four books in one*, for it covers the ground usually occupied by four distinct volumes, and contains four times as much matter as any book published at the same price. It is a complete text-book for Public and Private Entertainments, Private Theatricals, Parlor Exhibitions, Social Gatherings, School Exhibitions and Evenings at Home. It is a book for old and young, grave and gay—a veritable storehouse of good things for all. It contains a number of **ACTING CHARADES**, with full directions how to perform them. It gives some very excellent **PARLOR DRAMAS**, easily acted yet very amusing. It tells all about **SHADOW PANTOMIMES**, and this alone we think you will say is worth the price of the book. It contains nearly fifty beautiful **TABLEAUX VIVANTS**, and gives full and explicit directions for performing them. In it are so many amusing **PARLOR GAMES** that we have not attempted to count them, but we think we have almost everything, new and old, that was ever thought of in the game line. Then we come to a lot of wonderful **ILLUSTRATED PUZZLES**—fascinating, perplexing, apparently intricate, but so easy when you turn to the proper place and learn the answers. Here also is a savory dish of **RIDDLES, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.**—a nice large lot of them. How young and old heads will puzzle and study over them, and how proud you will feel when you have solved one correctly. As to **CONCERNDRUMS**, there are *nearly a bushel* of them, some so funny you will want to hold your sides with laughter, and what fun it will be for one of the company to read the questions and see who can guess the answers! A considerable portion of the book is allotted to **PARLOR MAGIC**, and here you will find hundreds of wonderful and amusing tricks, easily performed, yet exceedingly mystifying to your audience. Then there are a lot of amusing and instructive **CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS**, showing how the combination and manipulation of the simplest agents will produce the most surprising results. Following these are a number of excellent **DIALOGUES**, comic and serious, suitable either for school exhibitions or parlor entertainments. Last, but not least, the book contains nearly fifty of the finest **RECITATIONS**, dramatic, pathetic, sentimental, and comic, ever written. It is handsomely illustrated, and is indeed a splendid book. **THE COMPLETE BOOK OF HOME AMUSEMENTS** will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address, upon receipt of only **Twenty-five Cents**.

This book will be sent, postpaid, to any address in Canada or the United States for **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS**. Address, Woman's Work Co., Mail Buildings, Toronto, Canada.

PRICE, 25 CENTS

LADIES' WORK

A handy guide to needlework, knitting, crochet and fancy work generally.

FULL OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A few of the contents of this splendid book are:

Needlework.—Descriptions and illustrations of all the different stitches for linen, cotton and woollen fabrics; how to do all kinds of embroidery, and to make and finish ornamental needlework.

Knitting.—General instructions in knitting, showing how to make all the stitches, and to what use to put them. Illustrated.

Crochet.—General and special instructions. With illustrations.

Fancy Dresses for ladies and children, with directions how to make them. Fully illustrated.

Kate Greenway Designs.—A number of these beautiful designs, useful for working or painting on fancy work.

Letters and Monograms.—Thirty-eight designs for lettering. Pretty for pillow shams, handkerchiefs, napkins, hat ribbons, etc.

Patchwork.—Designs for cutting out and arranging the patchwork. General directions about crazy patchwork, etc.

Paper Flowers, or the Floral World in tissue paper.—Full and easily understood directions for making tissue paper roses. Well illustrated.

Stamping for Fancy Work.—Instructions for doing stamping with perforated parchment patterns, with

either powder or paint. How to make the powder or the paint. The care of patterns, etc.

Kensington Painting.—How to do Kensington painting on plush and other materials.

Lustre Painting.—With directions how to do it on various materials.

Ribbon Embroidery, or Rococo Work.—Directions and illustrations.

Stamping Patterns.—A number of illustrations of stamping patterns for pillow shams, ties, splashes, table scarfs, mantel drapes, bannerettes, brackets, etc., with prices of patterns and dimensions.

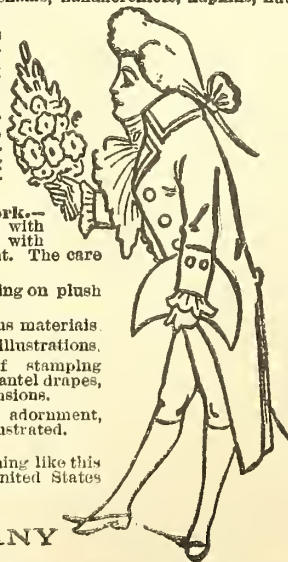
Fancy Articles.—For presents, church fairs, home adornment, etc., with advice as to materials, and prices of materials. Illustrated.

The best book on these subjects ever published at anything like this price. Sent post-paid to any address in Canada or the United States for **Twenty-five cents (25c.)**

WOMAN'S WORK COMPANY

Mail Building, Toronto, Canada.

This book will be sent, postpaid, to any address in Canada or the United States for **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS**. Address, Woman's Work Co., Mail Buildings, Toronto, Canada.



FURS
IN
GREAT
VARIETY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

REQUIRING

FUR SETS

CAPS

COATS or CAPES

Will save time and money by going to

110 * Yonge * St. * Toronto

Fine * Merchant * Tailors

GENTLEMEN REQUIRING

PERFECT FITTING, WELL MADE

SUITS

OR

OVERCOATS

Will find it to their
interest to

**GIVE US
A CALL**

TONKIN BROS.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
FOR 1887.**

Will contain, in addition to the best Short Stories, Sketches, Essays, Poetry and Criticism, two Serial Stories:—

THE SECOND SON,

By MRS. M. O. W. OLIPHANT, and T. B. ALDRICH

PAUL PATOFF,

By F. MARION CRAWFORD, Author of "A Roman Singer," "Mr. Isaacs," etc.

PAPERS ON AMERICAN HISTORY,

By JOHN FISKE, whose previous papers have been so remarkably interesting, so full of information, and so generally popular.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH,

A Continuation of the admirable papers comparing the French and English people, by P. G. HAMERTON.

ESSAYS AND POEMS,

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TERMS:—\$1 a year in advance, POSTAGE FREE

Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money order, draft, or registered letter to,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

TOBOGGANS, SNOWSHOES, MOCCASINS.

Best Assortment in Canada. Send for List.

BICYCLES.

Send for Catalogue. 25 Second-hand Bicycles Cheap. Lists mailed on application.

A. T. LANE,

CARNIVAL HOUSE, MONTREAL.

**ANNUAL VOLUMES
1887**

Boy's Own Annual	\$2 00
Girl's Own Annual	2 00
Sunday at Home	2 00
Leisure Hour	2 00
Every Boy's Annual	2 00
Every Girl's Annual	2 00
Chatterbox	1 00
British Workman	50
British Workwoman	50
Cottager and Artizan	50
Child's Companion	50
Children's Friend	50
Infant's Magazine	50
Family Friend	50
Friendly Visitor	50
The Prize	50
Adviser	35
Band of Hope Review	35
Child's Own Magazine	35
Herald of Mercy	35

**JOHN YOUNG
UPPER CANADA TRACT SOCIETY
102 Yonge St., Toronto.**

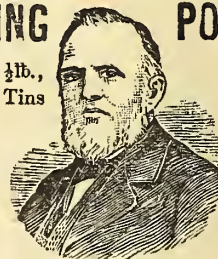
**CAMPBELL'S
SKREI GOD LIVER OIL**

Pale, Pure, and Almost Tasteless,

The Great Remedy for Pulmonary Complaints and wasting diseases.

**The Celebrated "Vienna"
BAKING POWDER**

In 1lb., ½lb.,
and ¼lb. Tins



A Useful Paper of Recipes
enclosed in each tin.

C. M. Putney

FOR SALE BY
FRANK SMITH & CO.,
TORONTO.
AND BY ALL GROCERS.

**S. H. & A. S. EWING,
MONTREAL.**

BUR DOCK CURES

BLOOD BITTERS

ELECTRICITY

The only remedy in using which there is no danger. See

NORMAN, ELECTRICIAN

4 QUEEN ST. EAST, - - - TORONTO.

HOUSEKEEPERS,

Buy Only {

If you want the best value for your money,
If you want an article that will never disappoint you,
If you want thoroughly good and healthy Baking Powder, into
which no injurious ingredient is ever permitted to enter,

} Buy Only

COOK'S FRIEND

REMEMBER, "COOK'S FRIEND"

IS THE ONLY GENUINE.



EVERY PACKAGE HAS THE

TRADE MARK ON IT.

RETAILED BY ALL FIRST-CLASS GROCERS.

Toronto Toy and Games Emporium

HEADQUARTERS For all kinds of TOYS, GAMES, FANCY GOODS, BOOKS, Etc., suitable for all occasions when it is customary to give Presents, such as XMAS, BIRTHDAYS, or WEDDINGS.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF

Dolls of every description, large and small.
Rocking Horses and Horses on wheels, covered with real Horsehair, also the same in Wood, handsomely painted and finished—all sizes.

Dolls' Furniture—Cradles, Beds, Bureaus, Washstands, Chiffonniers, Cupboards.

Children's Desks—Secretaries with Revolving and Folding Tops, all Sizes and Prices, making the largest display of this class of goods ever shown in Toronto.

Magic Lanterns,
Printing Presses,
Rubber Goods,
Building and Alphabet Blocks.

Wooden Tenpins,
Toy Pianos,
Tool Chests,
Noah's Arks,
Drums,
Doll Carriages.

Indestructible Iron Toys,
Writing Desks,
Photo. Albums,
Autograph Albums,
Opera Glasses. Etc.

Ladies and Gents' Toilet Sets,
Manicure Sets,
Work Boxes and Baskets,
and an immense variety of other Toys and Novelties.

WE ALSO CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK OF

TOBOGGANS, TOBOGGAN CUSHIONS, MOCCASINS, SNOWSHOES, ETC., ETC.
AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

Special Discount to Clubs and others buying in quantities.

No trouble to show goods. Come and see our stock.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

Illustrated Catalogue and Price List sent to any address on application.

F. QUA & CO., 49 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S

(BREAKFAST)

COCOA.



JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists.

MAN'S ELECTRIC Teething Necklaces KEEP THE CHILDREN QUIET.

IT WILL PAY YOU

To Buy your Christmas Watches, Diamonds, Rings, Lockets, Brooches, Ear-rings, Gold Spec, and Novelties in the Silverware and Jewellery line at

RYRIE'S

JEWELLERY STORE
113 YONGE STREET
TORONTO.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

Extract from (Last) 14th Annual Report :

Assets Increased to	\$1,676,335
Income " "	466,702
Surplus " "	282,000

The THIRD QUINQUENNIAL DIVISION OF PROFITS

Takes place at the Close of 1886, when there will probably be a

SURPLUS OF \$350,000 TO DIVIDE.

Policies Nonforfeitable after 2 Years, Indisputable after 3 Years.

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

Elias Rogers & Co.

BEST QUALITY

COAL AND WOOD

AT LOWEST PRICES.

OFFICES:

20 King St. West. 769 Yonge St.
413 Yonge St. 536 Queen St. West.

OFFICES AND YARDS:

Cor. Esplanade and Princess Streets.
Bathurst Street opposite Front Street.
Esplanade Street, near Berkeley Street.

Elias Rogers & Co.

ASK YOUR GROCER

— FOR —

PURE GOLD

PASTE

STOVE POLISH

A NEW DISCOVERY

NO DUST

LITTLE LABOR

A MOST BRILLIANT LUSTRE

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

The Great English Medicine.

OF
PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS,
AND WITHOUT MERCURY. USED BY
THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER
120 YEARS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
WHOLESALE AGENTS,
EVANS SONS & MASON, LTD.
MONTREAL.

J. W. ELLIOT, Dentist, 43 & 45 King St. West, Toronto.

New mode celluloid, gold and rubber base, separate or combined; natural teeth regulated, regardless of malformation of the mouth.

Accident Insurance Company OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE - - - MONTREAL.
SIR A. T. GALT, - - - PRESIDENT
EDWARD RAWLINGS, - - - MAN. DIRECTOR

Grants Insurance or Indemnity payable in the event of Accidental Death or Injury.
Has paid 8,000 claims and never contested any at law.

Does the largest business in the Dominion.

MEDLAND & JONES,
Gen. Agents, Toronto District.

N. E. Cor. Victoria and Adelaide Sts.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., HOMOEOPATHIST.
SPECIALTY—Diseases of Children. Hours—
9 to 11 a.m.; 4 to 6 p.m., Saturday after'n excepted.
326 and 328 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO.

LADIES SLIPPERS



Dress and House Slippers in Black and Colored Satin. French Kid embroidered with beads and Silk. Plain Kid with Louis XV. heels, all stylish and pretty.

Also fleecy Insoles for Bedroom Slippers.

**79 KING STREET EAST,
TORONTO.**